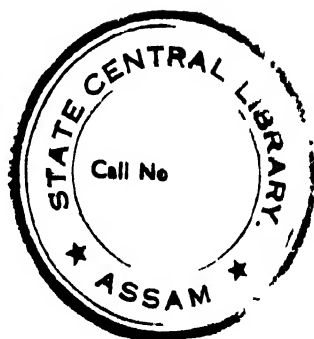


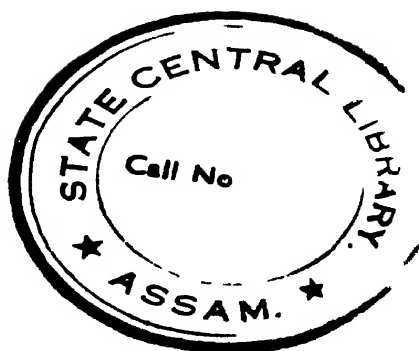
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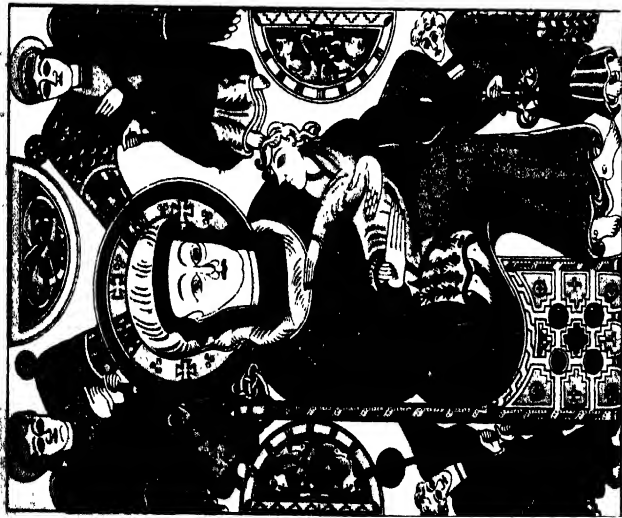
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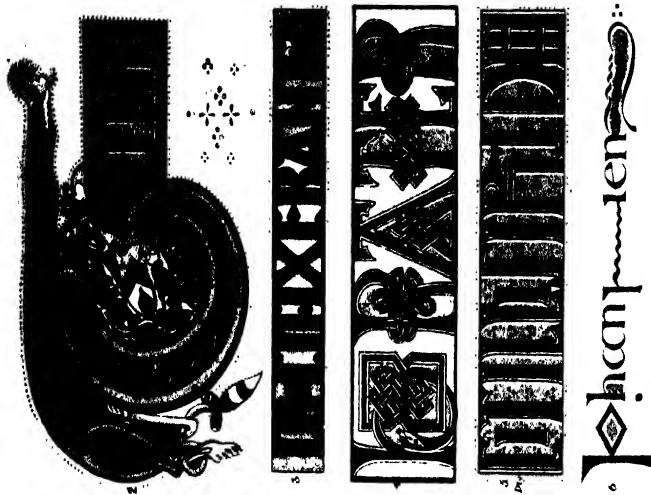


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THE BOOK OF KELLS. (Irish, Seventh Century.)  
*This copy of the Gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed MS. of early art now in existence, far exceeding the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne in the Cottonian Library.*





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(1851-1899)

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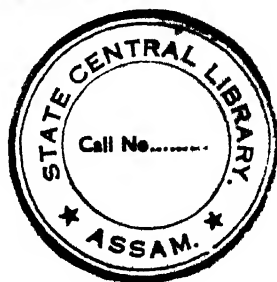
DONALD G. MITCHELL  
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IN TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME IV

LONDON  
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1899



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A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "P. Garnett". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

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INTRODUCTION  
TO VOL. IV

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“THE MAIN CURRENTS OF GERMAN  
LITERATURE ”

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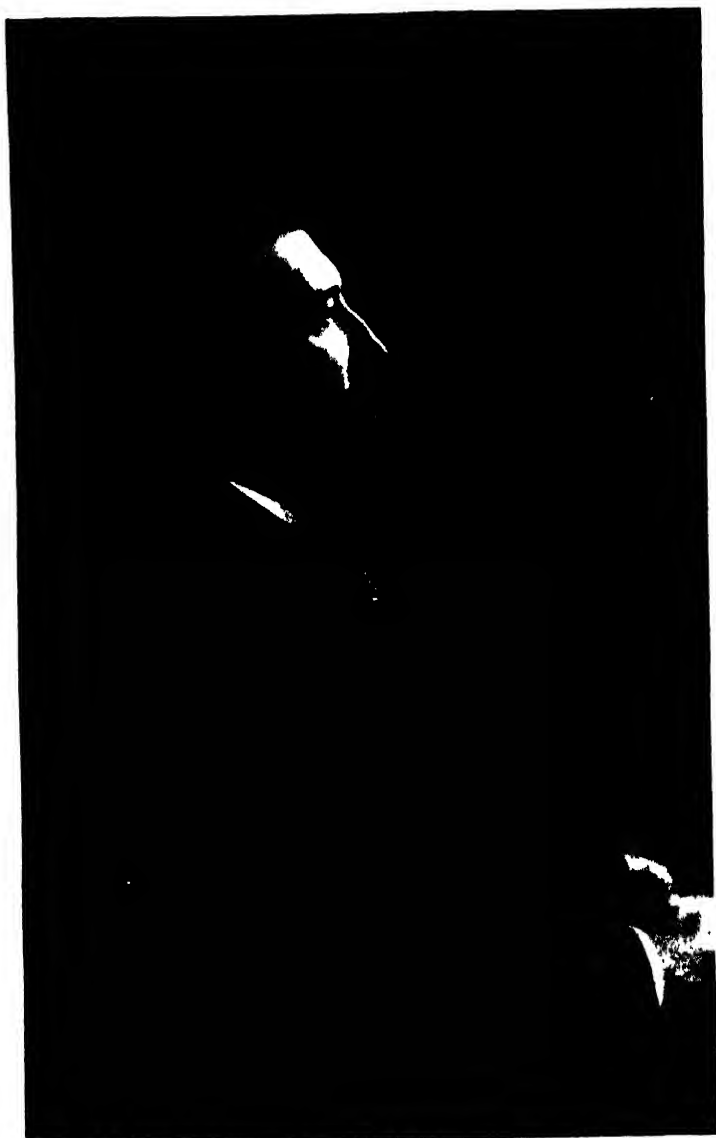
BY

DR. ALOIS BRANDL  
Professor of Literature in the Imperial University, Berlin









DR. ALOIS BRANDL, OF BERLIN

## THE MAIN CURRENTS OF GERMAN LITERATURE

BY PROF. ALOIS BRANDL  
Of the Royal University of Berlin

IN ushering in to Anglo-Saxon readers a selection of German literature, I may be expected to sketch briefly the main characteristics of German literature, its differences from English literature, its specific merits and demerits.

At the bottom of the German heart there is a good deal of sentimentality. This feeling, which makes us so fond of singing and music, of intimate family life and cheerful conviviality, has given to our literature a peculiar flavour, a popular turn, an inclination to what moves the soul of the peasant and the labourer—sometimes indeed, at the cost of realistic incident or refined form. But out of this prevailing level of literary cottage-life there rises from time to time a bold fabric of intellect aspiring to the mystical and the metaphysical. In the act of rearing such a structure the German mind has been used to exert all its original power, and then to abandon itself for a while to rest or distraction. In consequence we have had, in the course of centuries, several striking “*Blütheperioden*,” but not that almost unbroken continuity of fine literature that England has enjoyed from the time of Chaucer to the present day.

A popular epic poetry with which, in beauty and in grandeur not even “*Beowulf*” stands comparison marks the brilliant period of our Middle Ages :—the lays of the *Nibelungen* and of *Gudrun*. A popular lyrical singer was *Walter von der Vogelweide*, the classical minstrel of his day ; though he was a courtier, his love-lays bear the stamp of the village ; his deeper poems express feelings

and ideas that touch every hearer or reader most directly, his verse has a spontaneity that must have proved a source of pleasure both to the educated and uneducated. Few and artificial, in comparison, are the English love-songs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; while of the more thoughtful English poets of that time Walter Map wrote Latin, and William Langland a long, very long didactic poem. And by the side of these productions, enjoyable for every ear and every understanding, stood Wolfram's mystic romaunt of the Graal, with its intricate symbolism and reflection, without doubt the profoundest Teutonic poem of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, there was no Chaucer in Germany. Chaucer's lighter tales may, as far as flow and ease are concerned, be paralleled by Hartmann's and Gottfried's adaptations of Chrestien de Troyes; but the art of his *rinie royal*, and the judicious realism of his merry pilgrims to Canterbury, are unmatched. It was not the fault of the German courts that courtly poetry did not succeed better with us in the fourteenth century; there had been many more princes in Thuringia, by the Danube, and the Rhine, that gave liberal reward to the singer in the vernacular tongue, than in England and Scotland; the daughter of a German emperor, Anna of Bohemia, extended her protection even to Chaucer, and procured him leisure to write his greatest works; yet German poetry developed in the popular direction. Nothing is more characteristic of this fact than the ebbing away of the "minnesang" into the "meistersang," the production of the guilds—at the same time that in England Chaucer and his school developed that finished style that was to become Shakespeare's best inheritance.

In the century of Sidney and Shakespeare, the translations that were exchanged between the two nations tell the same tale. From Germany popular sermons were exported to England on an enormous scale. Luther's masterly version of the Bible, probably more truly popular than any other translation of the Holy Scriptures, was to no mean extent the model of Tyndale; versions of our popular hymns were sung in London and Edinburgh churches; chap-books like *Eulenspiegel* and *Grobianus* found their way

to the Thames and the Forth; and the mystic saga of Dr. Faustus, perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of German imagination during the Renaissance, became the source of Marlowe's drama. But, as to refinement, Hans Sachs is a veritable cobbler compared to chivalrous Sidney; the good dramatists in Holland and Strasburg wrote in Latin, and our vernacular adaptations of Shakespearian dramas, brought over by the English comedians, were coarse and contemptible; we lacked refinement and could not even relish it if it was imported.

The seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were the period when Germany, misguided by a host of princelings, aped France. The neat elegance and witty dexterity of Parisian authors have always had a strong fascination for the German mind, attracting our admiration, bewitching our senses, and stifling our originality of production, just because they are utterly un-German. Our literature became pedantic as it had never been before, until Haller in Switzerland, and Hagedorn in Hamburg, followed by Klopstock, Lessing, and the Göttingen School, held up English models—making the German true to his own kin again. Then Milton awakened a new epic poetry, which culminated in *Hermann und Dorothea*—the revolutionary song of paradise inspiring the song of a village during the great revolution. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, presenting popular and artistic specimens promiscuously, worked only in the popular direction, inducing Bürger to write *Lenore*, and Herder to gather, with young Goethe, ballads from the mouths of Alsatian peasants. Shakespeare, royalist though he was to the backbone, is visible in every scene of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* and Schiller's *Rauber*—plays full of opposition against the courts, and of sympathy with the ill-treated people. Young Goethe and Schiller would not have become the classics they are if they had not thus fallen in with our popular taste. No poem of their great English contemporaries, neither of Wordsworth and Coleridge, nor of Byron or Shelley, has ever been chanted by children in London streets, by peasants in English hamlets, remoulded in their mouths, as several of Goethe's and Schiller's are.

This is the outcome of German sentiment ; and at the same time we find the mystic symbolism of *Faust*, the complicated reflection of Schiller's *Ideale* : the same mixture as in the time of Walter and Wolfram.

That our poetry was fashioned to such an extent, not by the taste of the nobility or of the schools, but by the instinct of the common people, naturally had its advantages and its disadvantages. When our nation declined in culture, in unity, wealth, and self-respect, as during the Thirty Years' War and the following decades poetry sank too, much more than the literature of Italy under the yoke of native and foreign tyrants ever did ; because there the poet was quite willing to obey the courts, to feed on splendour, to flourish by princely favours. On the other side, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, our literature, recalled to life by the electric contact with her English sister, effected what no other literature has ever done for her nation : she resuscitated our whole people—which she was only capable of doing because she was not the child of luxury, of the court, or of traditionary learning, but the voice of our race, the embodied spirit of our ancestors. Schiller's *Rauber* excited a sensation which neither Byron's *Childe Harold*, nor Walter Scott's *Waverley* equalled ; there was not only a rush to the booksellers, but a revolution in the minds of the people, who became aware that freedom and justice were banished from the towns into the woods, and who resolved to fight for them, like Karl Moor, the realistic robber. When they read in *Cabale und Liebe* of the departure of the unhappy soldiers whom their wretched monarch had sold to England, to be sent against the Americans, they began to curse the patriarchal system of their little states. With Marquis Posa in *Don Carlos*, the cry was echoed in the breasts of thousands : Sire, give us freedom of speech ! It was in those times that the new empire was founded in the German heart, by the German poets, though in politics two Napoleons had still to do their worst, and their best, to remove the débris of the old Holy Roman Empire, before the dreamy desire could be realised. English literature, with all its refined form and

sound realism, had never been able to do the like; all the Elizabethans, with Shakespeare and Spenser in the van, were royalists, but the next generation erected the Commonwealth; the Puritans commanded Milton's pen, but what ensued was the Restoration; even in our time the Greater-Britain movement had long been spread by political speeches and periodicals, before it found its poetic exponent in Kipling. Similarly, France was saved in the time of her sorest need, not by dramas and ballads, but by an illiterate maid, and when the United States won their independence, American literature was but in its infancy. Only the German war of liberation, first from Napoleonic, afterwards from home tyranny, cannot be understood and explained but by the influence of the poetic word on the masses. It presents the grandest example of what popular literature can do for a nation.

Since the appearance of Schiller's juvenile dramas, things have altered somewhat. As we approach the nineteenth century, we find a higher standard of refined form in German literature, never again, we hope, to be abandoned. The most perfect specimen of it is Goethe's *Iphigenie*; written in blank verse of easy flow and gentle music, with a rhetoric of Sophoclean nobility, with a heroine of love, not of passionate, but of pure, quieting, and healing love; with a plot of grandeur melting into tenderness. This drama, which could not have been written but for Weimar and Frau von Stein, was the best fruit of Goethe's removal from busy Frankfort and Leipzig to the quiet ducal residence by the Ilm. *Iphigenie* was soon followed by *Tasso*, a tragic and warning picture of passion intruding on gentleness. And not only did Goethe exchange the "storm and stress" of his youth with Hellenic beauty and aristocratic dignity; Schiller, too, developed in the same direction, and became his neighbour and friend, his fellow-dramatist and brother-artist. A. W. von Schlegel settled in their shade to translate Shakespeare into a German classic of the same style; Grillparzer established the neo-classical drama in Vienna; everywhere the majority of the educated grew Weimarised. What Chaucer gave to England—a poetic form

capable of expressing the highest thoughts—was now given to Germany as a permanent model, just as Spenser and Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson kept on Chaucer's road and did not fall back to alliteration or loose ballad riming.

It was not quite easy for foreigners to see what *Iphigenie* meant for Germany. The drama was soon translated into English, but made little impression. Far more attention had been roused by the juvenile works of Goethe and Schiller, being more racy and original than cosmopolitan. *Götz* and the *Rauber* were praised, translated and imitated in Scotland in the younger days of Walter Scott. *Werther* caused a sensation across the Channel; Lord Byron complained it had poisoned him. *Stella* came in to share the success of sentimental Kotzebue during the last years of the eighteenth century, when Sheridan adapted *Pizarro*; and *Faust*, essentially a work of the young Goethe, impressed a few of the highest minds: Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Carlyle. Only the masterpieces of the ripe Goethe, on which he himself was wont to base his fame, did not strike the Anglo-Saxon taste, their refinement being not new to the countrymen of Chaucer. On such a point the æsthetic judgment of two nations may well differ, according to the law that people admire rather what they do not possess than what is best in itself.

Soon after the appearance of *Iphigenie*, our poetry was influenced in the same direction by that group of authors who in opposition to classical Goethe and Schiller, called themselves "Romantiker." They drove out a good deal of our cruder popular leanings by overdoing them. They carried simplicity so far that it often became puerility; they exaggerated enthusiasm and bold imagination as though it were the chief task of literature to rove in fairy tales. People grew weary of "Phantasus" and "Der gestiefelte Kater" and "Gickel, Gockel und Gockeleia," and demanded a manlier tone. Experiences such as these have, perhaps, made us too indifferent to the better productions of our "Romantiker"; English critics say, we are unjust to Novalis and Fouqué; certainly Eichendorf has been allowed to drop too much



in the rear. But who will return to the shoes of his boyhood? The Romantiker at times found their own style too high-flown, and tried to balance it by what they called self-irony—not aware of the fact that it might rather make the impression of insincerity on the reader. Nobody was fonder of such irony on himself and his readers than Heine. German opinion has been unusually severe on him, and foreigners have not always understood or explained it correctly. It is wrong to say that German doubts his genius; he is unanimously considered a master of song, a lyrist of the first order; every educated person knows his *Buch der Lieder*, and many critics place it only second to Goethe's *Lieder*. We admire the artist, but object to the character. His poems charm you at first with heavenly music and excellent wit, but on a sudden he dismisses you with a mock. You are revering the poet, when all at once he turns gammon. Even so it is with his life: you pity him because he lived in a miserable time, and in a weak body; yet for all your sympathy, he sneers at you, because you are not a Frenchman. How could American citizens honour an American poet that despised Washington, and cursed the stars and stripes? Still, I think, our nation is too harsh upon him. He has mocked us, to a great extent, out of our old sentimentality. For this he deserves our thanks; but disillusion, though it may prove wholesome, hardly ever earns gratitude; people do not like a physician that rids them of a crippled child, however miserable it may have been.

To make German literature manlier, not a little also was done by a later group of authors, called "die Jungdeutschen." They preached realistic investigation; a muscular poetry, a drama of stirring characters and drastic incidents. At a time when two-thirds of our periodicals were exclusively devoted to belles-lettres and fine arts, it must have been a relief to hear Gutzkow's hero "Uriel Acosta" thunder and fight for freedom of creed. After legions of love-songs, the sound advice of Gervinus to devote ourselves for a while to politics came like the recipe of a good doctor.

The result of all these various movements has been, that during the last half century every poet endeavoured to reflect the

character of his part of the country with as much grace and truth as possible. The unwritten programme of modern German literature is a fusion of the popular with the artistic, of the local provincialism with the traditions of Weimar, together with a sharper and more realistic observation. The popular element is purified; it bears quite different colours in the ballads of the Suabian Uhland and in those of the Rheinlander Scheffel, in the dramas of the Viennese Anzengruber and in those of his Silesian contemporary Freytag, in the sketches of the Pomeranian Fritz Reuter and in those of the Styrian Rosegger, in the tales of the Swiss Gottfried Keller and in those of the Tyrolese Adolf Pichler. In England the realism of London is much more apt to absorb that of the province. The historical division into a number of smaller national units, that has generally proved so fatal to our politics, is a source of inexhaustible variety and individuality to our literature.

Astonishment has sometimes been expressed that the re-foundation of the German Empire did not inaugurate a new epoch in poetry. Because the victories of Marathon and Thermopylac were followed by a great rise of the Grecian drama, and the destruction of the Armada by the appearance of Shakespeare, a number of new geniuses were expected with us after 1871. The expectation rested on a theory which does not bear closer inspection. Æschylus had struck out his path before the overthrow of Xerxes, and he was decidedly of more influence on Sophocles than any question of Athenian politics, excepting the question of independence alone. As to England, Marlowe had appeared before 1588; and if no Armada had ever been sent against Elizabeth, there would be fewer Shakespearian Histories, but hardly a different Hamlet or Lear. Slavery or despair can stifle the literary production of a people; many a bird will not sing in the cage; but sorrow and affliction, with a nation that is conscious of its strength, have frequently served to kindle poetic enthusiasm, while the feeling of triumph is only a poor motive. The protest of Germany against French invasion had been sung long ago, by Körner and

Arndt; after 1871 we were glad to keep the peace, and did our best to reconcile our highly gifted western neighbours, instead of provoking them in Indian fashion.

Not the patriotic satisfaction, but the social difficulties arising from the rapid growth of our industry and population, have lately given a new impulse to our literature. The cry of the poor, the insulted, the outcast, after the right not only of existence, but of respectability and joy, has proved a powerful impetus for our poets. In Berlin are the headquarters of our socialist party, and also of the group of young dramatists that deal with the war of the classes and the sufferings of the proletariat at the hands of a society that professes to be Christian. Sudermann in "Ehre" and "Heimat" has depicted such conflicts in striking scenes: Hauptmann has given a loud voice to the poor "Weavers," and has painted a sweet vision of paradise to dying "Hannele," the drunkard's daughter, who had never known what happiness was on this earth. Not a few less famous dramatists work in the same line. It is a poetry of pity and accusation; in theatrical workmanship evidently influenced by Paris and Norway, but in its aim and scope a characteristic outcome of the German heart: a drama for the people or, at least, in favour of the people, indulging not in sentimentality, after the fashion of old Kotzebue, but in problems of reform. At the same time, the second original element of German poetry, the mystic vein, is not missing. Hauptmann's admirers have been puzzled by the autobiographic symbolism of his "Versunkene Glocke," and Sudermann's by the interwoven thread of thought in his "Drei Reiherfedern." At bottom, German literature has still the same character as in the period of the "Nibelungenlied" and Wolfram: more homely than courtly, and still at times haunted by the mystical instinct; only her vesture has become finer, her gait more dignified, her hands more dexterous, her mind riper, and her working power more sustained.

*A. Brand*



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### THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

By EDWARD GIBBON.

(From the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.")

[EDWARD GIBBON, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Stael), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763-1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

BEFORE the Franks could enter Syria, the summer, and even the autumn, were completely wasted: the siege of Antioch, or the separation and repose of the army during the winter season, was strongly debated in their council: the love of arms and the holy sepulcher urged them to advance; and reason perhaps was on the side of resolution, since every hour of delay abates the fame and force of the invader, and multiplies the resources of defensive war. The capital of Syria was protected by the river Orontes; and the iron bridge, of nine arches, derives its name from the massy gates of the two towers which are constructed at either end. They were opened by the sword of the duke of

Normandy : his victory gave entrance to three hundred thousand crusaders, an account which may allow some scope for losses and desertion, but which clearly detects much exaggeration in the review of Nice. In the description of Antioch, it is not easy to define a middle term between her ancient magnificence, under the successors of Alexander and Augustus, and the modern aspect of Turkish desolation. The Tetrapolis, or four cities, if they retained their name and position, must have left a large vacuity in a circumference of twelve miles ; and that measure, as well as the number of four hundred towers, are not perfectly consistent with the five gates, so often mentioned in the history of the siege. Yet Antioch must have flourished as a great and populous capital. At the head of the Turkish emirs, Baghisian, a veteran chief, commanded in the place : his garrison was composed of six or seven thousand horse, and fifteen or twenty thousand foot : one hundred thousand Moslems are said to have fallen by the sword ; and their numbers were probably inferior to the Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians, who had been no more than fourteen years the slaves of the house of Seljuk. From the remains of a solid and stately wall, it appears to have arisen to the height of threescore feet in the valleys ; and wherever less art and labor had been applied, the ground was supposed to be defended by the river, the morass, and the mountains. Notwithstanding these fortifications, the city had been repeatedly taken by the Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, and the Turks ; so large a circuit must have yielded many pervious points of attack ; and in a siege that was formed about the middle of October, the vigor of the execution could alone justify the boldness of the attempt. Whatever strength and valor could perform in the field was abundantly discharged by the champions of the cross : in the frequent occasions of sallies, of forage, of the attack and defense of convoys, they were often victorious ; and we can only complain that their exploits are sometimes enlarged beyond the scale of probability and truth. The sword of Godfrey divided a Turk from the shoulder to the haunch ; and one half of the infidel fell to the ground, while the rest was transported by his horse to the city gate. As Robert of Normandy rode against his antagonist, " I devote thy head," he piously exclaimed, " to the demons of hell ; " and that head was instantly cloven to the breast by the resistless stroke of his descending falchion. But the reality or report of such gigantic prowess must have taught the Moslems

to keep within their walls : and against those walls of earth or stone, the sword and the lance were unavailing weapons. In the slow and successive labors of a siege, the crusaders were supine and ignorant, without skill to contrive, or money to purchase, or industry to use, the artificial engines and implements of assault. In the conquest of Nice, they had been powerfully assisted by the wealth and knowledge of the Greek emperor : his absence was poorly supplied by some Genoese and Pisan vessels, that were attracted by religion or trade to the coast of Syria : the stores were scanty, the return precarious, and the communication difficult and dangerous. Indolence or weakness had prevented the Franks from investing the entire circuit ; and the perpetual freedom of two gates relieved the wants and recruited the garrison of the city. At the end of seven months, after the ruin of their cavalry and an enormous loss by famine, desertion, and fatigue, the progress of the crusaders was imperceptible and their success remote, if the Latin Ulysses, the artful and ambitious Bohemond, had not employed the arms of cunning and deceit. The Christians of Antioch were numerous and discontented. Phirouz, a Syrian renegade, had acquired the favor of the emir and the command of three towers ; and the merit of his repentance disguised to the Latins, and perhaps to himself, the foul design of perfidy and treason. A secret correspondence, for their mutual interest, was soon established between Phirouz and the prince of Tarento ; and Bohemond declared in the council of the chiefs, that he could deliver the city into their hands. But he claimed the sovereignty of Antioch as the reward of his service ; and the proposal which had been rejected by the envy, was at length extorted from the distress, of his equals. The nocturnal surprise was executed by the French and Norman princes, who ascended in person the scaling ladders that were thrown from the walls : their new proselyte, after the murder of his too scrupulous brother, embraced and introduced the servants of Christ ; the army rushed through the gates ; and the Moslems soon found that, although mercy was hopeless, resistance was impotent. But the citadel still refused to surrender ; and the victors themselves were speedily encompassed and besieged by the innumerable forces of Kerboga, prince of Mosul, who, with twenty-eight Turkish emirs, advanced to the deliverance of Antioch. Five and twenty days the Christians spent on the verge of destruction ; and the proud lieutenant of the caliph and the sultan left

them only the choice of servitude or death. In this extremity they collected the relics of their strength, sallied from the town, and in a single memorable day annihilated or dispersed the host of Turks and Arabians, which they might safely report to have consisted of six hundred thousand men. Their supernatural allies I shall proceed to consider : the human causes of the victory of Antioch were the fearless despair of the Franks ; and the surprise, the discord, perhaps the errors, of their unskillful and presumptuous adversaries. The battle is described with as much disorder as it was fought ; but we may observe the tent of Kerboga, a movable and spacious palace, enriched with the luxury of Asia, and capable of holding above two thousand persons ; we may distinguish his three thousand guards, who were cased, the horses as well as the men, in complete steel.

In the eventful period of the siege and defense of Antioch, the crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair ; either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross, the deliverers of the holy sepulcher, prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion ; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance and prostitution as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished ; but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices ; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates ; the authority of the chiefs was despised ; the sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline, than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and possession of Antioch, the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months : the desolate country no longer yielded a supply ; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence were always the same, and always disgusting ; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or



spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment ; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat and fifteen for a lean camel, the count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. Sixty thousand horses had been reviewed in the camp : before the end of the siege they were diminished to two thousand, and scarcely two hundred fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims ; and every motive of honor and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs, three heroes may be found without fear or reproach : Godfrey of Bouillon was supported by his magnanimous piety ; Bohemond by ambition and interest ; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights, he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the count of Tholouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition ; the duke of Normandy was recalled from the seashore by the censures of the church ; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France ; and Stephen, count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore, and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, viscount of Melun, surnamed the Carpenter, from the weighty strokes of his ax ; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life ; and the approbrious epithet of the rope-dancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succor of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair ; oaths and punishments were tried without effect ; and to rouse the soldiers to the defense of the walls, it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory, they were indebted to the same fanaticism which led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success : St. Am-

brose had assured a pious ecclesiastic, that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace ; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself ; the dead had promised to arise and to combat with their brethren ; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins ; and their confidence was revived by a visible sign, the seasonable and splendid discovery of the *Holy Lance*. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused ; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons ; and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles, there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council chamber, to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace, if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Pete., near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal, salvation will be manifested to his disciples. Search, and ye shall find : bear it aloft in battle ; and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust ; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved ; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain, and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place ; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit ; the darkness of the hour and place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance ; and the first sound, the first gleam, of the steel was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk

and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the crusaders; their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valor. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skillfully improved this fortunate revolution, by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gates of Antioch were thrown open: a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle array was marshaled in twelve divisions, in honor of the twelve apostles, and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies, of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumor, of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills: the voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph, the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal aims which the count of Tholouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy, and awakened the reason, of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while, the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamors and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane skeptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry fagots, four feet high and

fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp ; the flames burnt fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits ; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed ; but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat ; he expired the next day ; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle, in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians ; and such is the progress of credulity, that miracles, most doubtful on the spot and at the moment, will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.

The prudence or fortune of the Franks had delayed their invasion till the decline of the Turkish empire. Under the manly government of the first three sultans, the kingdoms of Asia were united in peace and justice ; and the innumerable armies which they led in person were equal in courage, and superior in discipline, to the barbarians of the West. But at the time of the crusade, the inheritance of Malek Shah was disputed by his four sons ; their private ambition was insensible of the public danger ; and in the vicissitudes of their fortune, the royal vassals were ignorant, or regardless, of the true object of their allegiance. The twenty-eight emirs who marched with the standard of Kerboga were his rivals or his enemies : their hasty levies were drawn from the towns and tents of Mesopotamia and Syria ; and the Turkish veterans were employed or consumed in the civil wars beyond the Tigris. The caliph of Egypt embraced this opportunity of weakness and discord to recover his ancient possessions ; and his sultan Aphdal besieged Jerusalem and Tyre, expelled the children of Ortok, and restored in Palestine the civil and ecclesiastical authority of the Fatimites. They heard with astonishment of the vast armies of Christians that had passed from Europe to Asia, and rejoiced in the sieges and battles which broke the power of the Turks, the adversaries of their sect and monarchy. But the same Christians were the enemies of the prophet ; and from the overthrow of Nice and Antioch, the motive of their enterprise, which was gradually understood, would urge them forward to the banks of the Jordan, or perhaps of the Nile. An intercourse of epistles and

embassies, which rose and fell with the events of war, was maintained between the throne of Cairo and the camp of the Latins; and their adverse pride was the result of ignorance and enthusiasm. The ministers of Egypt declared in a haughty, or insinuated in a milder, tone that their sovereign, the true and lawful commander of the faithful, had rescued Jerusalem from the Turkish yoke, and that the pilgrims, if they would divide their numbers, and lay aside their arms, should find a safe and hospitable reception at the sepulcher of Jesus. In the belief of their lost condition, the caliph Mostali despised their arms and imprisoned their deputies. the conquest and victory of Antioch prompted him to solicit those formidable champions with gifts of horses and silk robes, of vases, and purses of gold and silver; and in his estimate of their merit or power, the first place was assigned to Bohemond, and the second to Godfrey. In either fortune the answer of the crusaders was firm and uniform; they disdained to inquire into the private claims or possessions of the followers of Mahomet; whatsoever was his name or nation, the usurper of Jerusalem was their enemy; and instead of prescribing the mode and terms of their pilgrimage, it was only by a timely surrender of the city and province, their sacred right, that he could deserve their alliance, or deprecate their impending and irresistible attack.

[A.D. 1098, 1099.] Yet this attack, when they were within the view and reach of their glorious prize, was suspended above ten months after the defeat of Kerboga. The zeal and courage of the crusaders were chilled in the moment of victory: and, instead of marching to improve the consternation, they hastily dispersed, to enjoy the luxury, of Syria. The causes of this strange delay may be found in the want of strength and subordination. In the painful and various service of Antioch, the cavalry was annihilated; many thousands of every rank had been lost by famine, sickness, and desertion: the same abuse of plenty had been productive of a third famine; and the alternative of intemperance and distress had generated a pestilence which swept away above fifty thousand of the pilgrims. Few were able to command, and none were willing to obey; the domestic feuds, which had been stifled by common fear, were again renewed in acts, or at least in sentiments, of hostility; the fortunes of Baldwin and Bohemond excited the envy of their companions; the bravest knights were enlisted for the defense of their new principalities; and Count Raymond ex-

hausted his troops and treasures in an idle expedition into the heart of Syria. The winter was consumed in discord and disorder ; a sense of honor and religion was rekindled in the spring ; and the private soldiers, less susceptible of ambition and jealousy, awakened with angry clamors the indolence of their chiefs. In the month of May, the relics of this mighty host proceeded from Antioch to Laodicea : about forty thousand Latins, of whom no more than fifteen hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, were capable of immediate service. Their easy march was continued between Mount Libanus and the seashore ; their wants were liberally supplied by the coasting traders of Genoa and Pisa ; and they drew large contributions from the emirs of Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Casarea, who granted a free passage and promised to follow the example of Jerusalem. From Casarea they advanced into the midland country ; their clerks recognized the sacred geography of Lydda, Ramla, Einmaus, and Bethlehem ; and as soon as they descried the holy city, the crusaders forgot their toil and claimed their reward.

[A.D. 1099.] Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. The obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed, and imperfectly restored ; the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished ; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of the enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, or Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was intrusted with the defense : his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulcher ; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians ; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more

numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and number of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards (about two English miles and a half), to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Hinnom and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey of Bouillon erected his standard on the first swell of the Mount Calvary: to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day, the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier; but they were driven back with shame and slaughter, to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of these pious stratagems; and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the use of shade or building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense, and in the stations, of the duke of Lorraine and the count of Thoulouse, and rolled forward with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected, parts of the fortifications. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and success-

ful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from Mahometan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque, seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver, rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify, their implacable rage: they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been put to death in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct of the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulcher was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in an humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Savior of the world; and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers: by the one, as easy and natural; by the other, as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour: the example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions; while they cleansed their bodies, they purified their minds; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the holy sepulcher.



## GODFREY OF BOULOGNE.

BY TORQUATO TASSO.

(From the "Jerusalem Delivered": translated by Edward Fairfax.)

[TORQUATO TASSO, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1595. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,  
 To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,  
 Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,  
 And in her gentle bosom wandered bold:  
 It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,  
 And all too fond desire with vantage told:  
 Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,  
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire.

Thus past she, praised, wished, and wond'ered at,  
 Among the troops who there encamped lay,  
 She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that  
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey;  
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,  
 Towards th' imperial tent she asked the way:  
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,  
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace light.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,  
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind;  
 The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,  
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind,

The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.

With rev'rence meet the baron low inclined,  
And thus his purpose to the virgin told,  
For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold :

Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low,

In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,  
For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow

On any daughter born of Adam's line,  
Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know ;

Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,  
Lest my audacious boldness learn too late,  
What honors due become thy high estate.

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high

Above her merit you commend so,  
A hapless maid I am, both born to die,  
And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,  
A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,

My native soil and kingdom thus forego  
To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell  
Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,

If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem. —  
Content, quoth he ; since of one womb ybore,

We brothers are, your fortune good esteem  
T' encounter me, whose word prevaieth more  
In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem.

Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,  
All that his scepter, or my sword, can do.

He led her eas'ly forth when this was said,

Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers ;  
She rev'rence did, then blushed as one dismayed

To speak, for secret wants and inward fears ;  
It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed.

At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers ;  
Silence was made, and she began her tale.  
They sit to hear, thus sung the nightingale :

Victorious prince, whose honorable name

Is held so great among our pagan kings,  
That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,  
That thou hast won them some content it brings ;

Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
 The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,  
 And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,  
 So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,  
 Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,  
 Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,  
 And repossess her in her father's right :  
 Others in their distress do aid implore  
 Of kin and friends ; but I in this sad plight  
 Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,  
 So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

In thee I hope, thy succors I invoke,  
 To win the crown whence ' am dispossess ;  
 For like renown awaiteth on the stroke  
 To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest ;  
 Nor greater glory brings a scepter broke,  
 Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distressed :  
 And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
 More is thy praise to make than kill a king.

But if thou wouldst thy succors due excuse.  
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
 Ah' yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use ;  
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust  
 Be witness, heaven, if thou to grant refuse,  
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
 And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,  
 I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show.

Prince Arbilan, that reigned in his life  
 On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,  
 Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
 The queen Manelicia, such was the fire  
 Of her love ; but soon the fatal knife  
 Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,  
 For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
 My birth her death, my first day was her last.

And ere five years had fully come and gone  
 Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,  
 My father also died, consumed with moan,  
 And sought his love amid the Elysian field,

His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone.  
 Mine uncle governed in my tender eild;  
 For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
 In brother's breast true love his mansion hath.

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,  
 And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,  
 That through Damascus great report was blown  
 How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,  
 Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,  
 And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,  
 Or that true faith did in his bosom won,  
 Because he meant to match me with his son.

Which son, within short while, did undertake  
 Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,  
 Yet never durst he for his lady's sake  
 Break sword or lance, advanced in lofty cell:  
 As fair he was as Citherea's make,  
 As proud as he that signorizeth hell.  
 In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,  
 For Cupid doigns not wound a currish mind.

This paragon should queen Armida wed,  
 A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,  
 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
 A noble head a golden crown to wear!  
 His glozing sire his errand daily said,  
 And sugared speeches whisp'ed in mine ear,  
 To make me take this darling in mine arms,  
 But still the adder stopped her ears from charms.

At last he left me with a troubled grace,  
 Through which transparent was his inward spite;  
 Methought I read the story in his face  
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light.  
 Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,  
 And ghastly visions break my sleep by night;  
 Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,  
 For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill.

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,  
 Pale, sad, dismayed, to warn me in my dream:  
 Alas! how far transformed from the same,  
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam. -

Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame  
Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched eame,  
Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides. —  
This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,  
Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard ?  
My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,  
To undertake alone a work so hard,  
To wander wild the desert woods among,  
A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,  
So grievous seemed, that leifer were my death,  
And there t' expire where first I drew my breath.

I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,  
And yet to fly had neither will nor power ;  
Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,  
Just so I hasten might my dying hour :  
Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid !  
What hand should first pluck up my springing flower ;  
Even as the wretch, condemned to lose his life,  
Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would  
Perchance preserve me to my further ill),  
One of my noble father's servants old,  
That for his goodness bore his child good will,  
With store of tears this treason 'gan unfold,  
And said, my guardian would his pupil kill ;  
And that himself, if promise made he kept,  
Should give me poison dire ere next I slept.

And further told me, if I wished to live,  
I must convey myself by secret flight ;  
And offered then all succors he could give  
To aid his mistress, banished from her right.  
His words of comfort fear to exile drive,  
The dread of death made lesser dangers light :  
So we concluded, when the shadows dim  
Obscured the earth, I should depart with him.

Of close escapes the aged patroness,  
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,  
When with two trusty maids, in great distress,  
Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.

Oft looked I back, but hardly could suppress  
Those streams of tears mine eyes uncessant shed ;  
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,  
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,  
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast :  
So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,  
Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.  
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,  
Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste,  
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we fand,  
The utmost border of my native land :

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight  
Was called that my deliv'rance thus had wrought.  
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight  
I had escaped the treasons of his thought,  
The rage increased in the cursed wight,  
'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought ;  
And us accused, we would have poisoned  
Him ; but desried, to save our lives we fled :

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,  
To poison him I hired had my guide ;  
That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth  
Might range at will, in no subjection tied,  
And that each night I slept (O foul untruth !)  
Mine honor lost, by this Arontes' side : —  
But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,  
When so base love shall change my chaste desire !

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,  
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,  
So grieveth me as this despite alone,  
That my renown, which ever blameless stood,  
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone.  
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,  
And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,  
That none take armor for their queen's defense.

And though he doth my regal throne possess,  
Clothed in purple, crowned with burnished gold ;  
Yet is his hate, his rancor, ne'er the less,  
Since naught assuageth malice when 'tis old :

He threats to burn Arontes' forteress,  
And murder him unless he yield the hold;  
And me, and mine, threats not with war, but death;  
This causeless hatred endless is uncath.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain,  
And hide his shameful fact with mine offense;  
And saith he will restore the throne again,  
To its late honor and due excellence;  
And therefore would I should be algaates slain,  
For while I live his right is in suspense. —  
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,  
For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,  
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,  
My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire,  
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,  
Unless thou help — To thee, renowned sire,  
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent;  
And let these tears that on thy feet distill,  
Redeem the drops of blood he thirsts to spill.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure  
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,  
By that right hand, and by those temples pure  
Thou seek'st to free from Macon's lore, I crave  
Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure;  
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save  
From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,  
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee.

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,  
And never willest aught but what is right,  
Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill;  
Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.  
Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,  
Appoint me ten approved most in fight,  
Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,  
May serve my kingdom lost again to win.

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,  
A man of chiefest trust about his king,  
Hath promised so to beguile the guard,  
That me and mine he undertakes to bring

Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard.

He counseled me to undertake this thing,  
Of thee some little succor to entreat,  
Whose name alone accomplish can the feat. —

This said, his answer did the nymph attend ;

Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him ;  
But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,

He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him ;  
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,

He fears the heathen false would thus betray him :  
But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,  
That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind.

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,

Ready to comfort each distressed wight,  
The maiden's offer profit with it brought ;

For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,  
That won, the way were easy which he sought,

To bring all Asia subject to his might ;  
There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,  
To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt

Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,  
Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,

As if her life and death lay on his saying ;  
Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed,

As if her hope were dead through his delaying.

At last her earnest suit the Duke denied,  
But with sweet words thus would content the maid : —

If not in service of our God we fought,

In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,  
Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,

So fair a Princess should not be forsaken ;  
But since these armies, from the world's end brought,

To free this sacred town have undertaken,  
It were unfit we turned our strength away,  
And victory, even in her coming, stay.

I promise thee, and on my princely word

The burden of thy wish and hope repose,  
That when this chosen temple of the Lord  
Her holy doors shall to his saints uncloze



In rest and peace, then this victorious sword  
Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes :  
But if, for pity of a worldly dame,  
I left this work, such pity were my shame. —

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,  
And stood unmoved, though not unmarked, a space ;  
The secret bleeding of her inward wound  
Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face —  
Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and sorrows drowned,  
Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting place,  
Since such thy hap, that, lest thou mercy find,  
The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind.

Where none attends what boots it to complain ?  
Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears,  
As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain ;  
No plaints find passage through unwilling ears.  
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,  
Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears ;  
Yet not thy fault is this ; my chance, I see,  
Hath made even pity pitiless in thee.

So both thy goodness and good hap denayed me,  
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me,  
The star that ruled my birthday hath betrayed me,  
My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me ;  
Of queenlike state my flight hath disarrayed me ;  
My father died ere he five years had known me ;  
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now ;  
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough.

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood  
Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,  
O ! whither shall I flie ? What secret wood  
Shall hide me from the tyrant ? Or what den,  
What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good ?  
No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then  
To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,  
Armida lived, and died, both like a queen. —

With that she looked as if a proud disdain  
Kindled displeasure in her noble mind ;  
The way she came she turned her steps again,  
With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind ;

A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,  
With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind;  
The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,  
And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads.

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,  
'Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,  
The roses white and red resembled well,  
Whereon the rory May dew sprinkled lies,  
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,  
And breatheth balm from opened paradise:  
Thus sighed, thus mourned, thus wept, this lovely queen,  
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew  
To gather up this liquor, ere it fall,  
And of each drop an arrow forged new;  
Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,  
And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw.  
O wondrous love! thou makest gain of all;  
For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,  
She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand.

This forged plaint drew forth unfeigned tears  
From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart;  
Each one condoleth with her that her hears,  
And of her grief would help her bear the smart:  
If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears  
Some tygress gave him suck, on roughest part,  
'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft:  
Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand  
Of love and pity kindled had the flame,  
While others softly whispered under hand,  
Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came:—  
Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand  
In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame  
Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid:  
Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed.

And think not that Eustace's talk assays  
To turn these forces from this present war,  
Or that I wish you should your armies raise  
From Sion's walls; my speech tends not so far;

But we that venture all for fame and praise,  
That to no charge nor service bounden are,  
Forth of our troop may ten well spared be  
To succor her, which naught can weaken thee.

And know they shall in God's high service fight,  
That virgins innocent save and defend;  
Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight,  
That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend:  
Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,  
With hope of gain or profit in the end;  
But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,  
To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears.

Ah! be it not pardie declared in France,  
O elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,  
That we forsook so fair a chevisance,  
For doubt or fear that might from fight arise:  
Forth here surrender I both sword and lance,  
And swear no more to use this martial guise;  
For ill deserves he to be termed a knight,  
That lends a blunt sword in a lady's right. —

Thus parled he, and with confused sound  
The rest approved what the gallant said.  
Their general the knights encompassed round;  
With humble grace and earnest suit they prayed. —  
I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found  
What I have granted; let her have your aid;  
Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is  
If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss.

But, if with you my words may credit find,  
Oh! temper then this heat misguides you so. —  
Thus much he said: but they with fancy blind,  
Accept his grant and let his counsel go.  
What works not beauty! man's relenting mind  
Is eath to move with complaints and shows of woe:  
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,  
That captive led most of the Christian lords.

Eustace recalled her, and bespake her thus: —  
Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,  
For such assistance shall you find in us,  
As with your need or will may best agree. —

With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,  
And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see;  
And had she deigned her veil for to remove,  
The god himself once more had fallen in love.

With that she broke the silence once again,  
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech;  
She said she would his handmaid poor remain,  
So far as honor's laws received no breach.  
Her humble gestures made the res'due plain,  
Dumb eloquence persuading more than speech.  
This women know, and thus they use the guise  
T' enchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

And when she saw her enterprise had got  
Some wished mean of quick and good proceeding,  
She thought to strike the iron that was hot;  
For every action hath its hour of speeding.  
Medea or false Circe changed not  
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading  
Altered their hearts, and with her siren's sound,  
In lust their minds, their hearts in love, she drowned.

All wily sleights that subtle women know,  
Hourly she used to catch some lover new.  
None kened the bent of her unsteadfast bow,  
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew:  
From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
At some her gazing glances roving flew;  
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
She spurred the slow, and reined the forward short.

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,  
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,  
On them her gentle looks to smile begun,  
As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her.  
On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,  
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her;  
And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,  
Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay  
To touch the softness of her tender skin,  
She looked as coy as if she list not play,  
And made as things of worth were hard to win;

Yet tempered so her 'dainful looks alway,  
That outward scorn shewed store of grace within :  
Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fired,  
For hardest-gotten things are most desired.

Alone sometimes she walked in secret, where  
To ruminate upon her discontent,  
Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,  
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament;  
And with this craft a thousand souls well near  
In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,  
And kept as slaves . by which we fitly prove,  
That witless pity breedeth fruitless love.

Sometimes, as if her hope unloosed had  
The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fettered,  
Upon her minions looked she blithe and glad ;  
In that deceitful lore so was she lettered.  
Not glorious Titan, in his brightness clad,  
The sunshine of her face in luster bettered ;  
For when she list to cheer her beauties so,  
She smiled away the clouds of grief and woe.

Her double charm of smiles and sugared words  
Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses ;  
Reason small aid 'gainst those assaults affords,  
Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offenses ;  
Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords,  
His griefs bring joys, his losses recompenses ;  
He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain ;  
Achilles' lance, that wounds and heals again.

While thus she them torments 'twixt frost and fire,  
'Twixt joy and grief, 'twixt hope and restless fear,  
The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher ;  
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear :  
But if some one durst utter his desire,  
And by complaining make his griefs appear ;  
He labored hard rocks with plaints to move,  
She had not learned the gamut then of love.

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,  
And donned the weed of women's modest grace ;  
Down from her eyes welled the pearles round  
Upon the bright enamel of her face :

Such honey drops on springing flowers are found,  
 When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace :  
 Full seemed her looks of anger and of shame,  
 Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

If she perceived by his outward cheer,  
 That any would his love by talk bewray,  
 Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopped her ear,  
 And played fast and loose the livelong day :  
 Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,  
 Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay ;  
 But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,  
 That hunt all day and lose at night the hare.

These were the arts by which she captived  
 A thousand souls of young and lusty knights ;  
 These were the arms wherewith love conquered  
 Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights.  
 What wonder if Achilles were misled,  
 Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,  
 Since these true champions of the Lord above  
 Were thralls to beauty, yielden slaves to love ?



## RICHARD AND SALADIN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Talisman.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT : The great Scotch novelist and poet ; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author ; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works ; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannerling," "The

Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE hermit followed the ladies from the pavilion of Richard, as shadow follows a beam of sunshine when the clouds are driving over the face of the sun. But he turned on the threshold, and held up his hand toward the King in a warning, or almost a menacing posture, as he said, — "Woe to him who rejects the counsel of the Church, and betaketh himself to the foul divan of the infidel! King Richard, I do not yet shake the dust from my feet and depart from thy encampment — the sword falls not — but it hangs but by a hair. — Haughty monarch, we shall meet again."

"Be it so, haughty priest," returned Richard, "prouder in thy goatskins than princes in purple and fine linen."

The hermit vanished from the tent, and the King continued, addressing the Arabian, — "Do the dervises of the East, wise Hakim, use such familiarity with their princes?"

"The dervise," replied Adonbec, "should be either a sage or a madman; there is no middle course for him who wears the khirkhah, who watches by night, and fasts by day. Hence, hath he either wisdom enough to bear himself discreetly in the presence of princes, or else, having no reason bestowed on him, he is not responsible for his own actions."

"Methinks our monks have adopted chiefly the latter character," said Richard. — "But to the matter. — In what can I pleasure you, my learned physician?"

"Great King," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word, and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest — not to me, their humble instrument — but to the Intelligences, whose benefits I dispense to mortals, a life ——"

"And I warrant me thou wouldst have another in requital, ha?" interrupted the King.

"Such is my humble prayer," said the Hakim, "to the great Melech Ric — even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die, and but for such fault as was committed by the Sultan Adam, surnamed Aboulbeschar, or the father of all men."

"And thy wisdom might remind thee, Hakim, that Adam died for it," said the King, somewhat sternly, and then began to pace the narrow space of his tent with some emotion, and to talk to himself. "Why, God-a-mercy — I knew what he desired

as soon as ever he entered the pavilion ! — Here is one poor life justly condemned to extinction, and I, a king and a soldier, who have slain thousands by my command, and scores with my own hand, am to have no power over it, although the honor of my arms, of my house, of my very Queen, hath been attained by the culprit ? — By Saint George, it makes me laugh ! — By Saint Louis, it reminds me of Blondel's tale of an enchanted castle, where the destined knight was withstood successively in his purpose of entrance by forms and figures the most dissimilar, but all hostile to his undertaking ! — No sooner one sunk than another appeared ! — Wife — Kinswoman — Hermit — Hakim — each appears in the lists as soon as the other is defeated ! — Why, this is a single knight fighting against the whole *mêlée* of the tournament — ha ! ha ! ha ! ” — And Richard laughed aloud ; for he had, in fact, begun to change his mood, his resentment being usually too violent to be of long endurance.

The physician meanwhile looked on him with a countenance of surprise, not unmingled with contempt ; for the Eastern people make no allowance for those mercurial changes in the temper, and consider open laughter, upon almost any account, as derogatory to the dignity of man, and becoming only to women and children. At length the sage addressed the King, when he saw him more composed.

“ A doom of death should not issue from laughing lips. — Let thy servant hope that thou hast granted him this man's life.”

“ Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead,” said Richard ; “ restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man's life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited.”

“ All our lives are forfeited,” said the Hakim, putting his hand to his cap. “ But the great Creditor is merciful, and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely.”

“ Thou canst show me,” said Richard, “ no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned King.”

“ Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice,” said El Hakim : “ but what thou seekest, great King, is the execution of thine own will. And, for the concern I have in this request, know that many a man's life depends upon thy granting this boon.”



"Explain thy words," said Richard; "but think not to impose upon me by false pretents."

"Be it far from thy servant!" said Adonbec. "Know, then, that the medicine to which thou, Sir King, and many a one beside, owe their recovery, is a talisman, composed under certain aspects of the heavens, when the Divine Intelligences are most propitious. I am but the poor administrator of its virtues. I dip it in a cup of water, observe the fitting hour to administer it to the patient, and the potency of the draught works the cure."

"A most rare medicine," said the King, "and a commodious! and, as it may be carried in the leech's purse, would save the whole caravan of camels which they require to convey drugs and physic stuff—I marvel there is any other in use."

"It is written," answered the Hakim, with imperturbable gravity, "'Abuse not the steed which hath borne thee from the battle.' Know, that such talisman might indeed be framed, but rare has been the number of adepts who have dared to undertake the application of their virtue. Severe restrictions, painful observances, fasts, and penance are necessary on the part of the sage who uses this mode of cure; and if, through neglect of these preparations, by his love of ease, or his indulgence of sensual appetite, he omits to cure at least twelve persons within the course of each moon, the virtue of the divine gift departs from the amulet, and both the last patient and the physician will be exposed to speedy misfortune, neither will they survive the year. I require yet one life to make up the appointed number."

"Go out into the camp, good Hakim, where thou wilt find a-many," said the King, "and do not seek to rob my headsmen of *his* patients; it is unbecoming a mediciner of thine eminence to interfere with the practice of another. — Besides, I cannot see how delivering a criminal from the death he deserves should go to make up thy tale of miraculous cures."

"When thou canst show why a draught of cold water should have cured thee, when the most precious drugs failed," said the Hakim, "thou mayst reason on the other mysteries attendant on ~~the same~~. For myself, I am inefficient to the great work, having this morning touched an unclean animal. Ask, therefore, no further questions; it is enough that, by sparing this man's life at my request, you will deliver yourself, great King, and thy servant, from a great danger."

"Hark thee, Adonbec," replied the King, "I have no objection that leeches should wrap their words in mist, and pretend to derive knowledge from the stars; but when you bid Richard Plantagenet fear that a danger will fall upon *him* from some idle omen, or omitted ceremonial, you speak to no ignorant Saxon, or doting old woman, who foregoes her purpose because a hare crosses the path, a raven croaks, or a cat sneezes."

"I cannot hinder your doubt of my words," said Adonbec; "but yet, let my Lord the King grant that the truth is on the tongue of his servant—will he think it just to deprive the world, and every wretch who may suffer by the pains which so lately reduced him to that couch, of the benefit of this most virtuous talisman, rather than extend his forgiveness to one poor criminal? Bethink you, Lord King, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Kings have the power of Satan to torment, sages that of Allah to heal—beware how thou hinderest the good to humanity, which thou canst not thyself render. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth."

"This is overinsolent," said the King, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty, and almost a commanding tone. "We took thee for our leech, not for our counselor, or conscience keeper."

"And is it thus the most renowned Prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?" said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture, in which he had hitherto solicited the King, for an attitude lofty and commanding. "Know, then," he said, "that through every court of Europe and Asia—to Moslem and Nazarene—to knight and lady—wherever harp is heard and sword worn—wherever honor is loved and infamy detested—to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands—if there be any such—that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!"

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury.—"Art weary of thy life?"

"Strike!" said El Hakim; "thine own deed ~~shall~~ <sup>men</sup> paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet's sting."

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, "Thankless and un-

generous! — as well be termed coward and infidel! — Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown jewels, yet I may not, kinglike, refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping — the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant."

He hastily traced one or two lines, and gave them to the physician. "Use him as thy bondsman, to be disposed of as thou wilt — only, let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard. Hark thee — thou art wise — he hath been overbold among those in whose fair looks and weak judgments we trust our honor, as you of the East lodge your treasures in caskets of silver wire, as fine and as frail as the web of a gossamer."

"Thy servant understands the word of the King," said the sage, at once resuming the reverent style of address in which he had commenced. "When the rich carpet is soiled, the fool pointeth to the stain — the wise man covers it with his mantle. I have heard my lord's pleasure, and to hear is to obey."

"It is well," said the King; "let him consult his own safety, and never appear in my presence more. — Is there aught else in which I may do thee pleasure?"

"The bounty of the King hath filled my cup to the brim," said the sage; "yea, it hath been abundant as the fountain which sprung up amid the camp of the descendants of Israel, when the rock was stricken by the rod of Moussa Ben Amran."

"Ay, but," said the King, smiling, "it required, as in the desert, a hard blow on the rock ere it yielded its treasures. I would that I knew something to please thee, which I might yield as freely as the natural fountain sends forth its waters."

"Let me touch that victorious hand," said the sage, "in token, that if Adonbec el Hakim should hereafter demand a boon of Richard of England, he may do so, yet plead his command."

"Thou hast hand and glove upon it, man," replied Richard; "only, if thou couldst consistently make up thy tale of patients without craving me to deliver from punishment those who have deserved it, I would more willingly discharge my debt in some other form."

"May thy days be multiplied!" answered the Hakim, and withdrew from the apartment after the usual deep obeisance.

It had been agreed, on account of the heat of the climate,

that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, inclosed a space of hard sand which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the inclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrade. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian Guards, and the rest of the inclosure was occupied by Christian and Mohammedan spectators.

Long before daybreak, the lists were surrounded by even a larger number of Saracens than Richard had seen on the preceding evening. When the first ray of the sun's glorious orb arose above the desert, the sonorous call, "To prayer, to prayer!" was poured forth by the Soldan himself, and answered by others, whose rank and zeal entitled them to act as muezzins. It was a striking spectacle to see them all sink to earth, for the purpose of repeating their devotions, with their faces turned to Mecca. But when they arose from the ground, the sun's rays, now strengthening fast, seemed to confirm the Lord of Gilsland's conjecture of the night before. They were flashed back from many a spearhead, for the pointless lances of the preceding day were certainly no longer such. De Vaux pointed it out to his master, who answered with impatience, that he had perfect confidence in the good faith of the Soldan; but if De Vaux was afraid of his bulky body, he might retire.

Soon after this the noise of timbrels was heard, at the sound

of which the whole Saracen cavaliers threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves, as if for a second morning prayer. This was to give an opportunity to the Queen, with Edith and her attendants, to pass from the pavilion to the gallery intended for them. Fifty guards of Saladin's seraglio escorted them, with naked sabers, whose orders were, to cut to pieces whomsoever, were he prince or peasant, should venture to gaze on the ladies as they passed, or even presume to raise his head until the cessation of the music should make all men aware that they were lodged in their gallery, not to be gazed on by the curious eye.

This superstitious observance of Oriental reverence to the fair sex called forth from Queen Berengaria some criticisms very unfavorable to Saladin and his country. But their den, as the royal fair called being securely closed and guarded by their sable attendants she was under the necessity of contenting herself with seeing, and laying aside for the present the still more exquisite pleasure of being seen.

Meantime the sponsors of both champions went, as was their duty, to see that they were duly armed, and prepared for combat. The Archduke of Austria was in no hurry to perform this part of the ceremony, having had rather an unusually severe debauch upon wine of Schiraz the preceding evening. But the Grand Master of the Temple, more deeply concerned in the event of the combat, was early before the tent of Conrade of Montserrat. To his great surprise, the attendants refused him admittance.

"Do you not know me, ye knaves?" said the Grand Master in great anger.

"We do, most valiant and reverend," answered Conrade's squire; "but even *you* may not at present enter — the Marquis is about to confess himself."

"Confess himself!" exclaimed the Templar, in a tone where alarm mingled with surprise and scorn — "and to whom, I pray thee?"

"My master bid me be secret," said the squire; on which the Grand Master pushed past him, and entered the tent almost by force.

The Marquis of Montserrat was kneeling at the feet of the Hermit of Engaddi, and in the act of beginning his confession.

"What means this, Marquis?" said the Grand Master;

"up, for shame—or, if you must needs confess, am not I here?"

"I have confessed to you too often already," replied Conrade, with a pale cheek and a faltering voice. "For God's sake, Grand Master, begone, and let me unfold my conscience to this holy man."

"In what is he holier than I am?" said the Grand Master. — "Hermit, prophet, madman—say, if thou darest, in what thou excellest me?"

"Bold and bad man," replied the Hermit, "know that I am like the latticed window, and the divine light passes through to avail others, though alas! it helpeth not me. Thou art like the iron stanchions, which neither receive light themselves, nor communicate it to any one."

"Prate not to me, but depart from this tent," said the Grand Master; "the Marquis shall not confess this morning, unless it be to me, for I part not from his side."

"Is this your pleasure?" said the Hermit to Conrade; "for think not I will obey that proud man, if you continue to desire my assistance."

"Alas!" said Conrade, irresolutely, "what would you have me say?—Farewell for a while—we will speak anon."

"Oh, procrastination!" exclaimed the Hermit, "thou art a soul murderer!—Unhappy man, farewell—not for a while, but until we both shall meet—no matter where.—And for thee," he added, turning to the Grand Master, "TREMBLE!"

"Tremble!" replied the Templar, contemptuously, "I cannot if I would."

The Hermit heard not his answer, having left the tent.

"Come! to this gear hastily," said the Grand Master, "since thou wilt needs go through the foolery.—Hark thee—I think I know most of thy frailties by heart, so we may omit the detail, which may be somewhat a long one, and begin with the absolution. What signifies counting the spots of dirt that we are about to wash from our hands?"

"Knowing what thou art thyself," said Conrade, "it is blasphemous to speak of pardoning another."

"That is not according to the canon, Lord Marquis," said the Templar—"thou art more scrupulous than orthodox. The absolution of the wicked priest is as effectual as if he were himself a saint—otherwise God help the poor penitent! What wounded man inquires whether the surgeon that tents



RICHARD'S FARWELL TO THE HOLY LAND





his gashes have clean hands or not? — Come, shall we to this toy?"

"No," said Conrade, "I will rather die unconfessed than mock the sacrament."

"Come, noble Marquis," said the Templar, "rouse up your courage, and speak not thus. In an hour's time thou shalt stand victorious in the lists, or confess thee in thy helmet, like a valiant knight."

"Alas, Grand Master!" answered Conrade, "all augurs ill for this affair. The strange discovery by the instinct of a dog — the revival of this Scottish knight, who comes into the lists like a specter — all betokens evil."

"Pshaw!" said the Templar, "I have seen thee bend thy lance boldly against him in sport, and with equal chance of success — think thou art but in a tournament, and who bears him better in the tilt-yard than thou? — Come, squires and armorers, your master must be accoutered for the field."

The attendants entered accordingly, and began to arm the Marquis.

"What morning is without?" said Conrade.

"The sun rises dimly," answered a squire.

"Thou seest, Grand Master," said Conrade, "naught smiles on us."

"Thou wilt fight the more coolly, my son," answered the Templar. "Thank Heaven that hath tempered the sun of Palestine to suit thy occasion."

Thus jested the Grand Master; but his jests had lost their influence on the harassed mind of the Marquis, and, notwithstanding his attempts to seem gay, his gloom communicated itself to the Templar.

"This craven," he thought, "will lose the day in pure faintness and cowardice of heart, which he calls tender conscience. I, whom visions and auguries shake not — who am firm in my purpose as the living rock — I should have fought the combat myself. — Would to God the Scot may strike him dead on the spot — it were next best to his winning the victory. But, come what will, he must have no other confessor than myself — our sins are too much in common, and he might confess my share with his own."

While these thoughts passed through his mind, he continued to assist the Marquis in arming, but it was in silence.

The hour at length arrived, the trumpets sounded, the

knights rode into the lists armed at all points, and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their visors up, and riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators. Both were goodly persons, and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot—a radiancy of hope, which amounted even to cheerfulness, while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of ominous despondence. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth; and the *spruch-sprecher* shook his head while he observed that while the challenger rode around the lists in the course of the sun—that is, from right to left—the defender made the same circuit *widdersins*—that is, from left to right—which is in most countries held ominous.

A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the Queen, and beside it stood the Hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, the Scottish Knight looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honor of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armor as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the Grand Master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about

the sitting of his gorget, and whispered, — “Coward and fool! — recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely, else, by Heaven, shouldst thou escape him, thou escapest not *me*!”

The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the Marquis’ nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse; and though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger’s, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens which might predict the fate of the day.

The priests, after a solemn prayer that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald at arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists, — “Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonor done to the said King.”

When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free, one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

The shield of the Scot displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the Marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed visor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general — men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting

and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when at a signal given by the Soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slackening the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practiced warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it splintered into splinters from the steel spearhead up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied,—“What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty—but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!”

He revived as he uttered these words.

“The talisman—the powerful remedy, royal brother,” said King Richard to Saladin.

“The traitor,” answered the Soldan, “is more fit to be dragged from the lists to the gallows by the heels, than to profit by its virtues:—and some such fate is in his look,” he added, after gazing fixedly upon the wounded man; “for though his wound may be cured, yet Azrael's seal is on the wretch's brow.”

“Nevertheless,” said Richard, “I pray you do for him what you may, that he may at least have time for confession—slay not soul and body! To him one half-hour of time may be worth more, by ten thousandfold, than the life of the oldest patriarch.”

"My royal brother's wish shall be obeyed," said Saladin. — "Slaves, bear this wounded man to our tent."

"Do not so," said the Templar, who had hitherto stood gloomily looking on in silence. — "The royal Duke of Austria and myself will not permit this unhappy Christian Prince to be delivered over to the Saracens, that they may try their spells upon him. We are his sponsors, and demand that he be assigned to our care."

"That is, you refuse the certain means offered to recover him?" said Richard.

"Not so," said the Grand Master, recollecting himself. — "If the Soldan useth lawful medicines, he may attend the patient in my tent."

"Do so. I pray thee good brother," said Richard to Saladin, "though the permission be ungraciously yielded. — But now to a more glorious work — Sound trumpets — shout England — in honor of England's champion!"

Drum, clarion, trumpet, and cymbal rung forth at once, and the deep and regular shout, which for ages has been the English acclamation, sounded amidst the shrill and irregular yells of the Arabs, like the diapason of the organ amid the howling of a storm. There was silence at length.

"Brave Knight of the Leopard," resumed Cœur de Lion, "thou hast shown that the Ethiopian *may* change his skin and the Leopard his spots, though clerks quote Scripture for the impossibility. Yet I have more to say to you when I have conducted you to the presence of the ladies, the best judges, and best rewarders, of deeds of chivalry."

The Knight of the Leopard bowed assent.

"And thou, princely Saladin, wilt also attend them. I promise thee our Queen will not think herself welcome, if she lacks the opportunity to thank her royal host for her most princely reception."

Saladin bent his head gracefully, but declined the invitation.

"I must attend the wounded man," he said. "The leech leaves not his patient more than the champion the lists, even if he be summoned to a bower like those of Paradise. And further, royal Richard, know that the blood of the East flows not so temperately in the presence of beauty, as that of your land. What saith the Book itself? — Her eye is as the edge of the sword of the Prophet, who shall look upon it? He that would not be burnt avoideth to tread on hot embers — wise

men spread not the flax before a bickering torch — He, saith the sage, who hath forfeited a treasure, doth not wisely to turn back his head to gaze at it."

Richard, it may be believed, respected the motives of delicacy which flowed from manners so different from his own, and urged his request no further.

"At noon," said the Soldan, as he departed, "I trust ye will all accept a collation under the black camel-skin tent of a chief of Curdistan."

The same invitation was circulated among the Christians, comprehending all those of sufficient importance to be admitted to sit at a feast made for princes.

"Hark!" said Richard, "the timbrels announce that our Queen and her attendants are leaving their gallery — and see, the turbans sink on the ground, as if struck down by a destroying angel. All lie prostrate, as if the glance of an Arab's eye could sully the luster of a lady's cheek! Come, we will to the pavilion, and lead our conqueror thither in triumph. — How I pity that noble Soldan, who knows but of love as it is known to those of inferior nature!"

Blondel tuned his harp to its boldest measure, to welcome the introduction of the victor into the pavilion of Queen Berengaria. He entered, supported on either side by his sponsors, Richard and William Longsword, and knelt gracefully down before the Queen, though more than half the homage was silently rendered to Edith, who sat on her right hand.

"Unarm him, my mistresses," said the King, whose delight was in the execution of such chivalrous usages — "let Beauty honor Chivalry! Undo his spurs, Berengaria; Queen though thou be, thou owest him what marks of favor thou canst give. — Unlace his helmet, Edith — by this hand, thou shalt, wert thou the proudest Plantagenet of the line, and he the poorest knight on earth!"

Both ladies obeyed the royal commands, — Berengaria with bustling assiduity, as anxious to gratify her husband's humor, and Edith blushing and growing pale alternately, as slowly and awkwardly she undid, with Longsword's assistance, the fastenings which secured the helmet to the gorget.

"And what expect you from beneath this iron shell?" said Richard, as the removal of the casque gave to view the noble countenance of Sir Kenneth, his face glowing with recent exertion, and not less so with present emotion. "What think

ye of him, gallants and beauties?" said Richard. "Doth he resemble an Ethiopian slave, or doth he present the face of an obscure and nameless adventurer? No, by my good sword! — Here terminate his various disguises. He hath knelt down before you, unknown save by his worth — he arises, equally distinguished by birth and fortune. The adventurous knight, Kenneth, arises David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and Edith dropped from her hand the helmet which she had just received.

"Yes, my masters," said the King, "it is even so. Ye know how Scotland deceived us when she proposed to send this valiant Earl, with a bold company of her best and noblest, to aid our arms in this conquest of Palestine, but failed to comply with her engagements. This noble youth, under whom the Scottish Crusaders were to have been arrayed, thought foul scorn that his arm should be withheld from the holy warfare, and joined us at Sicily with a small train of devoted and faithful attendants, which was augmented by many of his countrymen to whom the rank of their leader was unknown. The confidants of the Royal Prince had all, saving one old follower, fallen by death, when his secret, but too well kept, had nearly occasioned my cutting off, in a Scottish adventurer, one of the noblest hopes of Europe. — Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence? — Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?"

"I did you not that injustice, royal Richard," answered the Earl of Huntingdon; "but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life, endangered for default of loyalty. And, moreover, I had made my vow to preserve my rank unknown till the Crusade should be accomplished; nor did I mention it save *in articulo mortis*, and under the seal of confession, to yonder reverend hermit."

"It was the knowledge of that secret, then, which made the good man so urgent with me to recall my severe sentence?" said Richard. "Well did he say that, had this good knight fallen by my mandate, I should have wished the deed undone though it had cost me a limb. A limb! — I should have wished it undone had it cost me my life — since the world would have said that Richard had abused the condition in

which the heir of Scotland had placed himself, by his confidence in his generosity."

"Yet may we know of your grace by what strange and happy chance this riddle was at length read?" said the Queen Berengaria.

"Letters were brought to us from England," said the King, "in which we learnt, among other unpleasant news, that the King of Scotland had seized upon three of our nobles, when on a pilgrimage to Saint Ninian, and alleged as a cause, that his heir, being supposed to be fighting in the ranks of the Teutonic Knights, against the heathen of Borussia, was, in fact, in our camp and in our power; and, therefore, William proposed to hold these nobles as hostages for his safety. This gave me the first light on the real rank of the Knight of the Leopard, and my suspicions were confirmed by De Vaux, who, on his return from Ascalon, brought back with him the Earl of Huntingdon's sole attendant, a thick-skulled slave, who had gone thirty miles to unfold to De Vaux a secret he should have told to me."

"Old Strachan must be excused," said the Lord of Gilsland. "He knew from experience that my heart is somewhat softer than if I wrote myself Plantagenet."

"Thy heart soft? thou commodity of old iron—and Cumberland flint that thou art!" exclaimed the King. — "It is we Plantagenets who boast soft and feeling hearts, Edith," turning to his cousin, with an expression which called the blood into her cheek. — "Give me thy hand, my fair cousin, and, Prince of Scotland, thine."

"Forbear, my lord," said Edith, hanging back, and endeavoring to hide her confusion, under an attempt to rally her royal kinsman's credulity. "Remember you not that my hand was to be the signal of converting to the Christian faith the Saracen and Arab, Saladin and all his turbaned host?"

"Ay, but the wind of prophecy hath chopped about, and sits now in another corner," replied Richard.

"Mock not, lest your bonds be made strong," said the Hermit, stepping forward. "The heavenly host write nothing but truth in their brilliant records—it is man's eyes which are too weak to read their characters aright. Know that when Saladin and Kenneth of Scotland slept in my grotto, I read in the stars, that there rested under my roof a prince, the natural foe of Richard, with whom the fate of Edith Plantagenet was to be



united. Could I doubt that this must be the Soldan, whose rank was well known to me, as he often visited my cell to converse on the revolutions of the heavenly bodies?—Again, the lights of the firmament proclaimed that this Prince, the husband of Edith Plantagenet, should be a Christian; and I—weak and wild interpreter!—argued thence the conversion of the noble Saladin, whose good qualities seemed often to incline him toward the better faith. The sense of my weakness hath humbled me to the dust, but in the dust I have found comfort! I have not read aright the fate of others—who can assure me but that I may have miscalculated mine own? God will not have us break into his council house or spy out his hidden mysteries. We must wait his time with watching and prayer—with fear and with hope. I came hither the stern seer—the proud prophet—skilled, as I thought, to instruct princes, and gifted even with supernatural powers, but burdened with a weight which I deemed no shoulders but mine could have borne. But my hands have been broken! I go hence humble in mine ignorance, penitent—and not hopeless.”

With these words he withdrew from the assembly; and it is recorded that, from that period, his frenzy fits seldom occurred, and his penances were of a milder character, and accompanied with better hopes of the future. So much is there of self-opinion, even in insanity, that the conviction of his having entertained and expressed an unfounded prediction with so much vehemence, seemed to operate like loss of blood on the human frame, to modify and lower the fever of the brain.

It is needless to follow into further particulars the conferences at the royal tent, or to inquire whether David, Earl of Huntingdon, was as mute in the presence of Edith Plantagenet, as when he was bound to act under the character of an obscure and nameless adventurer. It may be well believed that he there expressed, with suitable earnestness, the passion to which he had so often before found it difficult to give words.

The hour of noon now approached, and Saladin waited to receive the Princes of Christendom in a tent which, but for its large size, differed little from that of the ordinary shelter of the common Curdman, or Arab; yet, beneath its ample and sable covering, was prepared a banquet after the most gorgeous fashion of the East, extended upon carpets of the richest stuffs, with cushions laid for the guests. But we cannot stop to describe the cloth of gold and silver—the superb embroidery

in Arabesque — the shawls of Cashmere — and the muslins of India, which were here unfolded in all their splendor ; far less to tell the different sweetmeats, ragouts edged with rice colored in various manners, with all the other niceties of Eastern cookery. Lambs roasted whole, and game and poultry dressed in pilaus, were piled in vessels of gold and silver, and porcelain, and intermixed with large mazers of sherbet cooled in snow and ice from the cavern of Mount Lebanon. A magnificent pile of cushions at the head of the banquet seemed prepared for the master of the feast and such dignitaries as he might call to share that place of distinction, while from the roof of the tent in all quarters, but over this seat of eminence in particular, waved many a banner and pennon, the trophies of battles won, and kingdoms overthrown. But amongst and above them all, a long lance displayed a shroud, the banner of Death, with this impressive inscription — “SALADIN, KING OF KINGS — SALADIN, VICTOR OF VICTORS — SALADIN MUST DIE.” Amid these preparations, the slaves who had arranged the refreshments stood with drooped heads and folded arms, mute and motionless as monumental statuary, or as automata, which waited the touch of the artist to put them in motion.

Expecting the approach of his princely guests, the Soldan, imbued, as most were, with the superstitions of his time, paused over a horoscope and corresponding scroll, which had been sent to him by the Hermit of Engaddi when he departed from the camp.

“Strange and mysterious science,” he muttered to himself, “which, pretending to draw the curtain of futurity, misleads those whom it seems to guide, and darkens the scene which it pretends to illuminate ! Who would not have said that I was that enemy most dangerous to Richard, whose enmity was to be ended by marriage with his kinswoman ? Yet it now appears that a union betwixt this gallant Earl and the lady will bring about friendship betwixt Richard and Scotland, an enemy more dangerous than I, as a wild cat in a chamber is more to be dreaded than a lion in a distant desert. — But then,” he continued to mutter to himself, “the combination intimates that this husband was to be Christian. — Christian ?” he repeated, after a pause, — “that gave the insane fanatic stargazer hopes that I might renounce my faith ! but me, the faithful follower of our Prophet — me it should have undeceived. Lie there, mysterious scroll,” he added, thrusting it under the pile of

cushions; "strange are thy bodements and fatal, since, even, when true in themselves, they work upon those who attempt to decipher their meaning all the effects of falsehood. — How now, what means this intrusion?"

He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated, with each strange and disproportioned feature wrenched by horror into still more extravagant ugliness, — his mouth open, his eyes staring, his hands, with their shriveled and deformed fingers, widely expanded.

"What now?" said the Soldan, sternly.

"*Accipe hoc!*" groaned out the dwarf.

"Ha! say'st thou?" answered Saladin.

"*Accipe hoc!*" replied the panic-struck creature, unconscious, perhaps, that he repeated the same words as before.

"Hence! I am in no vein for foolery," said the Emperor.

"Nor am I further fool," said the dwarf, "than to make my folly help out my wits to earn my bread, poor helpless wretch! — Hear, hear me, great Soldan!"

"Nay, if thou hast actual wrong to complain of," said Saladin, "fool or wise, thou art entitled to the ear of a King. — Retire hither with me;" and he led him into the inner tent.

Whatever their conference related to, it was soon broken off by the fanfare of the trumpets, announcing the arrival of the various Christian princes, whom Saladin welcomed to his tent with a royal courtesy well becoming their rank and his own; but chiefly he saluted the young Earl of Huntingdon, and generously congratulated him upon prospects which seemed to have interfered with and overclouded those which he had himself entertained.

"But think not," said the Soldan, "thou noble youth, that the Prince of Scotland is more welcome to Saladin than was Kenneth to the solitary Ilderim when they met in the desert, or the distressed Ethiop to the Hakim Adonbec. A brave and generous disposition like thine hath a value independent of condition and birth, as the cool draught which I here proffer thee is as delicious from an earthen vessel as from a goblet of gold."

The Earl of Huntingdon made a suitable reply, gratefully acknowledging the various important services he had received from the generous Soldan; but when he had pledged Saladin in the bowl of sherbet, which the Soldan had proffered to him, he could not help remarking with a smile, "The brave cavalier,

Ilderim, knew not of the formation of ice, but the munificent Soldan cools his sherbet with snow."

"Wouldst thou have an Arab or a Curdman as wise as a Hakim?" said the Soldan. "He who does on a disguise must make the sentiments of his heart and the learning of his head accord with the dress which he assumes. I desired to see how a brave and single-hearted cavalier of Frangistan would conduct himself in debate with such a chief as I then seemed; and I questioned the truth of a well-known fact, to know by what arguments thou wouldst support thy assertion."

While they were speaking, the Archduke of Austria, who stood a little apart, was struck with the mention of iced sherbet, and took with pleasure and some bluntness the deep goblet, as the Earl of Huntingdon was about to replace it.

"Most delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught, which the heat of the weather, and the feverishness following the debauch of the preceding day, had rendered doubly acceptable. He sighed as he handed the cup to the Grand Master of the Templars. Saladin made a sign to the dwarf, who advanced and pronounced, with a harsh voice, the words, *Accipe hoc!* The Templar started, like a steed who sees a lion under a bush, beside the pathway; yet instantly recovered, and to hide, perhaps, his confusion, raised the goblet to his lips — but those lips never touched that goblet's rim. The saber of Saladin left its sheath as lightning leaves the cloud. It was waved in the air, — and the head of the Grand Master rolled to the extremity of the tent, while the trunk remained for a second standing, with the goblet still clenched in its grasp, then fell, the liquor mingling with the blood that spurted from the veins.

There was a general exclamation of treason, and Austria, nearest to whom Saladin stood with the bloody saber in his hand, started back as if apprehensive that his turn was to come next. Richard and others laid hand on their swords.

"Fear nothing, noble Austria," said Saladin, as composedly as if nothing had happened, "nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Not for his manifold treasons; — not for the attempt which, as may be vouched by his own squire, he instigated against King Richard's life; — not that he pursued the Prince of Scotland and myself in the desert, reducing us to save our lives by the speed of our horses; — not that he had stirred up the Maronites to attack us upon this very occasion, had I not brought up unexpectedly so many Arabs as rendered

the scheme abortive ; — not for any or all of these crimes does he now lie there, although each were deserving such a doom ; — but because, scarce half an hour ere he polluted our presence, as the simoom empisons the atmosphere, he poniarded his comrade and accomplice, Conrade of Montserrat, lest he should confess the infamous plots in which they had both been engaged.”

“How ! Conrade murdered ? — And by the Grand Master, his sponsor and most intimate friend !” exclaimed Richard. “Noble Soldan, I would not doubt thee — yet this must be proved — otherwise ——”

“There stands the evidence,” said Saladin, pointing to the terrified dwarf. “Allah, who sends the firefly to illuminate the night season, can discover secret crimes by the most contemptible means.”

The Soldan proceeded to tell the dwarf's story, which amounted to this. — In his foolish curiosity, or, as he partly confessed, with some thoughts of pilfering, Nectabannus had strayed into the tent of Conrade, which had been deserted by his attendants, some of whom had left the encampment to carry the news of his defeat to his brother, and others were availing themselves of the means which Saladin had supplied for revealing. The wounded man slept under the influence of Saladin's wonderful talisman, so that the dwarf had opportunity to pry about at pleasure, until he was frightened into concealment by the sound of a heavy step. He skulked behind a curtain, yet could see the motions and hear the words of the Grand Master, who entered, and carefully secured the covering of the pavilion behind him. His victim started from sleep, and it would appear that he instantly suspected the purpose of his old associate, for it was in a tone of alarm that he demanded wherefore he disturbed him.

“I come to confess and absolve thee,” answered the Grand Master.

Of their further speech the terrified dwarf remembered little, save that Conrade implored the Grand Master not to break a wounded reed, and that the Templar struck him to the heart with a Turkish dagger, with the words *Accipe hoc* — words which long afterward haunted the terrified imagination of the concealed witness.

“I verified the tale,” said Saladin, “by causing the body to be examined ; and I made this unhappy being, whom Allah

hath made the discoverer of the crime, repeat in your own presence the words which the murderer spoke, and you yourselves saw the effect which they produced upon his conscience!"

The Soldan paused, and the King of England broke silence : —

"If this be true, as I doubt not, we have witnessed a great act of justice, though it bore a different aspect. But wherefore in this presence? wherefore with thine own hand?"

"I had designed otherwise," said Saladin; "but had I not hastened his doom, it had been altogether averted, since, if I had permitted him to taste of my cup, as he was about to do, how could I, without incurring the brand of inhospitality, have done him to death as he deserved? Had he murdered my father, and afterward partaken of my food and my bowl, not a hair of his head could have been injured by me. But enough of him — let his carcass and his memory be removed from amongst us."

The body was carried away, and the marks of the slaughter obliterated or concealed with such ready dexterity, as showed that the case was not altogether so uncommon as to paralyze the assistants and officers of Saladin's household.

But the Christian princes felt that the scene which they had beheld weighed heavily on their spirits, and although, at the courteous invitation of the Soldan, they assumed their seats at the banquet, yet it was with the silence of doubt and amazement. The spirits of Richard alone surmounted all cause for suspicion or embarrassment. Yet he, too, seemed to ruminate on some proposition, as if he were desirous of making it in the most insinuating and acceptable manner which was possible. At length he drank off a large bowl of wine, and addressing the Soldan, desired to know whether it was not true that he had honored the Earl of Huntingdon with a personal encounter.

Saladin answered with a smile, that he had proved his horse and his weapons with the heir of Scotland, as cavaliers are wont to do with each other when they meet in the desert — and modestly added, that though the combat was not entirely decisive, he had not, on his part, much reason to pride himself on the event. The Scot, on the other hand, disclaimed the attributed superiority, and wished to assign it to the Soldan.

"Enough of honor thou hast had in the encounter," said

Richard, "and I envy thee more for that, than for the smiles of Edith Plantagenet, though one of them might reward a bloody day's work. — But what say you, noble princes, — is it fitting that such a royal ring of chivalry should break up without something being done for future times to speak of? What is the overthrow and death of a traitor, to such a fair garland of honor as is here assembled, and which ought not to part without witnessing something more worthy of their regard? How say you, princely Soldan — what if we two should now, and before this fair company, decide the long-contended question for this land of Palestine, and end at once these tedious wars? Yonder are the lists ready, nor can Paynimrie ever hope a better champion than thou. I, unless worthier offers, will lay down my gauntlet in behalf of Christendom, and, in all love and honor, we will do mortal battle for the possession of Jerusalem."

There was a deep pause for the Soldan's answer. His cheek and brow colored highly, and it was the opinion of many present that he hesitated whether he should accept the challenge. At length he said, "Fighting for the Holy City against those whom we regard as idolaters, and worshipers of stocks and stones, and graven images, I might confide that Allah would strengthen my arm; or if I fell beneath the sword of the Melech Ric, I could not pass to Paradise by a more glorious death. But Allah has already given Jerusalem to the true believers, and it were a tempting the God of the Prophet to peril, upon my own personal strength and skill, that which I hold securely by the superiority of my forces."

"If not for Jerusalem, then," said Richard, in the tone of one who would entreat a favor of an intimate friend, "yet for the love of honor, let us run at least three courses with grinded lances."

"Even this," said Saladin, half smiling at Cœur de Lion's affectionate earnestness for the combat, "even this may I not lawfully do. The Master places the shepherd over the flock, not for the shepherd's own sake, but for the sake of the sheep. Had I a son to hold the scepter when I fell, I might have had the liberty, as I have the will, to brave this bold encounter; but your own Scripture sayeth, that when the herdsman is smitten, the sheep are scattered."

"Thou hast had all the fortune," said Richard, turning to the Earl of Huntingdon with a sigh. "I would have given

the best year of my life for that one half hour beside the Diamond of the Desert ! ”

The chivalrous extravagance of Richard awakened the spirits of the assembly, and when at length they arose to depart, Saladin advanced and took Cœur de Lion by the hand.

“ Noble King of England,” said he, “ we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved, no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin, shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Ay, and the same shall be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train ! ”



## THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE.

### A LEGEND OF PALESTINE AND — WEST KENT.

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

[RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury ; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens ; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of “ Ingoldsby Legends,” chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843 ; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

#### FYTTE I.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,

“ Come east, come west, Come lance in rest,  
Come falchion in hand, I'll tickle the best  
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie ! ”



Oh ! they came west, and they came east,  
 Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,  
     And they hammered away At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point, —  
 But he topped off head, and he lopped off joint;  
     Twenty and three ! Of high degree,  
 Lay stark and stiff on the crimsoned lea,  
 All — all save one — and he ran up a tree !  
 “Now count them, my squire, now count them and see !  
     Twenty and three ! Twenty and three ! —  
 All of them Nobles of high degree :  
 There they be lying on Ascalon lea ! ”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 “What news ? what news ? come, tell to me !  
 What news ? what news, thou little Foot Page ? —  
 I’ve been whacking the foe, till it seems an age  
     Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free !  
 What news ? what news from Ingoldsby Hall ?  
 Come tell me now, thou Page so small ! ”

“Oh, Hawk and Hound Are safe and sound,  
 Beast in byre and Steed in stall;  
     And the Watchdog’s bark, As soon as it’s dark,  
 Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall ! ” —

“I care not a pound For Hawk or for Hound,  
 For Steed in stall, or for Watchdog’s bay :  
     Fain would I hear Of my dainty dear ;  
 How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay ? ” —  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,  
 “What news ? what news ? thou naughtly Foot Page ! ” —

That little Foot Page, full low crouched he,  
 And he doffed his cap, and he bended his knee,  
 “Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me :  
 Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,  
 Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall :  
     She sits alone, And she makes her moan ;  
     Dance and song She considers quite wrong ;  
     Feast and revel Mere snares of the devil ;  
 She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘Alack !  
 When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? ’ ”

"Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot Page,  
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!

There, in thy breast, 'Neath thy silken vest,  
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near;  
That little Foot Page he blenched with fear;

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?  
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,  
And tidings rare To him do I bear,  
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!  
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,  
But well, I ween, May there be seen  
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;  
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,  
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;  
Although no clerk, Well may I mark  
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,  
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot Page;  
The scroll he seizes, The Page he squeezes,  
And buffets, — and pinches his nose till he sneezes;  
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads  
Which they used in those days, 'stead of little Queen's heads

When the contents of the scroll met his view,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,  
Backward he drew His nailed Shoe,  
And he kicked that naughty Foot Page, that he flew  
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,  
I may not say whither — I never knew.

"Now count the slain Upon Ascalon plain, —  
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!"

"Twenty and three! There they be,  
Stiff and stark on that crimsoned lea! —

Twenty and three? — Stay — let me see!

Stretched in his gore There lieth one more!

By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four*!  
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,  
But their heads and their limbs are nobody knows where!

Ay, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,  
Though one got away and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher, My trusty Squire!" —  
"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldshy Bray,  
"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,  
"Now Heaven thee save, A boon I crave,  
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;  
A year and a day Have I been away  
King Richard, from Ingoldshy Hall so free;  
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,  
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,  
And tears like raindrops fall from her eyes.  
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!  
Oh! when will Sir Ingoldshy Bray come back?'  
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,  
"Fair Ingoldshy Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldshy Bray,"  
King Richard said right graciously,  
"Of all in my host That I love the most,  
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!  
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;  
But — mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

## FFUTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,  
P'ontiff proud, I ween, is he,  
And a belted Knight, In armor dight,  
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,  
With signs of grief and sounds of woe  
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
In my fury and rage A little Foot Page  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:  
A scroll of shame From a faithless dame  
Did that naughty Foot Page to a paramour bear:  
I gave him a 'lick' With a stick, And a kick,  
That sent him — I can't tell your Holiness where!  
Had he as many necks as hairs,  
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

“Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;  
A soldier, I trow, Of the Cross art thou;  
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!  
Ill it beseems that a soldier true  
Of holy Church should vainly sue: —  
Foot Pages, they are by no means rare,  
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,  
Well mote we spare A Page — or a pair,  
For the matter of that — Sir Ingoldsby Bray.  
But stout and true Soldiers, like you,  
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!  
Be prayers for the dead Duly read,  
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;  
So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the little Foot Page shall rest in peace!”

“Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
Dame Alice, my wife, The bane of my life,  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!  
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,  
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;  
’Twere bootless to tell how I stormed and swore;  
Alack! alack! too surely I knew  
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,  
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!  
Dame Alice I found, — She sank on the ground, —  
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!  
With gibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,  
I twisted it on — till I twisted it off! —  
All the King’s Doctors and all the King’s Men  
Can’t put fair Alice’s head on agen!”

“Welladay! welladay! Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
Why really I hardly know what to say: —  
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,  
Because she’s perhaps been a little too gay. —  
Monk must chant and Nun must pray  
For each mass they sing, and each prayer they say,  
For a year, and a day, Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!  
So may his qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!”

“Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
 No power could save That paramour knave;  
 I lett him, I wot, in evil case!  
 There, 'midst the slain Upon Ascalon plain,  
 Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,  
 His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,  
 And his head lies — I can't tell your Holiness where!”

“Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,  
 To hack and to hew A champion true  
 Of Holy Church in such pitiful plight!  
 Foul sin her warriors so to slay,  
 When they're scarcer and scarcer every day! —  
 A chantry fair, And of Monks a pair,  
 To pray for his soul forever and aye,  
 Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay  
 For plenty of lights To burn there o' nights —  
 None of your rascally '*dips*' — but sound,  
 Round, tenpenny molds of four to the pound! —  
 And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair  
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!  
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
 And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!”

“Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!  
 Less penance may serve!” quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 “No champion free of the Cross was he;  
 No belted Baron of high degree;  
 No Knight nor Squire Did there expire;  
 He was, I trow, but a barefooted Friar!  
 And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait  
 With his monks around him, and early and late  
 May look from loophole, and turret, and gate —  
 He hath lost his Prior — his Prior his pate!”

“Now Thunder and turf!” Pope Gregory said,  
 And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head —  
 “Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!  
 A horrible thing has come to pass!  
 What! — cut off the head of a reverend Prior,  
 And say he was '*only* (! ! ! ) a barefooted Friar!’ —

‘What Baron or Squire, Or Knight of the shire  
Is half so good as a holy Friar?’

*O turpissime! Vir nequissime!  
Sceleratissime! — quissime! — issime!*  
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*

Had before ’em Such a breach of decorum,  
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,  
And won’t have again *secula sæculorum!* —

Come hither to me, My Cardinals three,  
My Bishops in *partibus*, Masters in *Artibus*,  
Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.

Doctors and Proctors of every degree.  
Go fetch me a book! — go fetch me a bell  
As big as a dustman’s! — and a candle as well —  
I’ll send him — *where* good manners won’t let me tell!” —

“Pardon and grace! — now pardon and grace!” —

Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face —

*Mea culpa!* — in sooth I’m in pitiful case.

*Peccavi! Peccavi!* — I’ve done very wrong!

But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,

And I’ll fight for Holy Church all the day long;

And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,

And they’re here, and they’re there, and I can’t tell you where,  
And Holy Church shall come in for her share!”

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,  
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,  
And his Cardinals three they picked up his crown.

“Now, if it be so that you own you’ve been wrong,  
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,  
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;  
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,  
And Holy Church shall come in for her share, —

Why, my Cardinals three,

You’ll agree With me

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,

And I think that the Penitent need not despair! —

If it be so, as you seem to say,

Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!

“An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,  
Whose innermost wall’s encircling bound  
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;  
And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,  
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross buns.

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, Without delay,  
Shall hie him again To Ascalon plain,  
And gather the bones of the foully slain :  
And shall place said bones, with all possible care,  
In an elegant shrine in his Abbey so fair ;

And plenty of lights Shall be there o' nights ;  
None of your rascally '*dips*,' but sound,  
Best superfine wax wicks, four to the pound :

And Monk and Nun Shall pray, each one,  
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon !  
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray so bold, and so brave,  
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,  
Nor adorn his body, Nor drink gin toddy,  
Nor indulge in a pipe, — But shall dine upon tripe,  
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,  
And forever abhor, renounce, and abjure  
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur* :

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray Here gave way  
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,  
But he swallowed it down, by an effort, again,  
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a  
Mere repetition of *O, mea culpa* !)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas Day,  
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,

Subjecting his back To thump and to thwack,  
Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,  
With a stout cat o' nine tails of whipcord and wire ;  
And nor he, nor his heir Shall take, use, or hear  
Any more, from this day, The surname of Bray,  
As being dishonored ; but all issue male he has,  
Shall, with himself, go henceforth by an *alias* !  
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,  
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace !"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)

Is off like a shot away and away,

Over the brine To far Palestine,  
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain  
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

"Look out, my squire, Look higher and nigher,  
Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar !

And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,  
And pick up his body, and pick up his head ! ”

### FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,  
With right of free warren (whatever that be);  
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,  
All in full leaf at the right time of year;  
About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,  
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear;  
But it's really delightful in springtime, — and near  
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear;  
Cobham woods to the right, — on the opposite shore  
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more;  
Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind, — and before  
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.

So charming a spot It's rarely one's lot  
To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,  
And there they all stand each in their degree,  
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,  
Two by two in their regular mode,  
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,  
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,  
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!  
Little boys twelve, dressed all in white,  
Each with his brazen censer bright,  
And singing away with all their might,  
Follow the Palmers — a goodly sight;

Next high in air Twelve Yeomen bear  
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,  
A patent sarcophagus firmly reared  
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneered),  
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side Is a Friar, supplied  
With a stout cat o' nine tails of tough cowhide,

While all sorts of queer men Bring up the rear — Men-  
at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bowmen, and Spearmen.



It boots not to tell What you'll guess very well.  
 How some sang the *requiem*, some tolled the bell;  
 Suffice it to say, 'Twas on Candlemas Day  
 The procession I speak about reached the *Sacellum*;  
 And in lieu of a supper The Knight on his crupper  
 Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum*;  
 That, as chronicles tell He continued to dwell  
 All the rest of his days in the Abbey he'd founded,  
 By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded.  
 And, partaking the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,  
 Ate the cabbage alone, without touching the buns; —  
 That year after year, having run round the *Quad*  
 With his back, as enjoined him, exposed to the rod,  
 Having not only kissed it, but blessed it, and thanked it, he  
 Died, as all thought, in the odor of sanctity,  
 When, — strange to relate! — and you'll hardly believe  
 What I'm going to tell you, — next Candlemas Eve  
 The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night  
 Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,  
 Alarmed by the bawls, And the calls, and the squalls  
 Of some one who seemed running all round the walls!

Looking out, soon, By the light of the moon,  
 There appears most distinctly to every one's view,  
 And making, as seems to them, all this ado,  
 The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,  
 As black as if steeped in that "Matchless!" of Hunt's,  
 And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz;  
 A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes  
 A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes;  
 While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders  
 Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,

But is holding his pate In his left hand, out straight,  
 As if by a closer inspection to find  
 Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,  
 With the aid of a small "bull's-eye lantern," — as placed  
 By our own New Police, — in a belt round his waist.

All gaze with surprise, Scarce believing their eyes,  
 When the Knight makes a start like a race horse, and flies  
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries, —  
 In vain, — for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,  
 "Running after him," — so said the Abbot, — "like Bricks!"

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight  
 Course round the Abbey as best he might,  
 Be-thwacked and be-smacked by the headless Sprite,

While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill, —  
Then a whoop and a halloo, — and all was still !

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,

And at this time of day, One can hardly survey  
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, gray  
With age, and fast moldering into decay,  
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray ;  
But still there are many folks living who say  
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,  
Accoutered and dight In his armor bright,  
With his thick black beard, — and the clerical Sprite,  
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,  
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,  
And are seen in the neighboring glebe land and wood ;  
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,  
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy ;  
And that once in a gale Of wind, sleet, and hail,  
They frightened the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest Of these souls unblest  
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guessed,  
Though some say the Squire, on his deathbed, confessed  
That on Ascalon plain, When the bones of the slain  
Were collected that day, and packed up in a chest  
Calked and made water-tight,  
By command of the Knight,  
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,  
And the body itself in a decentish plight,  
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight ;  
So, to save themselves trouble, they picked up instead,  
And popped on the shoulders a Saracen's Head !  
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had failed  
And the Pope's absolution, of course, naught availed.

Now though this might be, It don't seem to agree  
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me, —  
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine  
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine  
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine  
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,  
Or suppose that the head of the murdered Divine  
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*Genu-ine.*"  
'Tis a very nice question — but be't as it may,  
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),

It is boldly affirmed, by the folks great and small  
 About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,  
 Still on Candlemas Day haunts the old ruined wall,  
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.  
 So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,  
 My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,

Viz.: that, spite of the hope Held out by the Pope,  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d——d after all!

## MORAL.

Foot Pages, and Servants of every degree,  
 In livery or out of it, listen to me!  
 See what comes of lying! don't join in a league  
 To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! — married and single, from this understand  
 How foolish it is to send letters by hand!  
 Don't stand for the sake of a penny, — but when you  
 've a *billet* to send To a lover or friend,  
 Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! — you who are given to roam,  
 Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!  
 But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;  
 Love your neighbors, and welcome, — but don't love their wives,  
 And, as bricklayers cry from the tiles and the leads  
 When they're shoveling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights! — whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,  
 Learn, — to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!  
 If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,  
 Rebuke them — but mildly — don't kick them downstairs!  
 To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,  
 "If you want matters well managed, *Go!* — if not, *Send!*"  
 A servant's too often a negligent elf; —  
 If it's business of consequence, **DO IT YOURSELF!**

The state of society seldom requires  
 People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,  
 But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;  
 Now — don't do that by proxy! — but choose your own wife!  
 For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,  
 To find in your bed, On the pillow, instead  
 Of the sweet face you look for — **A SARACEN'S HEAD!**

## THE TOURNAMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Ivanhoe." For biographical sketch, see page 1482.)

[The Disinherited Knight is the hero, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, fighting in disguise after his secret return from the Crusade. Cedric is the father of Lady Rowena.]

KING RICHARD was absent a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the mean time, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterward effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings, during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolute," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance

and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

• Yet amidst these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bullfight. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists,

accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men at arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Gilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this *Passage of Arms*, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gentle sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men at arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the list with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armorers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.



THE KNIGHT AT THE HERITAGE

*From an etching by Ad. Lalau. By permission of John C. Nimmo*





The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theater. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries waited around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gayly if less sumptuously decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honor was designed for *La Roynne de la Beaulté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men at arms with brief ceremony, the shafts of their battle-axes and pommels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more

refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry as from modesty, poverty, or dubious title durst not assume any higher place. It was of course amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"Dog of an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and dagger, and golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank — "whelp of a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, and a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

This rough expostulation was addressed to no other than our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the popular displeasure which seemed generally excited by her father's presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew well that at present he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of general resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any avaricious or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the general law; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually happened that there were among the persons assembled some barons who, for their own interested motives, were ready to act as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac felt more than usually confident, being aware that Prince John was even then in the very act of negotiating a large loan from the Jews of York, to be secured upon certain jewels and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was

considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would insure him his protection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazelnut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back ; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress and as gay in their demeanor as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments ; and the points of his boots, out-Heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accomplished horsemanship before so many spectators, especially of the fair sex, dispensed with these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favorite leaders of his mercenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which

took place in Palestine betwixt that Monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitalers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the faction of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and condemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared farther innovation upon their rights and liberties from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eying with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not yet deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modeled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when in truth it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendor of Prince John's *rhen*o (*i.e.* fur tippet), the rich-

ness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac toward the higher place of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible — all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from her throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich fastened in her turban by an agriffe set with brilliants was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very bride of the Canticles!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," — an-

swered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone ; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare coats have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them!—let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient royal race, many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane. He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong in person, and in the flower of his age—yet inanimate in expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution that the sobriquet of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends, and he had many, who, as well as Cedric, were passionately attached to him, contended that his sluggish temper arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of drunkenness had obscured his faculties, never of a very acute order, and that

the passive courage and meek good nature which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of a long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the times rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiae* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his large gray eyes, and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But the impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or minds me not. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of Free Companions, or Condottieri; that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they are paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruples, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants, who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the firm glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamoring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayest thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark at a hundred yards," said a voice from behind, but by whom uttered could not be discerned.

This allusion to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, at once incensed and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied himself, however, with commanding the men at arms, who surrounded the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew, whose ambition for precedence, though it had led him to dispute place with the attenuated and impoverished descendant of the line of Montdidier, by no means stimulated him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the wealthy Saxons.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stripped off and tanned for horse furniture."

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him," fixing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to hurl the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, who, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak, and with which, doubtless, he had furnished himself, lest the tournament should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the



Jester, at the same time, flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

“Deal me the prize, cousin Prince,” said Wamba: “I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield,” he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

“Who and what art thou, noble champion?” said Prince John, still laughing.

“A fool by right of descent,” answered the Jester; “I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman.”

“Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring,” said Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; “to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry.”

“Knaves upon fools were worse,” answered the Jester, “and Jew upon bacon worst of all.”

“Gramercy! good fellow,” cried Prince John, “thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants.”

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavoring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac’s doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honorable action.

In the midst of Prince John’s cavalcade he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

“By my halidom,” said he, “we have forgotten, Sir Prior, to name the fair sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca.”

“Holy Virgin,” answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, “a Jewess! We should deserve to be stoned out of

the lists ; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy ; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempts it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counselor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counselors ; for your interest and safety are not more deeply engaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said ; "and you turn upon me like so many adders ! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy ; "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance ; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favorite minister, who,

in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows : —

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy — that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance* — that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valor, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honor of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull baiting and other popular amusements, were to be practiced, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavor to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area,—a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the *Wardour Manuscript*) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins — the place that once knew them knows them no more — nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank ?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land ; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line ; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop ; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent — a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed ; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field ; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge — misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field ; the challengers were still successful : one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and

strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause ; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves ; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone ; "are you not tempted to take the lance ?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée* ; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country ; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment ; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look ; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, ex-

cepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal com-



bat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet

his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolt, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter, — the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune, as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. At it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited

Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

## FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED.<sup>1</sup>

TRANSLATED BY W. N. LETTSOM.

### HOW GUNTHER WENT TO ISSLAND TO WOO BRUNHILD.

BEYOND the Rhine high tidings again were noised around.  
There many a maid was dwelling for beauty wide renowned,  
And one of these king Gunther, 'twas said, designed to woo:  
Well pleased the monarch's purpose his knights and liegeman true.

There was a queen high seated afar beyond the sea;  
Never wielded scepter a mightier than she;  
For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;  
Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;  
At three games each suitor with sinews stiff and stark.  
Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,  
Or, if in one successful, straight must lose his head.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Williams & Norgate (3rd edition, 8vo., cloth, price 5s.)



SILGERID AND KRIEMHILD



E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.  
This heard a noble warrior who dwelt the Rhine beside,  
And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife.  
Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life.

Once on a day together sat with his men the king,  
Talking each with the other, and deeply pondering,  
What maiden 'twas most fitting for their lord to woo,  
One who him might comfort, and grace the country too.

Then spake the lord of Rhineland: "Straight will I hence to sea,  
And seek the fiery Brunhild howe'er it go with me.  
For love of the stern maiden I'll frankly risk my life;  
Ready am I to lose it, if I win her not to wife."

"That would I fain dissuade you," Sir Siegfried made reply,  
"Whoe'er would woo fair Brunhild, plays a stake too high;  
So cruel is her custom, and she so fierce a foe.  
Take good advice, king Gunther, nor on such a journey go."

Then answered thus king Gunther: "Ne'er yet was woman born  
So bold and eke so stalwart, but I should think it scorn  
Were not this hand sufficient to force a female foe."  
"Be still," replied Sir Siegfried, "her strength you little know."

"E'en were you four together, naught could all four devise  
'Gainst her remorseless fury; hear then what I advise  
From true and steadfast friendship, and, as you value life,  
Tempt not for love of Brunhild a vain, a hopeless strife."

"How strong she be soever, the journey will I take,  
Whatever chance befall me, for lovely Brunhild's sake;  
For her unmeasured beauty I'll hazard all that's mine.  
Who knows, but God may bring her to follow me to the Rhine?"

"Since you're resolved," said Hagan, "this would I chief advise:  
Request of noble Siegfried in this dread enterprise  
To take his part among us; thus 'twould be best, I ween,  
For none so well as Siegfried knows this redoubted queen."

Said Gunther: "Wilt thou help me, Siegfried tried and true,  
To win the lovely maiden? what I entreat thee, do,  
And if I only gain her to my wedded wife,  
For thee I'll gladly venture honor, limb, and life."

Thereto answered Siegfried, Siegmund's matchless son :  
"Give me but thy sister, and the thing is done.  
The stately queen fair Kriemhild let me only gain,  
I ask no other guerdon for whatever toil and pain."

"I promise it," said Gunther, "and take in pledge thy hand,  
And soon as lovely Brunhild shall come into this land,  
To thee to wife my sister surely will I give,  
And may you both together long time and happy live."

Then each they swore to th' other, the highborn champions bold,  
Which wrought them toil and trouble thereafter manifold,  
Ere to full completion they brought their high design,  
And led at last the lady to the banks of Rhine.

I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare;  
They dwell in hollow mountains, and for protection wear  
A vesture that hight cloud cloak, marvelous to tell;  
Whoever has it on him may keep him safe and well.

From cuts and stabs of foemen; him none can hear or see  
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he  
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail;  
He grows besides far stronger; so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud cloak took fair Sieglind's son;  
The same th' unconquered warrior with labor hard had won  
From the stout dwarf Albric in successful fray.  
The bold and wealthy champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud cloak bore along.  
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong.  
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.  
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud cloak was such deep virtue found,  
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,  
Might do whatever pleased him unseen of friend or foe.  
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe.

"Before we start, bold Siegfried, tell me what best would be;  
Shall we lead an army across the sounding sea,  
And travel thus to Brunhild as fits a royal king?  
Straight could we together thirty thousand warriors bring."



"Whate'er our band," said Siegfried, "the same would still ensue :  
So savage and so cruel is the queen you woo,  
All would together perish by her o'ermastering might;  
But I'll advise you better, high and noble knight.

"As simple knights we'll travel adown the Rhine's fair tide,  
Two to us two added, and followers none beside.  
We four will make the voyage, true comrades one and all,  
And thus shall win the lady, whatever thence befall.

"I will be one companion, thou shalt the second be,  
The third shall be Sir Hagan, in sooth a goodly three!  
The fourth shall be Sir Dankwart that redoubted knight.  
Trust me, no thousand champions will dare us four to fight."

"Fain would I learn," said Gunther, "ere we hence depart  
On the hard adventure, that so inflames my heart,  
Before the royal Brunhild what vesture we should wear,  
That may best become us; this, Siegfried, thou declare."

"Garments the best and richest that ever warriors wore  
Robe in the land of Brunhild her lieges evermore;  
And we should meet the lady arrayed at least as well;  
So shame will ne'er await us, when men our tale shall tell."

Then answered good king Gunther: "I'll to my mother dear,  
That she and her fair maidens ere we for Issland steer,  
May furnish us with raiment in full and copious store,  
Which we may wear with honor the stately queen before."

Hagan, the knight of Trony, then spake in courtly wise:  
"Why would you ask your mother such service to devise?  
If only your fair sister our purpose understood,  
She's in all arts so skillful, the clothes would needs be good."

Then sent he to his sister, that he'd to her repair,  
And with him only Siegfried; ere they could thither fare,  
Kriemhild in choicest vesture her beauty had arrayed;  
Little did their coming displease the gentle maid.

And decked too were her women as them best became.  
Now were at hand the princess; straight the queenly dame,  
As she beheld them coming, rose stately from her seat,  
And went the noble stranger and her brother too to greet.

"Welcome to my brother and to his comrade dear,"  
Said the graceful maiden, "your news I fain would hear.  
Tell me what brings you hither, what deeds are now to do;  
Let me know how fares it, noble knights, with you."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Dame, I will tell my care.  
We must with lofty courage a proud adventure dare.  
We would hence a wooing far overseas away;  
For such a journey need we apparel rich and gay."

"Now sit thee down, dear brother, and tell me frank and free,"  
Said the royal maiden, "who these dames may be,  
Whom you would go a courting in a distant land."  
Both the chosen warriors then took she by the hand.

Anon she both led thither where before she sat  
On rich embroidered cushions (I can vouch for that),  
O'erwrought with goodly figures well raised in glitt'ring gold.  
There they with the fair lady might gentle converse hold.

Many a glance of rapture, many a longing look,  
As there talked the lovers, either gave and took,  
He in his heart enshrined her; she was to him as life.  
Thereafter lovely Kriemhild became bold Siegfried's wife.

Then said to her king Gunther: "Right noble sister mine,  
What I wish can never be but with help of thine.  
We'll to the land of Brunhild to take our pastime there,  
And must before the lady princely apparel wear."

Then spake the queen in answer: "Right loving brother mine,  
If aught I can will profit whatever end of thine,  
Depend on me to do it; thou'lt find me ready still.  
If any aught deemed thee, 'twould please thy Kriemhild ill.

"Noble knight, thou shouldst not, as doubting, ask and pray,  
But, as my lord and master, command, and I'll obey.  
Thou'lt find me, whatsoever thou hast in heart to do,  
Not more a loving sister than a servant true."

"Dearest sister Kriemhild, we must wear costly weed,  
And therewith to equip us thy snowy hand we need,  
And let thy maids their utmost upon the same bestow,  
For sure my purposed journey never will I forego."

Then spoke the noble virgin; "Mark now what I say;  
I've silk myself in plenty; on shields, as best you may,  
Precious stones bid bring us to work the clothes withal."  
Gunther and eke Siegfried bade bring them at her call.

"And who are the companions," asked the royal maid,  
"Who you to court will follow thus gorgeously arrayed?"  
"We're four in all," he answered; "two of my men beside,  
Dankwart and Hagan, with us to court will ride."

"And, dame, mark well, I pray thee, what I have yet to say.  
Let each be well provided three changes every day,  
And for four days successive, and all be of the best;  
So back shall I wend homeward no scorned, dishonored guest."

So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode.  
Then quick the fair queen summoned from bowers where they abode  
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfill,  
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow,  
And others from Zazamanc, green as grass doth grow,  
They decked with stones full precious; Kriemhild the garments  
planned,  
And cut them to just measure with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought;  
Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought;  
Fine silk was sewn above them to suit the wearers well.  
Now of the rich apparel hear me fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast  
The best silk and the finest e'er worn and valued most  
By kin of mightiest princes, of such had they good store.  
Well Kriemhild showed the favor that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win,  
In their sight was precious the goodly ermelin  
With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow,  
E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleamed from Arabian gold;  
That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told.  
Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright,  
Ready too the weapons of each death-daring knight.

Now when all was ready, by the Rhine you might mark  
Built with skill and labor a stout though little bark,  
Wherein adown the river to sea they were to go.  
To the noble maidens their toil brought mickle woe.

When now 'twas told the champions, that the vesture gay,  
Which they should carry with them, was ready for the way,  
And that naught impeded their firmly fixed design,  
No longer would they tarry by the banks of Rhine.

So to their loving comrades a messenger was sent,  
That they the goodly vesture might see before they went,  
If it for the warriors too short were or too long.  
Much thanks they gave the women when found was nothing wrong.

Whomever met the warriors, all could not but admire;  
In all the world not any had seen such fair attire;  
At Brunhild's court 'twould surely become the wearers well.  
Of better knightly garments not a tongue could tell.

Much thanked was each fair seamstress for her successful toil.  
Meanwhile, on point of parting for a far and dangerous soil,  
The warriors would of Kriemhild take leave in knightly wise,  
Whereat moist clouds of sorrow bedimmed her sun-bright eyes.

Said she: "Why thus, dear brother, to foreign regions run?  
Stay here and woo another; that were far better done,  
Than on so dire a venture to set your fame and life,  
You'll find among our neighbors a fairer, nobler wife."

Their hearts, I ween, foreboded what thence was to befall.  
How spake they ever boldly, sore wept they one and all.  
Their tears the gold o'er-moistened that on their breasts they wore;  
So thick they from their eyelids streamed down upon the floor.

"To you," said she, "Sir Siegfried, at least may I resign,  
To your faith, to your honor, this brother dear of mine,  
That no mischance beset him in Brunhild's fatal land."  
Straight promised he the maiden, and clasped her clay-cold hand.

Then spake the loving champion: "Long as I have life,  
Dismiss the cares, fair lady, that in your breast are rife.  
I'll bring you back your brother safe and well apayed;  
Take that for sure and certain." Low bowed the thankful maid.

Their golden-colored bucklers were borne down to the strand,  
With all their costly vesture, and softly led in hand  
Were their high-mettled chargers; they now would straight depart.  
Then many an eye was weeping, and throbbing many a heart.

Fair maids stood at the windows as they hoisted sail;  
The bark rocked, and the canvas flapped with the freshening gale.  
So on the Rhine were seated the comrades frank and free;  
Then said good king Gunther, "Who shall our steersman be?"

"I will," said noble Siegfried; "well all our course I know,  
Well the tides with currents how they shift and flow.  
Trust me, good knight, to pilot you and your company."  
So from Worms and Rhineland they parted joyously.

With that straight seized Sir Siegfried a pole that lay at hand,  
And with strong effort straining 'gan push off from the strand;  
Gunther himself as ready took in hand an oar;  
So fell off the vessel and parted from the shore.

They had on board rich viands, thereto good store of wine,  
The best that could be met with e'en on the banks of Rhine.  
Their steeds in easy quarters stood tractable and still;  
The level bark ran smoothly; nothing with them went ill.

Their sail swelled to the breezes, the ropes were stretched and tight;  
Miles they ran full twenty ere the fall of night.  
With a fair wind to seaward down dropped the gallant crew.  
Their dames had cause long after their high emprise to rue.

By the twelfth bright morning, as we have heard it told,  
The winds the bark had wafted with the warriors bold  
Towards Isenstein, a fortress in the martial maiden's land;  
'Twas only known to Siegfried of all th' adventurous band.

Soon as saw king Gunther, wondering as well he might,  
The far-stretched coast, and castles frowning from every height,  
"Look! friend," said he, "Sir Siegfried, if thou know'st, declare,  
Whose are all these fair castles, and all this land as fair.

"In all my life, assure thee, the simple truth to tell,  
I never met with castles planned and built so well,  
Anywhere soever, as here before us stand.  
He must needs be mighty who took such work in hand."







GUNTHER AND BRUNHILD



"In all this world of beauty thine eyes have chosen well;  
That maid's the noble Brunhild, at once so fair and fell,  
She, who thy heart bewilders, she, who enchants thy sight."  
Her every act and gesture to Gunther was delight.

Then bade the queen her maidens from the windows go;  
Them it ill befitted to stand a sight and show  
For the rude eyes of strangers, they bowed to her behest,  
But what next did the ladies, we since have heard confest

They robed them in their richest to meet the strangers' gaze;  
Such, ever since were women, were ever women's ways  
Through every chink and loophole was leveled many an eye  
At the unweeting champions, through love to peep and pry.

There were but four together who came into the land  
The far renowned Siegfried led a horse in hand  
Thus Brunhild at a window marked with heedful eye  
As a lord of such a liegeman was Gunther valued high.

Then humbly by the bridle he held the monarch's steed,  
Huge of limb and puissant and of the purest breed,  
Till in the royal saddle king Gunther proudly sat,  
So served him noble Siegfried, which he too soon forgot.

Then his own the warrior led from ship to shore;  
He of a truth such service hath seldom done before,  
As to stand at the stirrup, when another mounted steed  
Of all, close at the windows, the women took good heed.

To look upon these champions was sure a glorious sight,  
Their horses and their garments were both of snowy white,  
And both matched well together; each bore a polished shield,  
Which, still as it was shaken, flashed around the field.

So forward rode they lordly to Brunhild's gorgeous hall:  
Rich stones beset their saddles, their portrals, light and small,  
Had golden bells down-hanging that tinkled as they went.  
On moved the proud companions led by their bold intent.

Their spears were newly sharpened as if to meet a foe;  
Their swords of choicest temper down to the spur hung low;  
Keen of edge was each one, and thereto broad of blade.  
All this was marked by Brunhild, the chief-defying maid.

With them together Dankwart and Hagan came ashore.  
'Tis told us in old stories that these two warriors wore  
Apparel of the richest, but raven black of hue;  
Ponderous were their bucklers, broad and bright and new.

Stones from the land of India displayed each gorgeous guest,  
That ever gleamed and glittered in the flutt'ring vest.  
They left their bark unguarded beside the dashing wave,  
And straight on to the fortress rode the champions brave.

Six and eighty turrets saw they there in all,  
Three palaces wide-stretching, and the fairest hall  
Of the purest marble (never was grass so green),  
Where with her fair damsels sat the fairer queen.

Unlocked was straight the castle, the gates flew open wide;  
Up in haste to meet them Brunhild's liegemen hied,  
And bade the strangers welcome to their lady's land,  
And took his horse from each one and the shield from every hand.

A chamberlain then bespoke them: "Be pleased to give us now  
Your swords and glitt'ring breastplates." "That can we ne'er  
allow,"

Hagan of Trony answered, "our arms ourselves will bear."  
The custom of the castle then Siegfried 'gan declare.

"'Tis the use of this castle, as I can well attest,  
That never warlike weapons should there be borne by guest.  
'Twere best to keep the custom; let th' arms aside be laid."  
Hagan, Gunther's liegeman, unwillingly obeyed.

Wine to the guests they offered, and goodly welcome gave;  
Then might you see appareled in princely raiment brave  
Many a stately warrior, on to court that passed,  
And many a glance of wonder upon the strangers cast.

Meanwhile to fair queen Brunhild one came and made report,  
That certain foreign warriors had come unto her court  
In sumptuous apparel, wafted upon the flood.  
Then thus began to question the maiden fair and good.

"Now tell me," said the princess, "and let the truth be shown,  
Who are these haughty champions from foreign shores unknown,  
Whom there I see so stately standing in rich array,  
And on what hard adventure have they hither found their way?"

One of her court then answered : " I can aver, fair queen,  
Of this stout troop of warriors none have I ever seen,  
Save one, who's much like Siegfried, if I may trust my eyes.  
Him well receive and welcome; this is what I advise.

"The next of the companions, he of the lofty mien,  
If his power match his person, is some great king, I ween,  
And rules with mighty scepter broad and princely lands.  
See, how among his comrades so lordly there he stands !

"The third of the companions — a low'ring brow has he,  
And yet, fair queen, you rarely a manlier form may see.  
Note but his fiery glances, how quick around they dart !  
Firm is, I ween, his courage, and pitiless his heart.

"The fourth knight is the youngest, he with the downy cheek,  
So incidently in manner, so modest and so meek.  
How gentle all his bearing ! how soft his lovely cheer !  
Yet we all should rue it, should wrong be done him here.

"How mild soe'er his manner, how fair soe'er his frame,  
Cause would he give for weeping to many a highborn dame,  
Were he once stirred to anger; sure he's a warrior grim,  
Trained in all knightly practice, bold of heart and strong of limb."

Then spake the royal Brunhild : " Bring me my vesture straight,  
If far-renowned Siegfried aspire to be my mate,  
And is hither come to woo me, or the cast is set his life;  
I fear him not so deeply, as to yield me for his wife."

Soon was the lovely Brunhild in her robes arrayed.  
With their lovely mistress went many a lovely maid,  
Better than a hundred, and all were richly dight;  
For the noble strangers, I trow, a goodly sight.

With them of Brunhild's warriors advanced a chosen band,  
Better than five hundred, each bearing sword in hand,  
The very flower of Issland; 'twas a fair yet fearful scene.  
The strangers rose undaunted as near them came the queen.

Soon as the noble Siegfried met the fair Brunhild's sight,  
In her modest manner she thus bespoke the knight:  
" You're welcome, good Sir Siegfried; now, if it please you, show  
What cause has brought you hither; that I would gladly know."

"A thousand thanks, Dame Brunhild," the warrior made reply,  
"That thou hast deigned to greet me before my better nigh,  
Before this noble hero, to whom I must give place.  
He is my lord and master; his rather be the grace.

"On the Rhine is his kingdom; what should I further say?  
Through love of thee, fair lady, we've sailed this weary way.  
He is resolved to woo thee whatever thence betide;  
So now betimes bethink thee; he'll ne'er renounce his bride.

"The monarch's name is Gunther, a rich and mighty king;  
This will alone content him, thee to the Rhine to bring.  
For thee above the billows with him I've hither run;  
Had he not been my master, this would I ne'er have done."

Said she: "If he's thy master, and thou, it seems, his man,  
Let him my games encounter, and win me if he can.  
If he in all be victor, his wedded wife am I.  
If I in one surpass him, he and you all shall die."

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Come, lady, let us see  
The games that you propose us; ere you the conqueress be,  
Of my good lord king Gunther, hard must you toil, I ween.  
He trusts with full assurance to win so fair a queen."

"He must cast the stone beyond me, and after it must leap,  
Then with me shoot the javelin; too quick a pace you keep;  
Stop, and awhile consider, and reckon well the cost,"  
The warrioress made answer, "ere life and fame be lost."

Siegfried in a moment to the monarch went;  
To the queen he bade him tell his whole intent.  
"Never fear the future, cast all cares away;  
My trains shall keep you harmless, do Brunhild what she may."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Fair queen, all queens before,  
Now say what you command us, and, were it yet e'en more,  
For the sake of your beauty, be sure, I'd all abide.  
My head I'll lose, and willing, if you be not my bride."

These words of good king Gunther when heard the royal dame,  
She bade bring on the contest as her well became.  
Straight called she for her harness, wherewith she fought in field,  
And her golden breastplate, and her mighty shield.

Then a silken surcoat on the stern maiden drew,  
Which in all her battles steel had cut never through,  
Of stuff from furthest Libya; fair on her limbs it lay;  
With richest lace 'twas bordered, that cast a gleaming ray.

Meanwhile upon the strangers her threatening eyes were bent;  
Hagan there stood with Dankwart in anxious discontent,  
How it might fall their master in silence pondering still.  
Thought they, "This fatal journey will bring us all to ill."

The while, ere yet observed his absence could remark,  
Sudden the nimble Siegfried stepped to the little bark,  
Where from a secret corner his cloud cloak forth he took,  
And slipped into it deftly while none was there to look.

Back in haste returned he; there many a knight he saw,  
Where for the sports queen Brunhild was laying down the law.  
So went he on in secret, and moved among the crowd,  
Himself unseen, all-seeing, such power was in his shroud!

The ring was marked out ready for the deadly fray,  
And many a chief selected as umpires of the day,  
Seven hundred all in harness with ordered weapons fair,  
'To judge with truth the contest which they should note with care.

There too was come fair Brunhild; armed might you see her stand,  
As though resolved to champion all kings for all their land.  
She bore on her silk surcoat gold spangles light and thin,  
That quivering gave sweet glimpses of her fair snowy skin.

Then came on her followers, and forward to the field  
Of ruddy gold far sparkling bore a mighty shield,  
Thick, and broad, and weighty, with studs of steel o'erlaid,  
The which was wont in battle to wield the martial maid.

As thong to that huge buckler a gorgeous band there lay;  
Precious stones beset it as green as grass in May;  
With varying hues it glittered against the glittering gold.  
Who would woo its wielder must be boldest of the bold.

Beneath its folds enormous three spans thick was the shield,  
If all be true they tell us, that Brunhild bore in field.  
Of steel and gold compacted all gorgeously it glowed.  
Four chamberlains, that bore it, staggered beneath the load.

Grimly smiled Sir Hagan, Trony's champion strong,  
And muttered as he marked it trailed heavily along!  
"How now, my lord king Gunthler? who thinks to scape with life?  
This love of yours and lady — 'faith she's the devil's wife."

Hear yet more of the vesture worn by the haughty dame:  
From Azagouc resplendent her silken surcoat came  
Of all-surpassing richness, that from about her shone  
The eye-bedimming luster of many a precious stone.

Then to the maid was carried heavily and slow  
A strong well-sharpened javelin, which she ever used to throw,  
Huge and of weight enormous, fit for so strong a queen,  
Cutting deep and deadly with its edges keen.

To form the mighty spearhead a wondrous work was done;  
Three weights of iron and better were welded into one;  
The same three men of Brunhild's scarcely along could bring;  
Whereat deeply pondered the stout Burgundian king.

To himself thus thought he: "What have I not to fear?  
The devil himself could scarcely scape from such danger clear.  
In sooth, if I were only in safety by the Rhine,  
Long might remain this maiden free from all suit of mine."

So thinking luckless Gunther his love repented sore;  
Forthwith to him only his weapons pages bore,  
And now stood clad the monarch in arms of mighty cost.  
Hagan through sheer vexation, his wits had nearly lost.

On this Hagan's brother undaunted Dankwart spake:  
"Would we had ne'er sailed hither for this fell maiden's sake!  
Once we passed for warriors; sure we have cause to rue,  
Ingloriously thus dying, and by a woman too;

"Full bitterly it irks me to have come into this land.  
Had but my brother Hagan his weapons in his hand,  
And I with mine were by him, proud Brunhild's chivalry,  
For all their overweening, would hold their heads less high.

"Ay, by my faith, no longer should their pride be borne;  
Had I oaths a thousand to peace and friendship sworn,  
Ere I'd see thus before me my dearest master die,  
Fair as she is, this maiden a dreary corse should lie."

"Ay," said his brother Hagan, "we well could quit this land  
As free as we came hither, were but our arms at hand.  
Each with his breast in harness, his good sword by his side,  
Sure we should lower a little this gentle lady's pride."

Well heard the noble maiden the warrior's words the while,  
And looking o'er her shoulder said with a scornful smile:  
"As he thinks himself so mighty, I'll not deny a guest;  
Take they their arms and armor, and do as seems them best.

"Be they naked and defenseless, or sheathed in armor sheen,  
To me it nothing matters," said the haughty queen.  
"Feared yet I never mortal, and, spite of yon stern brow  
And all the strength of Gunther, I fear as little now."

Soon as their swords were given them, and armed was either knight,  
The cheek of dauntless Dankwart reddened with delight.  
"Now let them sport as likes them, nothing," said he, "care I;  
Safe is noble Gunther with us in armor by."

Then was the strength of Brunhild to each beholder shown.  
Into the ring by th' effort of panting knights a stone  
Was borne of weight enormous, massy and large and round.  
It strained twelve brawny champions to heave it to the ground.

This would she cast at all times when she had hurled the spear;  
The sight of bold Burgundians filled with care and fear.  
Quoth Hagan: "She's a darling to lie by Gunther's side.  
Better the foul fiend take her to serve him as a bride."

Her sleeve back turned the maiden, and bared her arm of snow,  
Her heavy shield she handled, and brandished to and fro  
High o'er her head the javelin; thus began the strife.  
Bold as they were, the strangers each trembled for his life;

And had not then to help him come Siegfried to his side,  
At once by that grim maiden had good king Gunther died.  
Unseen up went he to him, unseen he touched his hand.  
His trains bewildered Gunther was slow to understand.

"Who was it just now touched me?" thought he and stared around  
To see who could be near him; not a soul he found.  
Said th' other: "I am Siegfried, thy trusty friend and true;  
Be not in fear a moment for all the queen can do."

Said he : " Off with the buckler and give it me to bear ;  
Now, what I shall advise thee, mark with thy closest care.  
Be it thine to make the gestures, and mine the work to do."  
Glad man was then king Gunther, when he his helpmate knew.

" But all my trains keep secret ; thus for us both 'twere best ;  
Else this o'erweening maiden, be sure, will never rest,  
Till her grudge against thee to full effect she bring.  
See where she stands to face thee so sternly in the ring !"

With all her strength the javelin the forceful maiden threw.  
It came upon the buckler, massy, broad and new,  
That in his hand unshaken, the son of Sieglind bore.  
Sparks from the steel came streaming, as if the breeze before.

Right through the groaning buckler the spear tempestuous broke ;  
Fire from the mail links sparkled beneath the thund'ring stroke.  
Those two mighty champions staggered from side to side ;  
But for the wondrous cloud cloak both on the spot had died.

From the mouth of Siegfried burst the gushing blood ;  
Soon he again sprung forward ; straight snatched the hero good  
The spear that through his buckler she just had hurled amain,  
And sent it at its mistress in thunder back again.

Thought he, " 'Twere sure a pity so fair a maid to slay ;"  
So he reversed the javelin, and turned the point away ;  
Yet, with the butt end foremost, so forceful was the throw,  
That the sore-smitten damsel tottered to and fro.

From her mail fire sparkled as driven before the blast ;  
With such huge strength the javelin by Sieglind's son was cast,  
That 'gainst the furious impulse she could no longer stand.  
A stroke so sturdy never could come from Gunther's hand.

Up in a trice she started, and straight her silence broke,  
" Noble knight, Sir Gunther, thank thee for the stroke."  
She thought 'twas Gunther's manhood had laid her on the lea ;  
No ! 'twas not he had felled her, but a mightier far than he.

Then turned aside the maiden ; angry was her mood ;  
On high the stone she lifted rugged and round and rude,  
And brandished it with fury, and far before her flung,  
Then bounded quick behind it, that loud her armor rung.



Twelve fathoms' length or better the mighty mass was thrown,  
But the maiden bounded further than the stone.  
To where the stone was lying Siegfried fleetly flew ;  
Gunter did but lift it, th' Unseen it was who threw.

Bold, tall, and strong was Siegfried, the first all knights among ;  
He threw the stone far further, behind it further sprung.  
His wondrous arts had made him so more than mortal strong,  
That with him as he bounded, he bore the king along.

The leap was seen of all men, there lay as plain the stone,  
But seen was no one near it, save Gunther all alone.  
Brunhild was red with anger, quick came her panting breath.  
Siegfried has rescued Gunther that day from certain death.

Then all aloud fair Brunhild bespake her courtier band,  
Seeing in the ring at distance unharmed her wooer stand :  
" Hither, my men and kinsmen: low to my better bow ;  
I am no more your mistress ; you're Gunther's liegemen now."

Down cast the noble warriors their weapons hastily,  
And lowly kneeled to Gunther the king of Burgundy.  
To him as to their sovereign was kingly homage done,  
Whose manhood, as they fancied, the mighty match had won.

He fair the chiefs saluted, bending with gracious look ;  
Then by the hand the maiden her conquering suitor took,  
And granted him to govern the land with sovereign sway ;  
Whereat the warlike nobles were joyous all and gay.

Forthwith the noble Gunther she begged with her to go  
Into her royal palace ; soon as 'twas ordered so,  
To his knights her servants such friendly court 'gan make,  
That Hagan e'en and Dankwart could it but kindly take.

Wise was the nimble Siegfried ; he left them there a space,  
And slyly took the cloud cloak back to its hiding place,  
Returned then in an instant, where sat the ladies fair,  
And straight, his fraud to cover, bespoke king Gunther there.

" Why dally, gracious master ? why not the games begin,  
Which by the queen, to prove you, have here appointed been ?  
Come, let us see the contest, and mark each knightly stroke."  
As though he had seen nothing, the crafty warrior spoke.

"Why how can this have happened," said the o'ermastered queen,  
"That, as it seems, Sir Siegfried, the games you have not seen,  
Which 'gainst me good king Gunther has gained with wondrous  
night?"

The word then up took Hagan, the stern Burgundian knight:

"Our minds indeed you troubled, our hopes o'erclouded dark;  
Meanwhile the good knight Siegfried was busy at the bark,  
While the lord of Rhineland the game against you won;  
Thus," said king Gunther's liegeman, "he knows not what was  
done."

"Well pleased am I," said Siegfried, "that one so proud and bold  
At length has found a master in one of mortal mold,  
And has been taught submission by this good lord of mine.  
Now must you, noble maiden, hence follow us to the Rhine."

Thereto replied the damsel: "It cannot yet be so;  
First must my men and kinsmen th' intended journey know;  
To bring my friends together, besides, 'twere surely fit.  
'Twere wrong, methinks, so lightly my lands and all to quit."

So messengers in hurry through all the country went;  
To liegemen, and to kinsmen, and all her friends she sent.  
To Isenstein she begged them to come without delay.  
And bade give all in plenty rich gifts and garments gay.

Daily to Brunhild's castle early they rode and late,  
In troops from all sides flocking, and all in martial state.  
"Ay! ay!" said frowning Hagan, "ill have we done, I fear;  
Surely 'twill be our ruin to wait this gathering here.

"Let her strength be only here together brought  
(And of the queen's intentions we little know or naught),  
If so her passion wills it, we're lost at once, I trow.  
In sooth this dainty damsel was born to work us woe."

Then spoke the valiant Siegfried: "I'll undertake for all;  
Trust me, what now you look for, that shall ne'er befall.  
Safe and sound to keep you, I'll hither bring a crew  
Of fierce, selected champions, of whom ye never knew.

"Inquire not of my journey; I hence must instant fare;  
The little while I'm absent God have you in his care.  
Again here will I quickly with a thousand men be found,  
The bravest and the boldest that ever moved on ground."

"Be sure then not to linger," the anxious Gunther said,  
"For we meanwhile shall ever be longing for your aid."  
"In a few days you'll see me at hand for your defense,  
And tell," said he, "fair Bruhild, that you have sent me hence."

#### HOW SIEGFRIED CAME TO THE NIBELUNGERS.

Thence in his cloud cloak Siegfried descended to the strand;  
There he found a shallop, that close lay to the land;  
Unseen the bark he boarded, that from the harbor passed  
Moved by the son of Siegmund, as though before the blast.

The steersman could see no man; yet the vessel flew  
Beneath the strokes of Siegfried the yielding water through.  
'Twas a tempest thought they, that drove it furious on.  
No! 'twas the strength of Siegfried, fair Sieglind's peerless son.

All that day they were running, and all the night the same,  
Then to a famous country of mighty power they came,  
Day's journey full a hundred stretching far away,  
The Nibelungers' country, where his hard-won treasure lay.

Alone the champion landed in a meadow wide;  
Straight to the shore securely the little bark he tied,  
And then went to a castle seated upon a hill,  
To ask for food and shelter as weary travelers will.

All found he barred and bolted as near the walls he drew;  
Men both life and honor kept then as now they do.  
The stranger all impatient began a thundering din  
At the well-fastened portal. There found he close within

A huge earth-shaking giant the castle set to guard,  
Who with his weapons by him kept ever watch and ward.  
"Who beats the gate so stoutly?" the yawning monster asked;  
His voice, as he gave answer, the crafty hero masked,

And said: "I am a warrior; open me the gate;  
I'm wroth with lazy losels who make their betters wait,  
While they on down are snoring as if they'd never wake."  
It irked the burly porter that thus the stranger spake.

Now had the fearless giant all his weapons donned,  
Bound on his head his helmet, and in his monstrous hond  
A shield unmeasured taken; open the gate he threw,  
And his teeth grimly gnashing at Siegfried fiercely flew.

"How could he dare to call up men of mettle so?"  
With that he let fly at him many a wind-swift blow,  
That the noble stranger put back with wary fence.  
At last upheaved the giant an iron bar immense,

And his firm shield band shattered; scarce could the warrior stand,  
He feared, though for a moment, grim death was close at hand,  
With his enormous weapon the porter smote so sore;  
Yet for his dauntless bearing he loved him all the more.

With the mighty conflict the castle rung around;  
To th' hall of the Nibelungers reached the stunning sound.  
At length the vanquished porter he bound with conquering hand.  
Far and wide flew the tidings through the Nibelungers' land.

While in the dubious combat they both were struggling still,  
Albric the wild dwarf heard it far through the hollow hill.  
Straight he donned his armor, and thither running found  
The noble guest victorious, and the panting giant bound.

A stout dwarf was Albric, and bold as well as stout;  
With helm and mail securely he was armed throughout;  
A golden scourge full heavy in his hand he swung.  
Straight ran he to the rescue, and fierce on Siegfried sprung.

Seven ponderous knobs from th' handle hung, each one by its thong;  
With these the dwarf kept pounding so sturdy and so strong,  
That he split the shield of Siegfried to the center from the rim,  
And put the dauntless champion in care for life or limb.

Away he threw his buckler broken all and smashed;  
His long well-tempered weapon into its sheath he dashed;  
To spare his own dependents his virtue moved him still,  
And to his heart sore went it his chamberlain to kill.

With mighty hands undaunted in on the dwarf he ran;  
By the beard he caught him, that age-hoary man,  
He dragged him, and he shook him, his rage on him he wreaked,  
And handled him so roughly, that loud for pain he shrieked.

Loud cried the dwarf o'ermastered: "Spare me and leave me free,  
And could I ever servant save to one hero be,  
To whom I've sworn allegiance as long as I have breath,"  
Said the crafty Albric, "you would I serve to death."

Then bound was writhing Albric as giant just before;  
The nervous grasp of Siegfried pinched him and pained him sore.  
Then thus the dwarf addressed him: "Be pleased your name to tell."  
Said he, "My name is Siegfried; I thought you knew me well."

"Well's me for these good tidings," Albric the dwarf replied.  
"Now know I all your merit, which I by proof have tried.  
High rule o'er all this country well you deserve to bear;  
I'll do whate'er you bid me; the vanquished only spare."

Then said the noble Siegfried "You must hence with speed,  
And bring me, of the warriors that best we have at need,  
A thousand Nibelungers; them I here must view;  
No evil shall befall you, if this you truly do."

The dwarf and eke the giant the champion straight unbound;  
Then ran at once swift Albric where he the warriors found.  
The slumbering Nibelungers he waked with eager care,  
Saying, "Up, up, ye heroes! ye must to Siegfried fare."

Up from their beds they started, and instant ready made,  
Nimble knights a thousand richly all arrayed.  
So flocked they quick where, waiting, they saw Sir Siegfried stand;  
Then was there goodly greeting with word of mouth and clasp of  
hand.

Straight lit was many a taper; then the spiced draught he drank;  
His friends, who came so quickly, he did not spare to thank.  
He said, "You hence must instant far o'er the wave with me."  
He found them for th' adventure as ready as could be.

Full thirty hundred warriors were come at his request;  
From these he chose a thousand the bravest and the best.  
Helmets and other armor were brought for all the band,  
For he resolved to lead them e'en to queen Brunhild's land.

He said: "Good knights adventurous, to my words give heed.  
At the proud court of Brunhild our richest robes we'll need.  
There many a lovely lady will look on every guest,  
So we must all array us in our choicest and our best."

"How?" said a beardless novice, "that sure can never be.  
How can be lodged together so many knights as we?  
Where could they find them victual? where could they find them  
vests?  
Never could thirty kingdoms keep such a crowd of guests."

You've heard of Siegfried's riches; well could he all afford  
With a kingdom to supply him, and Niblung's endless hoard.  
Rich gifts were in profusion to all his knights assigned.  
Much as he drained the treasure, as much remained behind.

Early upon a morning in haste they parted thence.  
What prowess warriors Siegfried brought to his friend's defense!  
Their armor darted radiance, their horses tossed the foam.  
Well equipped and knightly came they to Brunhild's home.

At the windows standing looked out the maidens gay.  
Then cried their royal mistress: "Can any of you say,  
What strangers there far-floating over the billows go?  
Their canvas they are spreading whiter far than snow."

Then spake the king of Rhineland: "They're men of mine, fair dame,  
Whom I left not distant, when late I hither came;  
Since, I have bid them join me, and now you see them here."  
The noble guests received them with good and friendly cheer.

Then might they see bold Siegfried, arrayed in robes of pride,  
Aboard a bark high standing, and many a chief beside.  
Then said the queen to Gunther: "Sir king, what now shall I?  
Greet the guests advancing, or that grace deny?"

Said he: "To meet them, lady, forth from your palace go,  
That, if you're glad to see them, the same they well may know."  
Then did the queen, as Gunther had said him seemed the best,  
And Siegfried in her greeting distinguished from the rest.

They found them fitting quarters, and took their arms in charge;  
The guests were now so many, that they were ill at large,  
Such troops of friends and strangers flocked in on every side.  
So the bold Burgundians now would homeward ride.

Then said the fair queen Brunhild: "Him for my friend I'd hold,  
Who'd help me to distribute my silver and my gold  
Among my guests and Gunther's; no little store have I."  
Bold Giselher's bold liegeman Dankwart straight made reply:

"Right noble queen and gracious, trust but your keys with me;  
Your wealth I'll so distribute, all shall contented be,  
And as to blame or damage, let that be mine alone."  
That he was free and liberal, that made he clearly shown.

Soon as Hagan's brother had the keys in hand,  
Gold began and silver to run away like sand.  
If one a mark requested, gifts had he showered so rife,  
That home might go the poorest merry and rich for life.

By th' hundred pounds together he gave uncounted out.  
Crowds in gorgeous vesture were stalking all about,  
Who ne'er had worn such splendor, and scarce so much as seen.  
They told the tale to Brunhild; it fretted sore the queen.

Straight she spoke to Gunther: "Sir king, I've cause to grieve.  
Your treasurer, I fear me, scarce a rag will leave  
Of all my choice apparel, my last gold piece he'll spend.  
Would somebody would stop it! I'd ever be his friend.

"He wastes so, he must fancy in his wayward will  
I've sent for death to fetch me, but wealth I can use still,  
And what my father left me can waste myself, I ween."  
Treasurer so free-handed never yet had queen.

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Lady, you must be told,  
The king of Rhine has plenty of raiment and of gold,  
And can of both so lavish, that we may well dispense  
With all fair Brunhild's vesture, nor need bring any pence"

"Nay, for my love," said Brunhild, "with gold and silken vests  
Let me from all my treasure fill twenty traveling chests,  
That when we come together in Burgundy to live,  
This hand may still have something royally to give."

Forthwith her chests were loaded with many a precious stone.  
She o'er the work appointed a treasurer of her own.  
She would not trust to Dankwart, Giselher's thriftless man.  
Gunther thereat and Hagan both to laugh began.

Then spake the martial maiden: "Whom shall I leave my lands?  
This first must here be settled by our united hands."  
The noble monarch answered: "Who most is in your grace,  
Him will we leave behind us to govern in our place."

One of her near relations was standing by the maid;  
He was her mother's brother; to him she turned and said:  
"Take to your charge my castles, and with them all my land,  
Till I or else king Gunther give otherwise command."

She chose a thousand heroes from all her chivalry  
 To the Rhine's distant borders to bear her company,  
 With the thousand champions from the Nibelungers' land.  
 They bowned them for their journey, and hastened to the strand.

Six and eighty women, a hundred maidens too  
 She took with her from Issland; fair were they all to view.  
 They now no longer tarried; they ready were to go.  
 From those they left behind them what tears began to flow!

In manner as became her she left her native ground;  
 She kissed her nearest kindred who weeping stood around.  
 So with fair dismissal they came down to the shore.  
 To her father's country the maid returned no more.

With sound of all sweet music they floated on their way;  
 From morn to eve was nothing but change of sport and play;  
 The soft sea breeze they wished for was fluttering in their sail;  
 Yet for that voyage how many were yet to weep and wail!

But still her lord deferring with maidenly delay  
 Brunhild reserved one pleasure to the fair wedding day,  
 When home to Worms together the king and queenly dame,  
 Full flown with mirth and rapture, with all their heroes came.



## FROM "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE."<sup>1</sup>

### A SONG POEM OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED BY ANDREW LANG.

[ANDREW LANG, the distinguished Scotch scholar, critic, poet, and translator, was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a classical first-class. In 1868 he was elected Fellow of Merton, and in 1885 received an honorary LL.D. from St. Andrews. He is one of the foremost critics in Great Britain, an authority on folklore, and a constant contributor to periodical literature. In verse he has written: "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), his first publication; "Ballades in Blue China"; "Rhymes à la Mode"; "Grass of Parnassus"; "Ban and Arrière Ban." Among his chief prose works are: "Custom and Myth"; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion"; "Books and Bookmen"; "Letters to Dead Authors"; "Homer and the Epic"; a series of fairy books; the novels "Mark of Cain" and "The World's Desire" (with H. Rider

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Mr. David Nutt. (Price 5s.)



Haggard); translations of the *Odyssey* (with Prof. Butcher), and the *Iliad* (with Leaf and Myers); biographies of Northcote and Lockhart. The monthly causeries, "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's Magazine*, are from his pen.]

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolette.

Who would list to the good lay  
Gladness of the captive gray?  
'Tis how two young lovers met,  
Aucassin and Nicolette,  
Of the pains the lover bore  
And the sorrows he outwore,  
For the goodness and the grace,  
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,  
There is no man hearkens it,  
No man living 'neath the sun,  
So outwearied, so foredone,  
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,  
But is healèd, but is glad,  
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale : —

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so mortal that never a day dawned, but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen : so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only, such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau : fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him : —

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolette, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolette go; a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the Captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou naught to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:—

Aucassin was of Biaucaire  
Of a goodly castle there,  
But from Nicolette the fair  
None might win his heart away  
Though his father, many a day,  
And his mother said him nay,  
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?  
Nicolette is glad enow!  
Was from Carthago cast away,  
Paynims sold her on a day!  
Wouldst thou win a lady fair  
Choose a maid of high degree  
Such an one is meet for thee."  
"Nay of these have I no care,  
Nicolette is debonaire,  
Her body sweet and the face of her

Take my heart as in a snare,  
Loyal love is but her share  
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale : —

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would not avail to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying : —

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man : so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete, with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, wherethrough came to them a little air.

Here singeth one : —

Nicolete as ye heard tell  
Prisoned is within a cell  
That is painted wondrously  
With colors of a far countrie,  
And the window of marble wrought,  
There the maiden stood in thought,

With straight brows and yellow hair  
 Never saw ye fairer fair !  
 On the wood she gazed below,  
 And she saw the roses blow,  
 Heard the birds sing loud and low,  
 Therefore spoke she woefully :  
 " Ah me, wherefore do I lie  
 Here in prison wrongfully :  
 Aucassin, my love, my knight,  
 Am I not thy heart's delight,  
 Thou that lovest me aright !  
 'Tis for thee that I must dwell  
 In the vaulted chamber cell,  
 Hard beset and all alone !  
 By our Lady Mary's Son  
 Here no longer will I wonn,  
 If I may flee ! "

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale : —

Nicolette was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolette was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him saying : —

" Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolette, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world ? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me ? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I love the best. "

" Fair Sir," said the Captain, " let these things be. Nicolette is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy

bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, the cloth of *vair*, and cloth of *gris*, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one :—

Aucassin did so depart  
 Much in dole and heavy at heart  
 For his loss so bright and dear,  
 None might bring him any cheer,  
 None might give good words to hear,  
 To the palace doth he fare  
 Climbeth up the palace stair,  
 Passeth to a chamber there,  
 Thus great sorrow doth he bear  
 For his lady and love so fair.

"Nicolete how fair art thou,  
 Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,  
 Sweet the mirth of thy replies,

Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,  
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,  
And the touch of thine embrace,  
All for thee I sorrow now,  
Captive in an evil place,  
Whence I ne'er may go my ways  
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale: —

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolette his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgot it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolette, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose it, thou lovest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolette, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this cove-

nant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth: —

Of the kiss heard Aucassin  
That returning he shall win.  
None so glad would he have been  
Of a myriad marks of gold  
Of a hundred thousand told.  
Called for raiment brave of steel,  
Then they clad him, head to heel,  
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,  
Firmly braced the helmet on.  
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,  
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,  
Looks to stirrups and to shield,  
Wondrous brave he rode to field.  
Dreaming of his lady dear  
Setteth spurs to the destrere  
Rideth forward without fear,  
Through the gate and forth away  
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse, that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straight-

way they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Savior. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," saith Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfill my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here, I would let burn her in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."



"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems when a man of thine age lies.

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not troth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was in all safety.

Here one singeth:—

When the Count Garin doth know  
That his child would ne'er forego  
Love of her that loved him so,  
Nicolete, the bright of brow,  
In a dungeon deep below  
Childe Aucassin did he throw.  
Even there the Childe must dwell  
In a dun-walled marble cell.  
There he walleth in his woe  
Crying thus as ye shall know.

"Nicolete, thou lily white,  
My sweet lady, bright of brow,  
Sweeter than the grape art thou,

Sweeter than sack posset good  
 In a cup of maple wood !  
 Was it not but yesterday  
 That a palmer came this way,  
 Out of Limousin came he,  
 And at ease he might not be,  
 For a passion him possessed  
 That upon his bed he lay,  
 Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest  
 In his pain discomfited.  
 But thou camest by the bed,  
 Where he tossed amid his pain,  
 Holding high thy sweeping train,  
 And thy kirtle of ermine,  
 And thy smock of linen fine,  
 Then these fair white limbs of thine,  
 Did he look on, and it fell  
 That the palmer straight was well,  
 Straight was hale—and comforted,  
 And he rose up from his bed,  
 And went back to his own place,  
 Sound and strong, and full of face !  
 My sweet lady, lily white,  
 Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,  
 And the mirth of thy replies.  
 Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,  
 Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,  
 And the touch of thine embrace.  
 Who but doth in thee delight ?  
 I for love of thee am bound  
 In this dungeon underground,  
 All for loving thee must lie  
 Here where loud on thee I cry,  
 Here for loving thee must die  
 For thee, my love."



## FROM THE "GULISTAN" OF SA'DI.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS J. GLADWIN.

[SA'DI, the assumed name of Shaikh Muslih al Din, one of the greatest of Persian poets, was born at Shiraz about 1190, a descendant of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law. He studied at Bagdad, whence he made the first of fifteen pilgrim-

ages to Mecca, and traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. While in Syria he was taken prisoner by the Crusaders and compelled to work on the fortifications of Tripoli, but was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Sa'di lived to an extreme old age, and after his death was honored by his native city with a mausoleum, which is still visited. His most celebrated work is the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, a collection of unconnected moral stories, historical and fictitious, with an admixture of verse.]

### WORLDLY PRUDENCE.

A PERSON had arrived at the head of his profession in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty capital sleights in this art, and every day exhibited something new; but having a sincere regard for a beautiful youth, one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine sleights, reserving however one sleight to himself. The youth excelled so much in skill and in strength, that no one was able to cope with him. He at length boasted, before the Sultan, that the superiority which he allowed his master to maintain over him was out of respect to his years, and the consideration of having been his instructor; for otherwise he was not inferior in strength, and was his equal in point of skill. The king did not approve of this disrespectful conduct, and commanded that there should be a trial of skill. An extensive spot was appointed for the occasion. The ministers of state, and other grandees of the court, were in attendance. The youth, like a lustful elephant, entered with a percussion that would have removed from its base a mountain of iron. The master, being sensible that the youth was his superior in strength, attacked with the sleight which he had kept to himself. The youth not being able to repel it, the master with both hands lifted him from the ground, and, raising him over his head, flung him on the earth. The multitude shouted. The king commanded that a dress, and a reward in money, should be bestowed on the master, and reproved and derided the youth for having presumed to put himself in competition with his benefactor, and for having failed in the attempt. He said, "O king, my master did not gain the victory over me through strength or skill; but there remained a small part in the art of wrestling which he had withheld from me, and by that small feint he got the better of me." The master observed, "I reserved it for such an occasion as the present; the sages having said, Put not yourself so much in the power of your friend, that if he should be disposed to be inimical, he may be able to effect his pur-

pose. Have you not heard what was said by a person who had suffered injury from one whom he had educated? Either there never was any gratitude in the world, or else no one at this time practices it. I never taught any one the art of archery, who in the end did not make a butt of me."

They have related that a certain vizier had shown clemency towards those of an inferior degree, and had sought to accommodate every one. It happened that, having fallen under the king's displeasure, they all exerted their interest to obtain his release, and those to whose custody he was committed showed him great indulgence in guarding him, and the other grandees represented his virtues to the king, till at length the monarch pardoned his fault.

A righteous man, when apprised of the circumstances, said, "Sell even your patrimonial garden to gain the hearts of your friends. In order to boil your wellwisher's pot, it is advisable to burn all your furniture. Do good even unto the wicked; for it is best to close the dog's mouth with a morsel."

One of the sons of Haroon ur Rusheed went to his father in a rage, complaining that the son of a certain officer had spoken disrespectfully of his mother. Haroon asked his ministers what was the just punishment for such an offense. One was for having him put to death; another said that his tongue ought to be cut out; and another, that he should be fined and banished. Haroon said, "My son, charity requires that you should pardon him; but if you have not strength of mind to do this, then abuse his mother in return, but not so much as to exceed the bounds of vengeance, for then the injury would be imputable to our side." In the opinion of the wise, he is not a brave man who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words. A man of a bad disposition abused another, who took it patiently, and called him a hopeful youth. "I am worse than you can say of me, for I know my own defects better than you can possibly discover them."

There were two brothers, one of whom was in the service of the king, and the other ate the bread of his own industry. Once the rich man said to his poor brother, "Why do you not enter into the service of the king, to relieve yourself from the

affliction of labor?" He asked, "And why do you not work, that you may be relieved from the baseness of servitude? for the sages have said that to eat one's bread, and to sit down at ease, is preferable to wearing a golden girdle and standing up in service; to use your hands in making mortar of quicklime is preferable to placing them on your breast in attendance on the Umeer. Precious life has been spent in these cares, What shall I eat in the summer, and with what shall I be clothed in the winter? O ignoble belly, satisfy yourself with a loaf of bread, that you may not bend your back in servitude."

Somebody brought to Noushirvan the Just the good tidings that the God of majesty and glory has taken away such an one, who was your enemy. He asked, "Have you heard that he will\*by any means spare me? The death of my enemy is no cause of joy to me, since neither is my own life eternal."

#### CONTENTMENT.

I heard of a Durwaish [mendicant priest] who was suffering great distress from poverty, and sewing patch upon patch, but who comforted himself with the following verse: "I am contented with stale bread, and a coarse woolen frock, since it is better to bear the weight of one's own necessities than to suffer the load of obligation from mankind." Somebody said to him, "Why do you sit quiet, whilst such an one in this city has a liberal mind, and possesses universal benevolence, being ever willing to assist the pious, and always ready to comfort every heart? If he were apprised of your condition, he would consider it an obligation to satisfy your wants." He replied, "Be silent, for it is better to die of want than to expose our necessities to any one; for they have said that to sew patch upon patch and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for clothing." Of a truth, it is equal to the torments of hell to enter into paradise by the help of one's neighbor.

A certain learned man who had a large family to support, with very scanty means, represented his case to a great man who entertained a favorable opinion of him. He disapproved of the application, deeming it unworthy of a man of spirit. When you are dissatisfied with your fortune, approach not

your dearest friend, or you will turn his pleasure into sorrow. When you expose your distress, preserve a lively and smiling appearance ; he never fails in his pursuit who maintains a joyful countenance. It is said that the great man increased his pension a little, but treated him with less respect than formerly. After some time, perceiving this diminution of affection, he said : " Evil is that food which you obtain in the time of distress ; the kettle is indeed upon the hearth, but your reputation is diminished. He increased my bread, and lessened my honor ; it is better to be destitute of means than to suffer the disgrace of solicitation."

A thief said to a mendicant, " Are you not ashamed to hold out your hand to every sordid wretch to obtain a grain of silver ? " He replied, " It is better to stretch out the hand for a grain of silver, than to have it cut off for having stolen a dang and a half."

#### THE SUPREMACY OF LUCK.

They tell a story of a wrestler, who from adverse fortune was reduced to the extremity of misery. With a craving appetite, and destitute of the means of subsistence, he came complaining to his father, and requested leave to travel, if perchance by the strength of his arm he might be able to accomplish his wishes. Talents and skill are of no value without being exhibited ; they put lignum aloes on the fire, and rub musk. The father said, " O son, get out of your head impracticable imaginations, and draw back the foot of contentment within the skirt of safety ; for the sages have said, ' Riches are not to be obtained by bodily exertion, but the remedy against want is to moderate our desires. No one can seize the skirt of wealth by force ; it is lost labor to anoint the eyes of the blind with salve.' If every hair of your head possessed two hundred accomplishments, they would be of no use when fortune is unpropitious. What can a strong but unfortunate man do ? The arm of fortune is better than the arm of strength."

The son said : " O father ! the advantages of traveling are many, the recreation of the mind, profitable attainments, to see wonders and to hear strange things ; the view of cities ; the conversation of mankind, the acquisition of honor, and attainment of manners ; the increase of wealth, the means of gaining

a livelihood, forming intimate connections, and the experience of the world, in the manner as has been observed by men of piety, 'As long as you stick to your shop, and to your house, never, O simpleton ! will you become a man. Go and travel over the world, before the time shall arrive for your quitting it.' "

The father made answer: "O son, the advantages of traveling in the manner that you have set forth are doubtless very great; but most especially so for five classes of men: First, the merchant, who, possessing wealth and dignity, with beautiful slaves and handmaids and active servants, may pass every day in a new city, and every night in a different place, and may every minute, in delightful spots, recreate himself with worldly luxuries. The rich man is not a stranger, neither in the mountains nor in the deserts; wherever he goes he pitches his tent and takes up his quarters; whilst he who possesses not the comforts of life, but is destitute of the means of supporting himself, is a stranger, and unknown in his native country. Secondly, a learned man who on account of his sweet speeches, powerful eloquence, and store of knowledge, wherever he goes is universally sought after and respected.

"The presence of a wise man resembles pure gold, because whithersoever he goeth they know his intrinsic value and consequence. An ignorant son of a rich man is like leather money passing current in a particular city, but which in a foreign country no one will receive for anything. Thirdly, the beautiful person, to whom the hearts of the virtuous are inclined, set a high value on his company, and consider it an honor to do him service. According to the saying, 'A little beauty is preferable to great wealth.' A beautiful person is the balm for a wounded heart, and is the key of the locked door. The beautiful person, wheresoever he goes, meets with honor and respect, even if his father and mother should turn him out with displeasure. I saw a peacock's feather in the leaves of a Koran. I said, 'I consider this an honor much greater than your quality deserves.' He replied, 'Be silent; for whosoever has beauty, wherever he puts his foot, doth not every one receive him with respect? The son who is endowed with elegance and beauty careth not for his father's anger.'

"He is a rare pearl, let him not remain in the parent shell; and of a precious pearl every one will be the purchaser. Fourthly, a sweet singer, who with the throat of David arrests

the waters in their course, and suspends the birds in their flight; consequently, by the power of this perfection, he captivates the hearts of mankind in general, and the religious are desirous of associating with him. My attention is engaged in listening to a sweet voice: who is this beautiful person playing on the double chord? How delightful is a tender and plaintive voice at the dawn of day, in the ears of those intoxicated with love! A sweet voice is better than a beautiful face; for the one gives sensual delight, and the other invigorates the soul. Fifthly, the mechanic, who gains subsistence by the labor of his arm, that his good name may not be disgraced by the want of bread. According to this saying of the wise:—

“If a mechanic goes a journey from his own city, he suffers not difficulty nor distress; but if the king of Neemroze should wander out of his kingdom, he would sleep hungry.’ The above-mentioned qualities, which I have explained, are the means of affording comfort to the mind in traveling, and are the bestowers of sweet delight; but he who does not possess them will enter the world with vain expectations; and no one will hear his name, nor see any signs of him. Whomsoever the revolutions of Heaven in malice afflict, the world betrays. The pigeon who is not to see his nest again, fate conducts to the grain and snare.”

The son said: “O father, how can I contradict another maxim of the sages, which says, ‘The necessities of life are distributed to all, yet the attainment thereof requires exertion; and although misfortune is decreed, it is our duty to shun the way by which it enters’? Although our daily bread doubtlessly may come to us, yet reason requires that we should seek it out of doors. Although no one can die before it is decreed by fate, you have no occasion to run into the jaws of the dragon. In my present situation, I am able to encounter a furious elephant, and to combat a devouring lion; and I have besides this inducement to travel, that I am no longer able to suffer indigence. When a man falls from his rank and dignity, what has he more to concern himself about? he is a citizen of the world. A rich man repairs at night to his palace, but wheresoever the Durwaish is overtaken by night, that place is his inn.”

This he said, took leave of his father, asked his blessing, and departed. At his departure he was heard to say, “The artist to whom fortune is not propitious goeth to a place where



his name is not known." He traveled until he arrived on the banks of a river, so rapid that stones dashed against stones, and the noise was heard at many miles' distance. It was a tremendous water, in which even waterfowls were not in safety; and the smallest of its waves would impel a millstone from the shore. He saw a number of people sitting at the ferry, each of whom had a small piece of money, and they were making up their bundles for the passage. The young man, having no money, used supplications, but without effect, they saying, "You cannot here commit violence on any one, and if you have money, there is no need of force." The inhuman boatman laughed at him, and turned away, saying, "You have no money, and you cannot cross the river by means of your strength. Of what avail is the strength of ten men? Bring the money of one." The young man, incensed at this sarcasm, wished to be revenged on him. The boat had put off; he called out, "If you will be satisfied with this garment, which I have on my back, I will freely give it you." The boatman being greedy, brought back the boat. Covetousness sews up the eyes of the cunning, and covetousness brings both bird and fish into the net. As soon as the young man's hands were in reach of the boatman's beard and collar, he dragged him towards him, and knocked him down without ceremony. One of his comrades stepped out of the boat to help him, but experienced such rough treatment that he desisted. They both thought it advisable to pacify the young man, and compromised with him for the fare. When you see fighting, be peaceable, for a peaceable disposition shuts the door of contention. Oppose kindness to perverseness: the sharp sword will not cut soft silk.

By using sweet words, and gentleness, you may lead an elephant with a hair. In expiation of what had happened, they fell at his feet, and after bestowing hypocritical kisses on his hands and face, brought him into the boat, and carried him over, until they came to a pillar of Grecian building that stood in the river, when the boatman called out, "The boat is in danger! let one of you who is the strongest and most courageous get upon this pillar, and lay hold of the boat's rope, that we may save the vessel." The young man, in the vanity of his strength, of which he had boasted, thoughtless of the offended heart of his enemy, paid no attention to this maxim of the sages, "If you have committed an offense towards an-

other, and should afterwards confer a hundred kindnesses, think not that he will forget to retaliate upon thee that single offense ; for the arrow may be extracted from the wound, but the sense of injury still rankles in the heart." What excellent advice gave Yuktash to Khiltash ! If you have scratched your enemy, do not consider yourself safe. When from your hand the heart of another hath suffered injury, expect not to be free from affliction thyself. Fling not a stone against the walls of a castle, lest perchance a stone may be thrown at you from the castle. As soon as he had gathered the rope round his arm, and had reached the top of the pillar, the boatman snatched the rope out of his hand and drove forward the vessel. The helpless young man remained astonished : for two days, he suffered much distress, and underwent great hardship ; the third day sleep overpowered him and flung him into the river. After a day and a night he reached shore with some small remains of life. He fed on leaves of trees and roots of grass, until he had somewhat recruited his strength, when he bent his course to the desert, and arrived thirsty and hungry, and faint, at a well. He saw a number of people gathered round it, who were drinking a draught of water for a small piece of money. The young man, having no money, beseeched them for water, which they denying, he attempted to obtain it by force, but in vain ; he knocked some of them down and beat them. They at length overpowered him, beat him unmercifully, and wounded him.

A swarm of gnats will engage an elephant, notwithstanding all his strength and valor. The little ants, when they meet with an opportunity, will strip off the skin of the fierce lion. Sick and wounded, he fell in with a caravan, which from necessity he followed. In the evening they arrived at a place that was infested by robbers. He saw the people of the caravan trembling through fear, and looking as if they expected to die. He said, "Be not afraid, for I am one amongst you, who will encounter fifty men, and other men will support me." The men, encouraged by his boasting, rejoiced at being in his company, and they supplied him with victuals and drink. The cravings of the young man's appetite being very powerful, he ate and drank so much, that at length the inner demon was quieted, and being overpowered with fatigue, he fell asleep. An old experienced man, who had seen the world, and was in the caravan, said : "O companions, I am more afraid of your guard

than of the robbers, for they tell a story of an Arab, who, having collected together some money, would not sleep alone in his house, for fear of being robbed by the Lowrians, but got one of his friends to stay with him, from the apprehension he had of being alone. He stayed with him several nights, but as soon as he got intelligence of the direms, he seized them, and made off. The next morning, they saw the Arab despoiled and lamenting. They asked what can be the matter, excepting that the thieves may have stolen your money? He replied, 'By God, not they, but the person who was the guard.' I never thought myself secure from the serpent, because I knew his disposition. A wound from the teeth of an enemy is most severe, when it is given under the semblance of friendship. How do you know, my friends, but what this young man may be one of the thieves, who by stratagem has introduced himself amongst us, in order that, when he finds an opportunity, he may give intelligence to his comrades? My advice, therefore, is this, that we leave him asleep and depart." The advice of the old man was approved by his juniors, and as they were suspicious of this strong man, they took up their baggage, and, leaving him asleep, departed. The young man, when the sun shone on his shoulders, lifted up his head, and discovered that the caravan was departed. He wandered about a long time without being able to find the road. Thirsty and without food, he laid his head on the ground, in a style of despondency: "Who will converse with me now that the yellow camels are departed? A traveler has no friend, besides a traveler. He is the readiest to distress a traveler, who has not himself experienced the difficulties of traveling." He was uttering this sentence, when the king's son, having lost his attendants in pursuit of game, happening to come to the spot, overheard him, and seeing him of a good appearance, and in distressed circumstances, asked from whence he was, and how he came there. He gave a short account of what had befallen him; and the king's son, compassionating him, bestowed on him a garment, and money, and ordered a trusty person to accompany him, and see him safe to his own city. The father was rejoiced at the sight of him, and thanked God for his safe return. At night he related to his father what had happened in the boat, of the violence of the boatman, and of the peasants, and the treachery of the caravan. The father said: "O son! did I not tell you, at the time of your departure, that the strong but poor

man has his hand tied ; and that his foot, though resembling the paw of a lion, is broken? What an excellent saying is that of the needy gladiator,—‘A grain of gold is worth more than fifty pounds of strength.’”

The son replied : “O father ! of a truth, without encountering difficulty, you cannot acquire riches ; and without you endanger your life, you cannot gain the victory over your enemy ; and without sowing seed, you cannot fill your barn. Don't you perceive that, in return for the little distress that I suffered, how much wealth I have brought with me ; and for the sting that I endured, what a stock of honey I have acquired ? Although we cannot enjoy more than Providence has assigned us, we ought not to be negligent in acquiring it. If the diver were to think of the jaw of the crocodile, he would never get in his possession precious pearls. The lower mill-stone does not move, and therefore sustains a great weight. What food can a ravenous lion find in his den ? What game can be taken by a hawk that cannot fly ? If you wait in your house for provision, your hands and feet will become as thin as those of a spider.” The father said : “O son, Heaven has befriended you this time, and good fortune has been your guide, so that you have been able to pluck the rose from the thorn, and to extract the thorn from your foot ; and a great man met with you, pitied and enriched you, and healed your broken condition. But such instances are rare, and we ought not to expect wonders. The hunter doth not always carry off the game : perchance himself may one day become the prey of the tiger. In like manner as it happened to one of the kings of Persia, who, possessing a ring set with a valuable jewel, went once on a party of pleasure with some of his particular associates to Mussula Shiraz, and ordered that they should fix the ring on the dome of Asud, with a proclamation that whoever shot an arrow through the circlet of it should have the ring. It chanced there were at that time four hundred experienced archers attending him, whose arrows all missed : but as a boy was playing on the terrace roof of the monastery, and shooting his arrows at random, the morning breeze conducted one of them through the ring. The prize was bestowed on him, together with other rich gifts. After this the boy burnt his bow and arrows, and on their asking him why he had done so, he replied, ‘That this my first repute may be lasting.’ It may happen that the prudent counsel of an enlightened sage does

not succeed ; and it may chance that an unskillful boy, through mistake, hits the mark with his arrow."

#### SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

A sensible young man, who had made considerable progress in learning and virtue, was at the same time so discreet, that he would sit in the company of learned men without uttering a word. Once his father said to him, "My son, why do you not also say something of what you know?" He replied: "I fear lest they should question me about something of which I am ignorant, whereby I should suffer shame."

"Have you not heard of a Sufi that was driving some nails into his sandals, when an officer, laying hold of his sleeve, said, 'Come and shoe my horse?' Whilst you are silent, no one has any business with you ; but when you speak, you must be ready with your proofs."

A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise : the chief ordered him to be stripped of his clothes and expelled the village. The dogs attacking him in his rear, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed he said, "What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs and fasten their stones."

The chief, having heard him from a window, laughed and said, "O wise man, ask a boon of me."

He answered: "I want my garment, if you will vouchsafe to bestow it. A man entertains hopes from those who are virtuous. I have no expectation from your virtue, only do me no injury. We are satisfied with your benevolence in suffering us to depart."

The chief of the robbers took compassion on him, ordered his garment to be restored, and added to it a robe of fur, together with some direms.

#### RULES FOR CONDUCT IN LIFE.

Two persons took trouble in vain, and used fruitless endeavors, — he who acquired wealth, without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom, but did not practice it. How much soever you may study science, when you do not act wisely, you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise : what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books ?

Science is to be used for the preservation of religion, and not for the acquisition of wealth. Whosoever prostituted his abstinence, reputation, and learning for gain, formed a granary and then consumed it entirely.

A learned man, without temperance, is a blind man carrying a link : he showeth the road to others, but doth not guide himself. He who through inadvertency trifled with life, threw away his money without purchasing anything.

Three things are not permanent without three things : wealth without commerce, science without argument, nor a kingdom without government.

Showing mercy to the wicked is doing injury to the good, and pardoning oppressors is injuring the oppressed. When you connect yourself with base men, and show them favor, they commit crimes with your power, whereby you participate in their guilt.

Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess, for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy ? Likewise inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend. The matter which you wish to preserve as a secret, impart it not to any one, although he may be worthy of confidence ; for no one will be so true to your secret as yourself.

It is safer to be silent than to reveal one's secret to any one, and telling him not to mention it. O good man ! stop the water at the spring head, for when it is in full stream you cannot arrest it. You should never speak a word in secret which may not be related in every company.

Speak in such manner between two enemies, that, should they afterwards become friends, you may not be put to the blush. Hostility between two people is like fire, and the evil-fated backbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the backbiter is hated and despised by both parties. To kindle a flame between two persons, is to burn yourself inconsiderately in the midst.

When you see an enemy weak, twist not your whiskers in boasting : there is marrow in every bone, and every coat covers a man.

Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority. Be not so severe as to cause disgust, nor so lenient as to encourage audacity. Severity and lenity should be tempered together,—like the surgeon, who when he uses the lancet applies also a plaster. A wise man carries not severity to excess, nor suffers such relaxation as will lessen his own dignity. He overrates not himself; neither doth he altogether neglect his consequence. A shepherd said to his father, "O thou who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience." He replied, "Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf."

A wicked man is a captive in the hand of the enemy, for wherever he goeth he cannot escape from the clutches of his own punishment. If the wicked man should escape to heaven from the hand of calamity, he would continue in calamity from the sense of his own evil disposition.

Bruise the serpent's head with the hand of your enemy, which cannot fail of producing one of these two advantages. If the enemy succeeds, you have killed the snake; and if the latter prevails, you have got rid of your enemy.

In the day of battle consider not yourself safe because your adversary is weak; for he who becomes desperate will take out the lion's brains.

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring, and leave bad news to the owl!

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.

Unless some one points out to an orator his defects, his discourse will never be correct. Be not vain of the elegance of your discourse from the commendation of an ignorant person, neither upon the strength of your own judgment.

Every one thinks his own wisdom perfect, and his own child beautiful. A Jew and a Mohammedan were disputing in a

manner that made me laugh. The Mohammedan said in wrath, "If this deed of conveyance is not authentic, may God cause me to die a Jew!" The Jew said, "I make oath on the Pentateuch, and if I swear falsely, I am a Mohammedan like you." If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

He who when he hath the power doeth not good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor; for in the day of adversity, nobody is his friend.

Life depends upon the support of a single breath, and worldly existence is between two non-existences. Those who sell religion for the world are asses; they sell Joseph, and get nothing in return.

I have heard that in the land of the East they are forty years in making a china cup: they make a hundred in a day at Bagdad, and consequently you see the meanness of the price. A chicken, as soon as it comes out of the egg, seeks its food; but an infant hath not reason and discrimination. That which was something all at once, never arrives at much perfection; and the other by degrees surpasses all things in power and excellence. Glass is everywhere, and therefore of no value; the ruby is obtained with difficulty, and on that account is precious.

Publish not men's secret faults; for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.

If every night was a night of power, many of such nights would be disregarded. If every stone was a Budukshân ruby, the ruby and the pebble would be of equal value.

The vicious cannot endure the sight of the virtuous; in the same manner as the curs of the market howl at a hunting dog, but dare not approach him.

When a mean wretch cannot vie with another in virtue, out of his wickedness he begins to slander. The abject envious wretch will slander the virtuous man when absent; but when brought face to face, his loquacious tongue becomes dumb.

The wise man who engages in a controversy with those who



are ignorant of the subject, should not entertain any expectation of gaining credit. If an ignorant man, by his loquacity, should overpower a wise man, it is not to be wondered at, because a common stone will break a jewel. Why is it surprising if a nightingale should not sing, when a crow is in the same cage? If a virtuous man is injured by a vagabond, he ought not to be sorry, or angry. If a worthless stone bruise a golden cup, its own worth is not thereby increased, nor the value of the gold lessened.

If a wise man, falling in company with mean people, does not get credit for his discourse, be not amazed; for the sound of the harp cannot overpower the noise of the drum; and the fragrance of ambergris is overcome by fetid garlic. The ignorant wretch was proud of his loud voice, because he had impudently confounded the man of understanding. Are you ignorant that the musical mode of Hijaz is confounded by the noise of the warrior's drum? If a jewel falls into the mud, it is still the same precious stone; and if dust flies up to the sky, it retains its original baseness. A capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away. Ashes, although of high origin, fire being of a noble nature, yet having no intrinsic worth, are no better than dust. Sugar obtains not its value from the cane, but from its innate quality. Musk has the fragrance in itself, and not from being called a perfume by the druggist. The wise man is like the druggist's chest,—silent, but full of virtues; and the blockhead resembles the warrior's drum,—noisy, but an empty prattler. A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men, or to the Koran in the house of an infidel. When the land of Canaan was without virtue, the birth of Joseph did not increase its dignity. Show your virtue, if you possess nobility; for the rose sprang from the thorn, and Abraham from Azur.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

Reason is under the power of sense; as a man becomes weak in the hand of an artful woman. Shut the door of that house

of pleasure, which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.

Two things are morally impossible : to enjoy more than Providence has allotted, or to die before the appointed time. Destiny will not be altered by our uttering a thousand lamentations and sighs, nor by our praises or complaints. The angel who presides over the treasury of winds, what does he care if the lamp of an old widow is extinguished ?

The envious man begrudgeth the bountiful goodness of God, and is inimical to those who are innocent.

I heard a little fellow with dry brains speaking disrespectfully of a person of rank. I said, "O sir, if you are unfortunate, what crime have fortunate men committed ?" Wish not ill to the envious man, for the unfortunate wretch is a calamity to himself. Where is the need of your showing enmity towards him who has such an adversary at his heels ?

A learned man without works is a bee without honey. Say to the austere and uncivil bee, "When you cannot afford honey, do not sting."

They asked Iman Mûrsheed Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ghezaly, on whom be the mercy of God ! by what means he had attained to such a degree of knowledge ? He replied, "In this manner, — whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about." There will be reasonable hopes of recovery when you get a skillful physician to feel your pulse. Inquire about everything that you do not know ; since, for the small trouble of asking, you will be guided in the respectable road of knowledge.

Whenever you are certain that anything will be known to you in time, be not hasty in inquiring after it, as you will thereby lessen your authority and respectability. When Lokman saw that in the hand of David iron became miraculously like wax, he did not ask how he did it, being persuaded that without asking it would be made known.

Tell your story in conformity to the temper of the hearer, if you know that he is well disposed towards you. Any wise man who associates with Mujnoon will talk of nothing else but of the face of Leila.

Man is, beyond dispute, the most excellent of created beings, and the vilest animal is a dog ; but the sages agree that a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man. A dog never forgets a morsel, although you pelt him a hundred times with stones. But if you cherish a mean wretch for an age, he will fight with you for a mere trifle.

It is said in the Gospel, " O sons of Adam, if I should grant you riches, you would be more intent on them than on me ; and if I should make you poor, your hearts would be sorrowful ; and then, how could you properly celebrate my praise, and after what manner would you worship me ? Sometimes in affluence you are proud and negligent ; and again in poverty, you are afflicted and wounded. Since such is your disposition, both in happiness and in misery, I know not at what time you will find leisure to worship God."

A Durwaish [mendicant priest] whose end is good is better than a king whose end is evil. It is better to suffer sorrow before, than after, the enjoyment of happiness.

The sky enriches the earth with showers, and the earth returns it nothing but dust. A jar exudes whatever it contains. If my disposition is not worthy in your sight, quit not your own good manners. The Almighty beholdeth the crime, and concealeth it ; and the neighbor seeth not, yet proclaimeth it aloud. God preserve us ! if men knew what is done in secret, no one would be free from the interference of others.

Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful. It does not always happen that the strong arm can overpower the hand of the weak. Distress not the heart of the weak, lest you fall by one more powerful than yourself.

The gamester wants three sixes, but three aces turn up. Pasture land is a thousand times better than the plain ; but the horse has not command of the reins.

A Durwaish, in his prayer, said, " O God, show pity towards the wicked, for on the good thou hast already bestowed mercy, by having created them virtuous."

When you perceive what is just, and that it must be given, it is better to give it with kindness than with contention and displeasure. If a man does not pay the tax willingly, the officer's servant will exact it by force.

What can an old prostitute do but vow not to sin any more? or a degraded superintendent of police, besides promising not to injure mankind? A youth who makes choice of retirement, is a lionlike man in the path of God; for an old man is not able to move from his corner.



## RUSTAM AND AKWAN DEV.<sup>1</sup>

By FERDAUSI.

(From the Shah-nameh; translated by E. H. Palmer.)

KAI KHOSRAU sat in a garden bright  
 With all the beauties of balmy Spring;  
 And many a warrior armor-dight  
 With a stout kamand and an arm of might  
 Supported Persia's King.

With trembling mien and a pallid cheek,  
 A breathless hind to the presence ran;  
 And on bended knee, in posture meek,  
 With faltering tongue that scarce could speak,  
 His story thus began:—

“Alackaday! for the news I bear  
 Will like to the follies of Fancy sound;  
 Thy steeds were stabled and stalled with care,  
 When a Wild Ass sprang from its forest lair  
 With a swift resistless bound,—

“A monster fell, of a dusky hue,  
 And eyes that flashed with a hellish glow;  
 Many it maimed and some it slew,  
 Then back to the forest again it flew,  
 As an arrow leaves the bow.”

Kai Khosrau's rage was a sight to see:  
 “Now curses light on the foul fiend's head!  
 Full rich and rare shall his guerdon be  
 Whose stalwart arm shall bring to me  
 The monster, alive or dead!”

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

But the mailclad warriors kept their ground,  
And their bronzed cheeks were blanched with fear;  
With scorn the Shah on the cowards frowned, —  
“One champion bold may yet be found  
While Rustam wields a spear!”

No tarrying made the son of Zal,  
Small reck had he of the fiercest fray;  
But promptly came at the monarch's call,  
And swore that the monster fiend should fall  
Ere closed the coming day.

The swift Rakush's sides he spurred,  
And speedily gained the darksome wood;  
Nor was the trial for long deferred, —  
But soon a hideous roar was heard,  
Had chilled a baser blood.

Then darting out like a flashing flame,  
Traverse his path the Wild Ass fled;  
And the hero then with unerring aim  
Hurled his stout kamand, but as erst it came, —  
Unscathed the monster fled.

“Now Khuda in Heaven!” bold Rustam cried, —  
“Thy chosen champion deign to save!  
Not all in vain shall my steel be tried,  
Though he who my powers has thus defied  
Be none but Akwan Dev.”

Then steadily chasing his fiendish foe,  
He thrust with hanger, he smote with brand;  
But ever avoiding the deadly blow  
It vanished away like the scenes that show  
On Balkh's delusive sand.

For full three wearisome nights and days  
Stoutly he battled with warlike skill;  
But the Demon such magical shifts essays  
That leaving his courser at large to graze,  
He rests him on a hill.

But scarce can slumber his eyelids close,  
Ere Akwan Dev from afar espies;  
And never disturbing his foe's repose,  
The earth from under the mound he throws,  
And off with the summit flies.

"Now, daring mortal!" the Demon cried, —  
"Whither wouldst have me carry thee?  
Shall I cast thee forth on the mountain side,  
Where the lions roar and the reptiles glide,  
Or hurl thee into the sea?"

"O bear me off to the mountain side,  
Where the lions roar and the serpents creep!  
For I fear not the creatures that spring or glide,  
But where is the arm that can stem the tide,  
Or still the raging deep?"

Loud laughed the fiend as his load he threw  
Far plunging into the roaring flood;  
And louder laughed Rustam as out he flew,  
For he fain had chosen the sea, but knew  
The fiend's malignant mood.

Soon all the monsters that float or swim,  
With ravening jaws down on him bore;  
But he hewed and hacked them limb from limb,  
And the wave pellucid grew thick and dim  
With streaks of crimson gore.

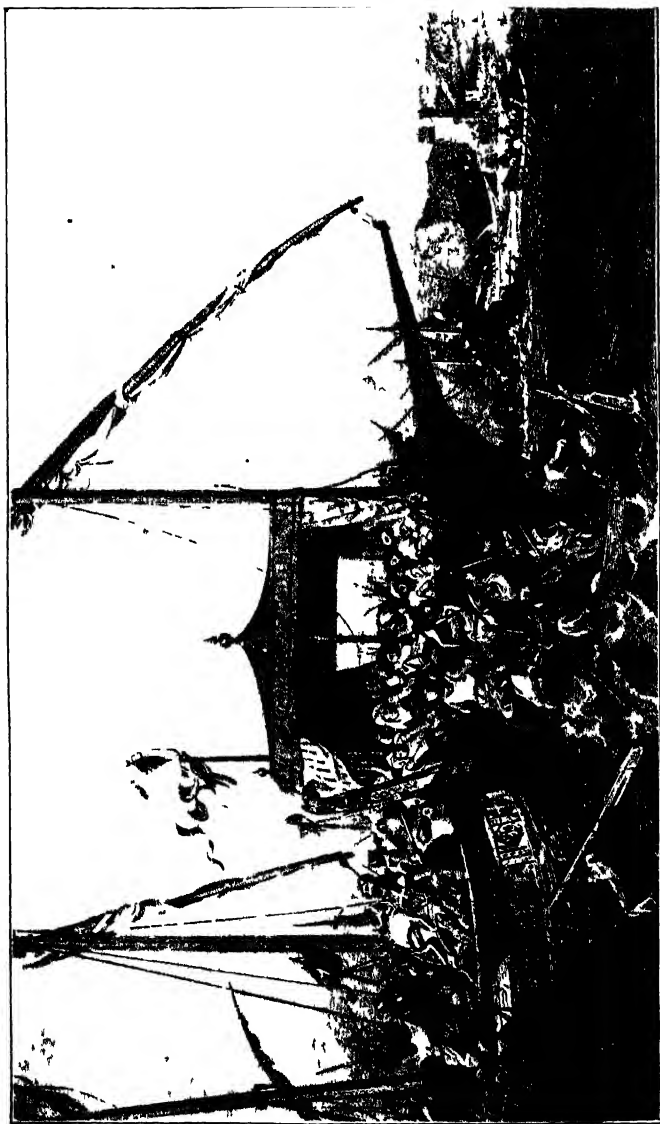
With thankful bosom he gains the strand,  
And seeketh his courser near and far,  
Till he hears him neigh, and he sees him stand  
Among the herds of a Tartar band,  
The steeds of Isfendiyar.

But Rustam's name was a sound of dread,  
And the Tartar heart it had caused to quake;  
The herd was there, but the hinds had fled, —  
So all the horses he captive led  
For good Kai Khosrau's sake.

Then loud again through the forest rings  
The fiendish laugh and the taunting cry;  
But his kamand quickly the hero flings,  
And around the Demon it coils and clings,  
As a cobweb wraps a fly.

Kai Khosrau sat in his garden fair,  
Mourning his Champion lost and dead,  
When a shout of victory rent the air,  
And Rustam placed before his chair  
A Demon Giant's head.





VENETIANS AND SARACENS

*From a painting by Leporetti*



THE FOURTH CRUSADE.<sup>1</sup>

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

(From the "Makers of Venice.")

[MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT, whose maiden name was Margaret O. Wilson, a Scotch novelist, biographer, and historical writer, was born at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian, in 1828. She was the author of over seventy novels, which have had a large sale in Great Britain and the United States. Among them are: "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland" (her earliest work), "Adam Graeme," "Zaidee," "Chronicles of Carlingford" (upon which her reputation is based), "Story of Valentine and his Brother," "Sir Tom," "In Trust," "Kirsteen." Her other writings include admirable biographies of Edward Irving, Montalembert, Francis of Assisi, Jeanne d'Arc, Thomas Chalmers, and Laurence Oliphant; "Makers of Florence, Venice, and Rome," "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," "Royal Edinburgh," "Literary History of England," "Victorian Age of English Literature." She died at Wiffrledon, June 25, 1897.]

DANDOLO was the first doge, if not to sign the *promissione*, or solemn ducal oath of fidelity to all the laws and customs of the republic, at least to reach the period of history when such documents began to be preserved. His oath is full of details which show the jealousy of the new *régime* in defining and limiting the doge's powers. He vows not only to rule justly, to accept no bribes, to show no favoritism, to subordinate his own affairs and all others to the interests of the city, but also not to write letters on his own account to the Pope or any other prince; to submit his own affairs to the arbitrament of the common tribunals, and to maintain two ships of war at his own expense—stipulations which must have required no small amount of self-control on the part of men scarcely as yet educated to the duties of constitutional princes. The beginning of Dandolo's reign was distinguished by the usual expeditions to clear the Adriatic and reconfirm Venetian supremacy on the Dalmatian coast; also, by what was beginning to be equally common, certain conflicts with the Pisans, who began to rival Venice in the empire of the seas. These smaller commotions, however, were dwarfed and thrown into the shade by the great expedition, known in history as the Fourth Crusade, which ended in the destruction of Constantinople and great aggrandizement of the republic, but, so far as the objects of the Crusade were concerned, in nothing.

The setting out of this expedition affords one of the most picturesque and striking scenes in Venetian history, though its

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

details come to us rather from the chronicles of the Crusade than from the ancient historians of Venice, who record them briefly with a certain indifference and at the same time with a frankness which sounds cynical. Perhaps the conviction of a later age, that the part played by Venice was not a very noble one, may have here restrained the record. "In those days a great occasion presented itself to the Venetians to increase their dominions," Sabellico says, calmly putting aside all pretense at more generous motives. Villehardouin, however, has left a succession of pictures which could not be surpassed in graphic force, and which place all the preliminaries before us in the most brilliant daylight. He describes how the French princes who had taken the cross sent an embassy to Venice in order to arrange, if possible, for means of transport to the Holy Land — six noble Frenchmen, in all their bravery and fine manners, and fortunately with that one among them who carried a pen as well as a sword. It is evident that this proposal was considered on either side as highly important, and was far from being made or received as merely a matter of business. The French messengers threw themselves at once upon the generosity, the Christian feeling, of the masters of the sea. Money and men they had in plenty; but only Venice, so powerful on the seas, so rich, and at peace with all her neighbors, could give them ships. From the beginning their application is an entreaty, and their prayers supported by every argument that earnestness could suggest. The doge received them in the same solemn manner, submitting their petition to the council, and requiring again and again certain days of delay in order that the matter should be fully debated. It was at last settled with royal magnificence not only that the ships should be granted, but that the republic should fit out fifty galleys of her own to increase the force of the expedition; after which, everything being settled (which again throws a curious side light upon popular government), the doge called the Venetians together in San Marco — ten thousand of them in the most beautiful church that ever was, says the Frenchman — and bade the strangers plead their own cause before the people. When we consider that everything was arranged beforehand, it takes something from the effect of the scene and suggests uncomfortable ideas of solemn deceits practiced upon the populace in all such circumstances — but in itself the picture is magnificent.

Mass being celebrated, the doge called the ambassadors,

and told them to ask humbly of the people whether the proposed arrangement should be carried into effect. Godfrey de Villehardouin then stood forth to speak in the name of all, with the following result:—

“Messieurs, the noblest and most powerful barons of France have sent us to you, to pray you to have pity upon Jerusalem in bondage to the Turk, and for the love of God to accompany us to avenge the shame of Christ; and knowing that no nation is so powerful on the seas as you, they have charged us to implore your aid and not to rise from our knees till you have consented to have pity upon the Holy Land.”

With this the six ambassadors knelt down, weeping. The doge and all the people then cried out with one voice, raising their hands to heaven, “We grant it, we grant it!” And so great was the sound that nothing ever equaled it. The good doge of Venice, who was most wise and brave, then ascended the pulpit and spoke to the people. “Signori,” he said, “you see the honor which God has done you, that the greatest nation on earth has left all other peoples in order to ask your company, that you should share with them this great undertaking, which is the reconquest of Jerusalem.” Many other fine and wise things were said by the doge which I cannot here recount. And thus the matter was concluded.

It must have been a strange and imposing sight for these feudal lords to see the crowd that filled San Marco, and overflowed in the Piazza, the vast trading, seafaring multitude tanned with the sunshine and the sea, full of their own importance, listening like men who had to do it, no submissive crowd of vassals, but each conscious (though, as we have seen, with but little reason) that he individually was appealed to, while those splendid petitioners knelt and wept—moved, no doubt, on their side by that wonderful sea of faces, by the strange circumstances, and the rising wave of enthusiasm which began to move the crowd. The old doge, rising up in the pulpit, looking with dim eyes across the heads of the multitude, with the great clamor of the “*Concediomo*” still echoing under the dome, the shout of an enthusiastic nation, gives the last touch of pictorial effect. His eyes still glowed, though there was so little vision in them; pride and policy and religious enthusiasm all mingled in his words and looks. The greatest nation of the world had come as a suppliant—who could refuse her petition? This was in the winter, early in the year 1201. It is not difficult to imagine the wintry after-

noon, the dim glories of the choir going off into a golden gloom behind, the lights glimmering upon the altars, the confused movement and emotion of the countless crowd, indistinct under the great arches, extending into every corner — while all the light there was concentrated in the white hair and cloth of gold of the venerable figure to which every eye was turned, standing up against the screen at the foot of the great cross.

The republic by this bargain was pledged to provide transport for four thousand five hundred cavaliers, and nearly thirty thousand men on foot; along with provisions for a year for this multitude; for which the Frenchmen pledged themselves to pay eighty-five thousand silver marks, "according to the weight of Cologne," in four different installments. The contingent of Venice, apart from this, was to consist of fifty galleys. The ships were to be ready at the feast of SS. Peter and Paul in the same year, when the first installment of the money was to be paid.

In the mean time, however, while the workmen in the arsenal were busily at work, and trade must have quickened throughout Venice, various misfortunes happened to the other parties to the engagement. Young Thibaut of Champagne died in the flower of his youth, and many small parties of Crusaders went off from other quarters in other vessels than those of Venice; so that when at last the expedition arrived, it was considerably diminished in numbers, and, what was still more disastrous, the leaders found themselves unable to pay the first installment of the appointed price. The knights denuded themselves of all their valuables, but this was still insufficient. In these circumstances an arrangement was resorted to which produced many and great complications, and changed altogether the character of the expedition. Venice has been in consequence reproached with the worldliness and selfishness of her intentions. It has been made to appear that her religious fervor was altogether false, and her desire to push her own interests her sole motive. No one will attempt to deny that this kind of selfishness, which in other words is often called patriotism, was very strong in her. But on the other side it would be hard to say that it was with any farseeing plan of self-aggrandizement that the republic began this great campaign, or that Dandolo and his counselors perceived how far they should go before their enterprise was brought to an end. They were led on from point to point like those whom they influenced,

and were themselves betrayed by circumstances and a crowd of secondary motives, as well as the allies whom they are believed to have betrayed.

The arrangement proposed was, since the Crusaders could not pay the price agreed for their ships, that they should delay their voyage to the Holy Land long enough to help the Venetians in subduing Zara, which turbulent city had again, as on every possible occasion, rebelled. The greater part of the Frenchmen accepted the proposal with alacrity; though some objected that to turn their arms against Christians, however rebellious, was not the object of the soldiers of the cross. In the long run, however, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Pope Innocent, of which the independent Venetians made light, the bargain was accepted on all hands, and all the preliminaries concluded at last. Another of the wonderful scenic displays with which almost every important step was accompanied in Venice took place before the final start.

One day, upon a Sunday, all the people of the city, and the greater part of the barons and pilgrims, met in San Marco. Before Mass began the doge rose in the pulpit and spoke to the people in this manner: "Signori, you are associated with the greatest nation in the world in the most important matter which can be undertaken by men. I am old and weak and need rest, having many troubles in the body, but I perceive that none can so well guide and govern you as I who am your lord. If you will consent that I should take the sign of the cross to care for you and direct you, and that my son should, in my stead, regulate the affairs of the city, I will go to live and die with you and the pilgrims."

When they heard this, they cried with one voice, "Yes! we pray you, in the name of God, take it and come with us."

Then the people of the country and the pilgrims were greatly moved and shed many tears, because this heroic man had so many reasons for remaining at home, being old. But he was strong and of a great heart. He then descended from the pulpit and knelt before the altar, weeping, and the cross was sewn upon the front of his great cap, so that all might see it. And the Venetians that day in great numbers took the cross.

It was in October, 1202, that the expedition finally sailed, a great fleet of nearly three hundred ships; the Frenchmen in their shining mail with their great war horses furnishing a wonderful spectacle for the Venetians, to whom these noble creatures, led unwillingly on board the galleys, were so little

familiar. The whole city watched the embarkation with excitement and high commotion ; no doubt with many a woman's tears and wistful looks, anguish of the old, and more impassioned grief of the young, as the fifty galleys which contained the Venetian contingent slowly filled with all the best in the republic, the old doge at their head. Bound for the Holy Land, to deliver it from the infidel ! That, no doubt, was what the people believed who had granted with acclamation their aid to the barons in San Marco. And to watch the great fleet which streamed along, with all its sails, against the sunshine through the tortuous, narrow channels that thread the lagoon ; line after line of high-beaked painted galleys, with their endless oars, and all their bravery ; it must have seemed as if the very sea had become populous, and such a host must carry all before it. Days must have passed in bustle and commotion ere, with the rude appliances of their time, three hundred vessels could have been got under way. They streamed down the Adriatic, a maritime army rather than a fleet, imposing to behold ; frightening the turbulent towns along the coast which were so ready, when the Venetian galleys were out of sight, to rebel—and arrived before Zara in crushing strength. The citizens closed the harbor with a chain, and with a garrison of Hungarians to help them, made a brave attempt to defend themselves. But against such an overwhelming force their efforts were in vain, and after a resistance of five days the city surrendered. It was by this time the middle of November, and to tempt the wintry sea at that season was contrary to the habits of the time. The expedition accordingly remained at Zara, where many things took place which decided the course of its after movements. It was not a peaceful pause. The French and the Venetians quarreled in the first place over their booty or their privileges in the sacked and miserable city. When that uproar was calmed, which took the leaders some time, another trouble arrived in the shape of letters from Pope Innocent, which disturbed the French chiefs greatly, though the old doge and his counselors paid but little attention. Innocent called the Crusaders to account for shedding Christian blood when they ought to have been shedding pagan, and for sacking a city which belonged to their brethren in the faith, to whom he commanded them to make restitution and reparation. Whether the penitent barons gave up their share of the booty is not told us, but they wrote humble letters asking pardon, and declaring that to

take Zara was a necessity which they had no power to resist. The Pope was moved by their submission, but commanded them to proceed to Syria with all possible speed, "neither turning to the right hand nor to the left," and as soon as they had disembarked on the Syrian shores to separate themselves from the Venetians, who seem to have been excommunicated (which did not greatly disturb them) for their indifference to the papal commands.

This correspondence with Rome must have given a certain amount of variety, if not of a very agreeable kind, to the winter sojourn on the Adriatic, confused with tumults of the soldiery and incessant alarms lest their quarrels should break out afresh; quarrels which—carried on in the midst of a hostile people bitterly rejoicing to see their conquerors at enmity among themselves, and encouraged by the knowledge that the Pope had interfered on their behalf—must have made the invaders doubly uncomfortable. From the Venetian side there is not a word of the excommunication leveled against themselves, and generally so terrible a weapon. Such punishments perhaps were more easily borne abroad than at home, and the republic already stoutly held its independence from all external interference.

While Pope Innocent's letters were thus occupying all minds, and the French Crusaders chafing at the delay, and perhaps also at the absence of all excitement and occupation in the Dalmatian town, another incident occurred of the most picturesque character, as well as of the profoundest importance. This was—first, the arrival of ambassadors from the Emperor Philip of Swabia with letters recommending the young Alexius, the son of Isaac, dethroned Emperor of the Greeks, to the Crusaders; and secondly that young prince himself, an exile and wanderer, with all the recommendations of injured helplessness and youth in his favor. The ambassadors brought letters telling such a story as was most fit to move the chivalrous leaders of the Christian host. The youth for whom their appeal was made was the true heir of the great house of Comnenus, born in the purple,—a young Hamlet whose father had been, not killed, but overthrown, blinded, and imprisoned by his own brother, and now lay miserable in a dungeon at Constantinople while the usurper reigned in his stead. What tale so likely to move the pity of the knights and barons of France? And, the suppliants added, what enterprise so fit to promote

and facilitate the object of the Crusaders? For Constantinople had always been a difficulty in the way of the conquest of Syria, and now more than ever, when a false and cruel usurper was on the throne; whereas, if old Isaac and his young son were restored, the Crusaders would secure a firm footing, a stronghold of moral as well as physical support in the East, which would make their work easy. One can imagine the high excitement, the keen discussions, the eagerness of some, the reluctance of others, the heat of debate and diverse opinion which arose in the camp. There were some among the pilgrims upon whom the Pope's disapproval lay heavy, and who longed for nothing so much as to get away, to have the wearisome preliminaries of the voyage over, and to find themselves upon the holy soil which they had set out to deliver; while there were some, perhaps more generous than devout, to whom the story of the poor young prince, errant through the world in search of succor, and the blind imperial prisoner in the dungeon, was touching beyond description, calling forth every sentiment of knighthood. The Venetians had still another most moving motive; it seems scarcely possible to believe that they did not at once perceive the immense and incalculable interests involved. They were men of strictly practical vision, and Constantinople was their market place at once and their harvest ground. To establish a permanent footing there by all the laws of honor and gratitude—what a thing for Venice! It is not necessary to conclude that they were untouched by other inducements. They, better than any, knew how many hindrances Constantinople could throw in the way; how treacherous her support was; how cunning her enmity, and what an advantage it would be to all future enterprises if a power bound to the west by solid obligations could be established on the Bosphorus. Nor is it to be supposed that as men they were inaccessible to the pleas of humanity and justice urged by Philip. But at the same time the dazzle of the extraordinary advantages thus set before themselves must have been as a glamor in their eyes.

It was while the whole immense, tumultuous band, the Frenchmen and knights of Flanders, the barons of the Low Country, the sailor princes of the republic, were in full agitation over this momentous question, and all was uncertainty and confusion, that the young Alexius arrived at Zara. There was a momentary lull in the agitation, to receive as was his due



this imperial wanderer, so young, so highborn, so unfortunate. The Marquis of Montserrat was his near kinsman, his rank was undoubted, and his misfortunes, the highest claim of all, were known to every one. The troops were turned out to receive him with all the pomp of military display, the doge's silver trumpets sounding, and all that the Crusaders could boast of in music and magnificence. The monks, who had been pressing hotly from band to band, urging Pope Innocent's commands and the woes of Jerusalem; the warlike leaders, who had been anxiously attempting to reconcile their declared purpose with the strong temptations of such a chivalrous undertaking—all for the moment arrested their arguments, their self-reasonings, their mutual upbraidings, to hear what their young guest had to say. And Alexius had everything to say that extreme necessity could suggest. He would give subsidies unlimited—two hundred thousand marks of silver, all the costs of the expedition, as much as it pleased them to require. He would himself accompany the expedition, he would furnish two thousand men at once, and for all his life maintain five hundred knights for the defense of Jerusalem. Last of all, and greatest, he vowed—a bait for Innocent himself, an inducement which must have stopped the words of remonstrance on the lips of the priests and made their eyes glow—to renounce forever the Greek heresy and bring the Eastern Church to the supremacy at Rome!

Whether it was this last motive, or simply a rush of sudden enthusiasm, such as was, and still is, apt to seize upon a multitude, the scruples and the doubts of the Crusaders melted like wax before the arguments of the young prince, and his cause seems to have been taken up by general consent. A few pilgrims of note indeed left the expedition and attempted to find another way to the Holy Land, but it was with very slightly diminished numbers that the expedition set sail in April, 1203, for Constantinople. Zara celebrated their departure by an immediate rising, once more asserting its independence, and necessitating a new expedition sent by Renier Dandolo, the doge's son and deputy, to do all the work of subjugation over again. But that was an occurrence of every day.

The Crusaders went to Corfu first, where they were received with acclamation, the islanders offering at once their homage to Alexius; and lingered thereabouts until the eve of Pentecost, when they set sail directly for Constantinople. Over these summer seas the crowd of ships made their way with ensigns

waving and lances glittering in the sun, like an army afloat, as indeed they were, making the air resound with their trumpets and warlike songs. The lovely islands, the tranquil waters, the golden shores, filled these northmen with enthusiasm — nothing so beautiful, so luxuriant, so wealthy and fair, had ever been seen. Where was the coward who would not dare to strike a blow for such a land? The islands, as they passed, received Alexius with joy; all was festal and splendid in the advance. It was the 24th of June, the full glory of midsummer, when the fleet passed close under the walls of Constantinople. We need not enter into a detailed description of the siege. The Venetians would seem to have carried off the honors of the day. The French soldiers having failed in their first assault by land, the Venetians, linking a number of galleys together by ropes, ran them ashore, and seemed to have gained possession, almost without pausing to draw breath, of a portion of the city. We will quote from Gibbon, whose classical splendor of style is so different from the graphic simplicity of our chroniclers, a description of this extraordinary attack. He is not a historian generally favorable to the Venetians, so that his testimony may be taken as an impartial one.

On the side of the harbor the attack was more successfully conducted by the Venetians; and that industrious people employed every resource that was known and practiced before the invention of gunpowder. A double line, three bowshots in front, was formed by the galleys and ships; and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks and poops and turrets were the platforms of military engines that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leaped from the galleys on shore immediately planted and ascended their scaling ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from their masts to the rampart. In the midst of the conflict the doge's venerable and conspicuous form stood aloft in complete armor on the prow of his galley. The great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him; his threats, promises, and exhortations urged the diligence of the rowers; his vessel was the first that struck; and Dandolo was the first warrior on shore. The nations admired the magnanimity of the blind old man, without reflecting that his age and infirmities diminished the price of life and enhanced the value of immortal glory. On a sudden, by an invisible hand (for the standard bearer was probably slain), the banner of the republic was fixed on the rampart, twenty-five towers

were rapidly occupied, and, by the cruel expedient of fire, the Greeks were driven from the adjacent quarter.

A finer battle picture than this—of the galleys fiercely driven inshore, the aged prince high on the prow, the Venetians rushing on the dizzy bridge from the rigging to the ramparts, and suddenly, miraculously, the lion of St. Mark unfolding in the darkened air full of smoke and fire, and bristling showers of arrows—could scarcely be. The chroniclers of Venice say nothing of it all. For once they fail to see the pictorial effect, the force of the dramatic situation. Andrea Dandolo's moderate description of his ancestor's great deed is all we have to replace the glowing narrative in which the Venetians have recorded other facts in their history. "While they [the French] were," he says, "pressed hard, on account of their small numbers, the doge with the Venetians burst into the city, and he, though old and infirm of vision, yet being brave and eager of spirit, joined himself to the French warriors, and all of them together, fighting with great bravery, their strength reviving and their courage rising, forced the enemy to retire, and at last, the Greeks yielding on every side, the city was taken."

The results of the victory were decisive, if not lasting. The old blind emperor Isaac was taken from his dungeon—his usurping brother having fled—and replaced upon his throne; and the young wanderer Alexius, the favorite and plaything of the crusading nobles, the *fanciullo*, as the Venetians persist in calling him, was crowned in St. Sophia as his father's coadjutor with great pomp and rejoicing. But this moment of glory was short-lived. As soon as the work was done, when there began to be talk of the payment, and of all the wonderful things which had been promised, these brilliant skies were clouded over. It appeared that Alexius had neither authority to make such promises nor any power of fulfilling them. Not even the money could be paid without provoking new rebellions; and as for placing the Greek Church under the power of Rome, that was more than any emperor could do. Nor was this all; for it very soon appeared that the throne set up by foreign arms was anything but secure. The Crusaders, who had intended to push on at once to their destination, the Holy Land, were again arrested, partly by a desire to secure the recompense promised for their exertions, partly because the young prince, whom his own countrymen disliked for his close alliance with

the strangers, implored them to remain till his throne should be more firmly established. But that throne was not worth a year's purchase to its young and unfortunate tenant. Notwithstanding the great camp of the invaders at Galata, and the Venetian galleys in the Bosphorus, another sudden revolution undid everything that had been done. The first assault had been made in June, 1203. So early as March of the next year, the barons and the doge were taking grim counsel together as to what was to be done with the spoil—such spoil as was not to be found in any town in Europe—when they should have seized the city, in which young Alexius lay murdered, and his old father dead of misery and grief.

The second siege was longer and more difficult than the first, for the new emperor, Marzoufle, he of the shaggy eyebrows, was bolder and more determined than the former usurper. But at last the unhappy city was taken, and sacked with every circumstance of horror that belongs to such an event. The chivalrous Crusaders, the brave Venetians, the best men of their age, either did not think it necessary, or were unable to restrain the lowest instincts of an excited army. And what was terrible everywhere was worse in Constantinople, the richest of all existing cities, full of everything that was most exquisite in art and able in invention. "The Venetians only, who were of gentler soul," says Romanin, "took thought for the preservation of those marvelous works of human genius, transporting them afterward to Venice, as they did the four famous horses which now stand on the façade of the great Basilica, along with many columns, jewels, and precious stones, with which they decorated the *Pala d'oro* and the treasury of San Marco." This proof of gentler soul was equally demonstrated by Napoleon when he carried off those same bronze horses to Paris in the beginning of the century, but it was not appreciated either by Italy or the world. Altogether this chapter in the history of the Venetian armaments, as in that of the Crusaders and Western Christendom in general, is a terrible and painful one. The pilgrims had got into a false and miserable vortex, from which they could not clear their feet. All that followed is like some feverish and horrible dream, through which the wild attempts to bring some kind of order, and to establish a new rule, and to convince themselves that they were doing right and not wrong, make the ruinous complications only more apparent. During the whole period of their lingering, of their besieging, of their

elections of Latin emperors and archbishops, — futile and short-lived attempts to make something of their conquest, — letters from Pope Innocent were raining upon them, full of indignant remonstrances, appeals, and reproaches; and little groups of knights were wandering off toward their proper destination sick at heart, while the rest appointed themselves lords and suzerains, marshals and constables, of a country which they neither understood nor could rule.

In less than a year there followed the disastrous defeat of Adrianople, in which the ranks of the Crusaders were broken, and the unfortunate newly elected emperor, Baldwin, disappeared, and was heard of no more. The old doge, Enrico Dandolo, died shortly after, having both in success and defeat performed prodigies of valor, which his great age (ninety-seven, according to the chroniclers) makes almost incredible, and keeping to the last a keen eye upon the interests of Venice, which alone were forwarded by all that had happened. But he never saw Venice again. He died in June, 1205, — two years after the first attack upon Constantinople, three years after his departure from Venice, — and was buried in St. Sophia. Notwithstanding the royal honors that we are told attended his funeral, one cannot but feel that the dim eyes of the old warrior must have turned with longing to the rest that ought to have been his in his own San Marco, and that there must have echoed in his aged heart something of a pang that went through that of a later pilgrim whose last fear it was that he should lay his bones far from the Tweed.



## DIES IRÆ.

(Hymn by St. Thomas of Celano, about 1230.)

DIES iræ, dies illa!  
Solvat sæclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando iudex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur  
In quo totum continetur  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:  
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus:  
Redemisti, crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus:  
Culpa rubet voltus meus:  
Supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne:  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis;  
Cor contritum quasi cinis:  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus:  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

PI. JEQU, Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.  
Amen.

## VERSION BY CHARLES W. STONE.

Day of wrath, behold that day!  
Time shall float in flame away;  
Pagan seers with David say.

Ah what quaking fear shall be,  
Ere the Earth her Lord shall see  
Searching all with stern decree.

Blazing trumpet's awful tone  
O'er the tombs of ages blown  
All shall call before the throne.

Death and Nature gaze aghast,  
While the rising soul at last  
Meets its Lord to own the past.

Scroll with fateful writing fraught,  
Forth in final judgment brought,  
All shall show that Earth hath wrought.

Throned on high he waits; and lo,  
All that darkling lies shall show:  
Naught without avenge can go.

There what word my woe can plead ?  
Who my prayer for aid can heed,  
While the just are sore in need ?

Awful, all majestic King,  
Who thine own to grace wilt bring,  
Lead me nigh that saving spring.

Jesu sweet ; recall, I pray,  
'Twas for me thou trod'st thy way :  
Lose me ne'er from thee that day.

Weary thou for me hast lain  
'Neath that saving cross of pain :  
May such anguish be not vain.

Lord of vengeance, stern and just,  
Grant the pardoning grace we trust,  
Ere the day that calls our dust.

Loud I cry in guilt's despair :  
Flushing shame my features wear :  
Thou, O Lord, thy suppliant spare.

Thou that madest Mary free,  
Thou that heard'st the robber's plea,  
Gavest hope for even me.

For some worthy prayer I yearn :  
Still in mercy do not spurn :  
May I not forever burn.

Where thy sheep go, turn my way :  
Drive me ne'er with goats astray :  
Nigh thy right hand make me stay.

Ere the accursed their fate shall know,  
Doomed to burn in flames of woe,  
Call me where thy sainted go.

Lowly, suppliant, I bend ;  
Contrite heart as sackcloth rend :  
Take compassion o'er my end.

Day of weeping, oh that day,  
When from ashes floats away  
Man of guilt to meet the rod :  
Spare him then, O thou our God !



Thou, Lord Jesu blest,  
Grant to them thy rest.  
Amen.

VERSION BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

Day of wrath! the day that endeth  
Time, the world ablaze, impendeth!  
So old prophecy portendeth.

II.

What the trembling consternation  
When the Judge of all creation  
Comes for strict investigation!

III.

Lo! the startling trumpet swelling,  
Through the graves its blast impelling,  
Man before the throne is knelling!

IV.

Struck aghast both Death and Nature,  
When upcometh every creature  
To the dreaded judicature.

V.

Bringing forth the Book indited,  
All the world's misdeeds recited  
Will in judgment be required.

VI.

When the Judge his seat assumeth,  
What is hidden He untombeth;  
None escape whom justice doometh.

VII.

Woe is me! what exculpation?  
Who can proffer mediation,  
Since the just scarce find salvation?

VIII.

King of majesty astounding!  
With thy grace thine own surrounding,  
Save me, Fount of love abounding!

## IX.

Holy Lord! recall thy yearning,  
E'en when I thy ways was spurning;  
Keep me on that day of burning!

## X.

Waiting, weary, me thou soughtest;  
On the cross my soul thou boughtest;  
Not in vain be work thou wroughtest!

## XI.

Judge avenging! with contrition  
I entreat thy full remission  
Ere that day of inquisition!

## XII.

Wailing, as one self-accusing,  
Guilt my crimsoned face suffusing,  
Spare me, Lord! of thy good choosing.

## XIII.

Mary was by thee forgiven,  
And by thee the thief was shriven;  
Let not hope from me be driven.

## XIV.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,  
Yet, thy grace benign extending,  
Save me from the fires unending!

## XV.

With thy sheep infold me ever  
At thy right hand, wandering never;  
From the goats my portion sever.

## XVI.

When the wicked, self-confounded,  
Are by angry flames surrounded,  
Be my name with blessing sounded.

## XVII.

Prostrate, for thy mercy crying,  
Heart as if in ashes lying,  
Care for me when I am dying.

On that tearful day of terror,  
At the fiery resurrection,  
Judging man for sinful error,  
God, grant this one thy protection!

O kind Jesus, Lord and Savior,  
Give to them thy restful favor!  
Amen.



**"ART THOU WEARY?"**

(By St. Stephen the Sabaite: translated by J. M. Neale.)

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide?  
"In his feet and hands are wound prints,  
And his side."

Hath he diadem, as monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is he sure to bless ?  
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, Yes."



## THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

[JOHN MASON NEALE, an English theologian and hymnologist, was born in London, January 24, 1818; died at East Grimstead, August 6, 1886. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he took orders in the Church of England, became incumbent of Crawley, and warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead. He belonged to the most advanced section of the High Church party, and was the founder of the well-known sisterhood of St. Margaret. His works, nearly seventy in all, include: "History of the Holy Eastern Church," "Mediæval Preachers," and several collections of hymns, original and adapted, among them being the famous "Jerusalem the Golden," based on a portion of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi."]

[BERNARD OF CLUNY was born of English parents at Morlaix, Brittany, about 1140. He was a monk at Cluny, and author of a poem, in three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi" (On the Contempt of World). Portions of the work were translated by John Mason Neale, the hymns "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The World is Very Evil" especially becoming very popular.]

THE world is very evil;  
 The times are waxing late:  
 Be sober and keep vigil;  
 The Judge is at the gate:  
 The Judge that comes in mercy,  
 The Judge that comes with might,  
 To terminate the evil,  
 To diadem the right.  
 When the just and gentle Monarch  
 Shall summon from the tomb,  
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
 For Man, the God, shall doom.  
 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
 Let right to wrong succeed;  
 Let penitential sorrow  
 To heavenly gladness lead;  
 To the light that hath no evening,  
 That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
 The light that is but one.

And when the Sole Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the Father,  
Whose own it was before, —  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee;  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite:  
The Home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the Saints around:  
The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolable, unvaried.  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace! for war is needless, —  
Yes, calm! for storm is past, —  
And goal from finished labor,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace — but who may claim it!  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say:  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be too for earth:  
The palace that reëchoes  
With festal song and mirth;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high;  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.  
There nothing can be feeble,

There none can ever mourn,  
There nothing is divided,  
There nothing can be torn :  
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
'Tis peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
The halls of Syon know.  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest ;  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distress !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till Jesus gives the portion  
Those blessed souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
The full, yet craving still.  
That fullness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shall gain.  
Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great ;  
So glorious in its fullness,  
Yet so inviolate :  
And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fallen from them that stand,  
And the sheep flock from the goat herd  
Shall part on either hand :  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall pass to rest ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
The fullness of the Blest.  
Jerusalem demands them :  
They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest  
In blissfulness and mirth :  
The glorious holy people,  
Who evermore relied

Upon their Chief and Father,  
The King, the Crucified :  
The sacred ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sheen,  
Who made the Cross their watchword  
Of Jesus Nazarene :  
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
Where soul-like odors play,  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long vernal day :  
While through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,  
The happy dear bought nations  
Go wandering far and wide.  
Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
What time, now safe forever,  
On former sins they gaze :  
The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
The ampler are the praises  
Of Him who pardoned all.  
Their one and only anthem,  
The fullness of His love,  
Who gives, instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :  
Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death, that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
That life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is There.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place:  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground:  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin souls abound.  
Their grief is turned to pleasure;  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know.  
And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown:  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope:  
But He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay:  
The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away:  
And none shall there be jealous,  
And none shall there contend:  
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I? —  
All ill, all ill shall end!  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow:  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,  
There Jesus be embraced, —



That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence meaner love is chased.  
Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall show Him us; and showing,  
Shall satiate evermo.  
By hope we struggle onward  
While here we must be fed  
With milk, as tender infants,  
But there with Living Bread.  
The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness :  
The Cross becomes our harbor,  
And we triumph after sadness :  
And Jesus to His true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see :  
And Jesus shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee :  
Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay ;  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
And every ear shall hear it ;—  
Behold thy King's array ;  
Behold thy God in beauty ;  
The Law hath past away !  
Yes ! God my King and portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see forever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel  
Forever shall be changed :  
Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete ;  
And in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country ;  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep :  
The mention of Thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O only Mansion!  
O Paradise of Joy!  
Where tears are ever banished  
And smiles have no alloy:  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall:  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays:  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethysts unpriced:  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner stone is Christ.  
The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise:  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise:  
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty;  
True God and Man, they sing:  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring;  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of His Court:  
The Daystar of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower:  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower:  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile:  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl, thine own;  
The Lamb is ever near thee,

The Bridegroom thine alone :  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion,  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not :  
And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit, —  
The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed :  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory.  
What light beyond compare !  
And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints,  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.  
They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them ;  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the Blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.  
There is the Throne of David, —  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp notes  
Of that eternal hymn !

O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true, peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter, —  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of the Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect :  
Even now by faith I see thee :  
Even here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn :  
Jerusalem the only,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe ;  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.  
Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !

Whose everlasting music  
 Is the glorious decachord!  
 And there the band of Prophets  
 United praise ascribes,  
 And there the twelfefold chorus  
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes:  
 The lily beds of virgins,  
 The roses' martyr glow,  
 The cohort of the Fathers  
 Who kept the faith below.  
 And there the Sole Begotten  
 Is Lord in regal state;  
 He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
 He, Lamb Immaculate.  
 O fields that know no sorrow!  
 O state that fears no strife!  
 O princely bowers! O land of flowers!  
 O Realm and Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting  
 On that securest shore,  
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
 And love thee evermore!  
 I ask not for my merit:  
 I seek not to deny  
 My merit is destruction,  
 A child of wrath am I:  
 But yet with Faith I venture  
 And Hope upon my way;  
 For those pereunial guerdons  
 I labor night and day.  
 The Best and Dearest Father  
 Who made me and Who saved,  
 Bore with me in defilement,  
 And from defilement laved:  
 When in His strength I struggle,  
 For very joy I leap;  
 When in my sin I totter,  
 I weep, or try to weep:  
 And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
 Shall all its love display,  
 And David's Royal Fountain  
 Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!  
 O lovelier far than gold!

With laurel-girt battalions,  
 And safe victorious fold:  
 O sweet and blessed Country,  
 Shall I ever see thy face?  
 O sweet and blessed Country,  
 Shall I ever win thy grace?  
 I have the hope within me  
 To comfort and to bless!  
 Shall I ever win the prize itself?  
 O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!  
 The Lord shall be thy part:  
 His only, His forever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!  
 Exult, O dust and ashes!  
 The Lord shall be thy part:  
 His only, His forever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art.



## VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.<sup>1</sup>

(A Lecture by Augustus Jessopp.)

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Few things have struck me more forcibly since I have cast in my lot among country people, than the strange ignorance which they exhibit of the *history of themselves*. I do not allude to those unpleasant secrets which we should be very sorry indeed for our next-door neighbors to be acquainted with, nor to any such matters as our experience or memories of actual facts could bring to our minds; I mean something very much more than that. Men and women are not only the beings they appear to be at any one moment of their lives, they are not single separate

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author and T. Fisher Unwin.

atoms like grains of sand. Rather they are like branches or leaves of some great tree, from which they have sprung and on which they have grown, whose life in the past has come at last to them in the present, and without whose deep anchorage in the soil, and its ages of vigor and vitality, not a bud or a spray that is so fresh and healthful now would have had any existence.

Consider for a moment — Who are we, and what do we mean by *Ourselves*? When I meet a ragged, shuffling tramp on the road (and I meet a good many of them in my lonely walks) I often find myself asking the question, "How did that shambling vagabond come to his present condition? Did his father turn him out of doors? Did his mother drink? Did he learn nothing but lying and swearing and thieving when he was a child? Was his grandfather hanged for some crime, or was his great-grandfather a ruffian killed in a fight?" And I say to myself, "Though I do not know the truth, yet I am sure that man was helped towards his vagabondism, helped to become an outcast as he is, by the neglect or the wickedness, the crimes or the bad example, of his fathers and forefathers on one side or the other; for if he had come of decent people on both sides, people who had been honestly and soberly brought up themselves, as they tried to bring up their children, yonder dirty tramp would not and could not have sunk to his present self, for we and ourselves are what we come to, partly by our own sins and vices, but partly (and much more than some like to believe) by the sins, negligences, and ignorances of those whose blood is in our veins."

My friends, it surely must be worth our while to know much more than most of us do know about *Ourselves*. . . .

Six hundred years ago all the land in England was supposed to belong to the king in the first instance. The king had in former times parceled it out into tracts of country, some large and some small, and made over these tracts to his great lords, or barons, as they were called. The barons were supposed to hold these tracts, called fiefs, as *tenants* of the king, and in return they were expected to make an acknowledgment to the king in the shape of some *service*, which, though it was not originally a money payment, yet became so eventually, and was always a substantial charge upon the land. These fiefs were often made up of estates in many different shires; and, because it was impossible for the barons to cultivate all their estates themselves, they let them out to *subtenants*, who in their turn

were bound to render services to the lord of the fief. These subtenants were the great men in the several parishes, and became the actual lords of the manors, residing upon the manors, and having each, on their several manors, very large powers for good or evil over the tillers of the soil.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb. But his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. This was called the *rent*, but it is a very great mistake indeed to represent this as the same thing which we mean by rent nowadays. It really was almost identical with what we now call in the case of house property, "ground rent," and bore no proportion to the value of the produce that might be raised from the soil which the tenant held. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder. His holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own—subject, of course, to the payment of the ground rent. But if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege. If he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor, who then, but only then, could raise the ground rent if he pleased, though he rarely did so. So much for the free tenants.

Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plow the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villén or native. Once a villén, always a villén. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it off. Nay, they might



not even go away from the manor to which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be ever so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor. (I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the "Abbrev. Placit.," p. 316 (6<sup>o</sup>. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the Manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich—the city being about four miles from Cossey.) Yes, there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of freeman.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it, and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. (N.B. — A man could not buy his own freedom.) That sounds a ridiculously small sum, but I feel pretty sure that six hundred years ago twenty marks would be almost as difficult for a penniless young chaplain to get together as £500 for a penniless young curate to amass now. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but, less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his

liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham, and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, Knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write, for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago, but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his *seal*, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was High Sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on January 25th of that year, before one of the Judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered when I began to speak of the free tenants and the "villeins." William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the Manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jeal-

ously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights.

Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence—yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the Pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the Pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John* de Ferentino, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich; he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the Pope tried to make *him* bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments.

Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another Archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his

wife's kindred. Be that as it may, John de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the King's Court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the Pope, and not to the King of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Roughton, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made his neighbors open their eyes. They gave the young fellow the name he is known by in the charters, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romayn, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and, though Peter Romayn was not priest or deacon, he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way — he might never marry.

It was a hard case for a young man who had taken to the clerical profession without taking to the clerical life, and all the harder because there were old men living whose fathers or grandfathers had known the days when even a Bishop of Norwich was married, and who could tell of many an old country clergyman who had had his wife and children in the parsonage. But now — just six hundred years ago — if a young fellow had once been admitted a member of the clerical body, he was no longer under the protection of the laws of the realm, nor bound by them, but he was under the dominion of another law, commonly known as the Canon Law, which the Pope of Rome had succeeded in imposing upon the clergy; and in accordance with that law, if he took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken literally; and

this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the Canon Law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the Canon Law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he were, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romayn was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of Canon Law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romayn and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in

Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.

Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham—the house in which she lives and all that it contains—lands and ground rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. Did she retire from the world, and find refuge in a nunnery? Did she go away to some other home? Who knows? And what of Peter the Roman? I know little of him, but I suspect the pressure put upon the poor man was too strong for him, and I suspect that somehow, and, let us hope, with much anguish and bitterness of heart—but yet somehow, he was compelled to repudiate the poor woman to whom there is evidence to show he was true and stanch as long as it was possible—and when it was no longer possible I *think* he too turned his back upon the Rougham home, and was presented by the Prior of Westacre Monastery to the Rectory of Bodney at the other end of the county, where, let us hope, he died in peace.

It is a curious fact that Peter Romain was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married. As for Peter Romain, I believe he was an honorable man according to his light, and as far as any men were honorable in those rough days. But for the other. I do not feel so sure about him.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were Peter Romain and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin Charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on September 24, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve.

When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsoford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants in more ways than one.

Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory house and some acres of glebe land—how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed—that would lead me a great deal too far—but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together, but little more.

John of Thyrsoford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on October 10, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice—if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by and by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband, the vicar, lived on too—on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romain and John of Thyrsoford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergyman; but there were hosts of men six

hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes ; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands.

Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England, the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty. (In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London.) It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community.

The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked those who had learnt that the Gospel taught such virtues as mercy and long-suffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor ; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great



extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised.

A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more*: he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member of that class; and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to a life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now,—clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the lookout for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood,—or the rectors and vicars, who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. Five of them were chaplains, two were merely *clerics*. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham Charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be

putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago.

How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances, or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration, and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work. Then, too, the smaller monasteries had one or more chaplains, and I suspect that the canons at Castle Acre always would keep two or three chaplains in their pay, and it is not unlikely that as long as Archdeacon Middleton kept on his big house at Rougham he would have a chaplain, who would be attached to the place, and bound to perform the service in the great man's chapel.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone; these were the Friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the Friars.

Six hundred years ago the Friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential Religionists in the country. The Friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and traveled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the Friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation

wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the Friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the Friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and a preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God. Never was there a time when the people needed more to be taught the very rudiments of morality. Never had there been a time when people cared less whether their acts and words were right or wrong, true or false. It had almost come to this, that what a man thought would be to his profit, that was good; what would entail upon him a loss, that was evil.

And this brings me to another point, viz. the lawlessness and crime in country villages six hundred years ago. But before I can speak on that subject it is necessary that I should first try to give you some idea of the everyday life of your forefathers. What did they eat and drink? what did they wear? what did they do from day to day? Were they happy? content? prosperous? or was their lot a hard and bitter one? For according to the answer we get to questions such as these, so shall we be the better prepared to expect the people to have been peaceable citizens, or sullen, miserable, and dangerous ruffians, goaded to frequent outbursts of ferocious savagedom by hunger, oppression, hatred, and despair.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm buildings, dovecot,

and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of.

As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Usually, however, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes groveling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gypsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smoldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which few laboring men were masters of.

As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by

kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe leather. In the winter time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people. Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in *pans* near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm might become the property of another.

As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider. Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practice nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in

a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot. It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offenses punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures.

The method of cheating their customers by the beer sellers was, we are told, exactly the contrary plan followed by our modern publicans. Now, when a man gets into a warm corner at the pothouse, they tell me that John Barleycorn is apt to serve out more drink than is good for him ; but six hundred years ago the beer seller made his profit, or tried to make it, by giving his customer less than he asked for. Tobacco was quite unknown ; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of ; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire waters of our own time—the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief—were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls ; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never even tasted.

The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and

probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly.

As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk.

Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quitrent, or what I have called the ground rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham Charters of a man buying as much as eleven and one half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley. (In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance.) Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other bloodsuckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that

six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word — no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school — no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings? — what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. Starting with the squires, if I may use the term, and those well-to-do people who ought to have been among the most law-abiding members of the community — we find them setting an example of violence and rapacity, bad to read of. One of the most common causes of offense was when the lord of the manor attempted to invade the rights of the tenants of the manor by setting up a fold on the heath, or *Bruary* as it was called. What the lord was inclined to do, that the tenants would try to do also, as when in 1272 John de Swanton set up a fold in the common fields at Billingford; whereupon the other tenants pulled it down, and there was a serious disturbance, and the matter dragged on in the law courts for four years and more. Or as when the Prior of Wymondham impleads William de Calthorp for interfering with his foldage at Burnham, Calthorp replying that the Prior had no right to foldage, and that he (Calthorp) had the right to pull the fold down. In these cases, of course, there would be a general gathering and a riot, for every one's interest was at



stake ; but it was not only when some general grievance was felt that people in those days were ready for a row.

It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Clere, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber and *carrying it off*. There are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year, one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham ; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily ! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros ; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hauville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hauville, per-adventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory and

utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hauville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take their pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses, — such as simple theft, sheep stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons, — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary, eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, and the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; — the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of

the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwelling of the former class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham, — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you nothing of the amusements of the people in those days. I doubt whether they had any more amusement than the swine or the cows had. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and dig-

ging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even storybooks in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman, with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held periodically, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the Archdeacon and the Rural Dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly 602 years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and though I do not think he came near Rougham or Tittleshall, I think it not improbable that his coming may have had some influence in bringing about the separation between Peter Romain and Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsoford.

That year, 1280, or just 602 years ago, when Archbishop Peckham paid his visit to Norfolk, was a very disastrous year for the farmers. It was the beginning of a succession of bad seasons and floods even worse than any that we have known. The rain began on the 1st of August, and we are told that it continued to fall for twenty-four hours, and then came a mighty wind such as men had never known the like of; the waters were out, and there was a great flood, and houses and wind-

mills and bridges were swept away. Nay, we hear of a sad loss of life, and many poor people were drowned, and many lost their all,—flocks, and herds, and corn and hay being whelmed in the deluge. In November there was a frightful tempest, the lightning doing extensive damage; and just at Christmas time the frost set in with such severity as no man had known before. The river Thames was frozen over above London Bridge, so that men crossed it with horses and carts, and when the frost broke up on the 2d of February there was such an enormous accumulation of ice and snow that five of the arches of London Bridge blew up, and all over the country the same destruction of bridges was heard of.

Next year and the year after that, things went very badly with your forefathers, and one of the saddest stories that we get from a Norfolk chronicler who was alive at the time is one in which he tells us that, owing to the continuous rain during these three years, there was an utter failure in garden produce, as well as of the people's hope of harvest. The bad seasons seem to have gone on for six or seven years; but by far the worst calamity which Norfolk ever knew was the awful flood of 1287, when by an incursion of the sea a large district was laid under water, and hundreds of unfortunate creatures were drowned in the dead of the night, without warning. Here, on the higher level, people were comparatively out of harm's way, but it is impossible to imagine the distress and agony that there must have been in other parts of the county not twenty miles from where we are this evening.

After that dreadful year I think there was a change for the better, but it must have been a long time before the county recovered from the "agricultural distress"; and I strongly suspect that the cruel and wicked persecution of the Jews, and the canceling of all debts due to them by the landlords and the farmers, were in some measure owing to the general bankruptcy which the succession of bad seasons had brought about. Men found themselves hopelessly insolvent, and there was no other way of canceling their obligations than by getting rid of their creditors. So when the king announced that all the Jews should be transported out of the realm, you may be sure that there were very few Christians who were sorry for them. There had been a time when the children of Israel had spoiled the Egyptians—was it not fitting that another time should have come when the children of Israel should themselves be spoiled?

The year of the great flood was the frequent talk, of course, of all your forefathers who overlived it, and here in this neighborhood it must have acquired an additional interest from the fact that Bishop Middleton died the year after it, and his brothers then parted with their Rougham property.

Nor was this all, for Bishop Middleton's successor in the see of Norwich came from this immediate neighborhood also. This was Ralph Walpole, son of the lord of the manor of Houghton, in which parish the bishop himself had inherited a few acres of land. In less than forty years no less than three bishops had been born within five miles of where we are this evening: Roger de Wesenham, who became Bishop of Lichfield in 1245; William Middleton, who had just died; and Ralph Walpole, who succeeded him. There must have been much stir in these parts when the news was known. The old people would tell how they had seen "young master Ralph" many a time when he was a boy scampering over Massingham Heath, or coming to pay his respects to the Archdeacon at the Lyng House, or talking of foreign parts with old James de Ferentino or Peter Romain. Now he had grown to be a very big man indeed, and there were many eyes watching him on both sides of the water. He had a very difficult game to play during the eleven years he was Bishop of Norwich, for the king was dreadfully in need of money, and, being desperate, he resorted to outrageous methods of squeezing it from those whom he could frighten and force, and the time came at last when the bishops and the clergy had to put a bold face on and to resist the tyranny and lawless rapacity of the sovereign.

And this reminds me that though archdeacons, and bishops, and even an archbishop, in those days might be and were very important and very powerful personages, they were all very small and insignificant in comparison with the great King Edward, the king who at this time was looked upon as one of the most mighty and magnificent kings in all the world. He, too, paid many a visit to Norfolk six hundred years ago. He kept his Christmas at Burgh in 1280, and in 1284 he came down with the good Queen Eleanor and spent the whole of Lent in the county; and next year, again, they were in your immediate neighborhood, making a pilgrimage to Walsingham. A few years after this he seems to have spent a week or two within five miles of where we are; he came to Castle Acre, and there he stayed at the great priory whose ruins you all know well.

There a very stirring interview took place between the king and Bishop Walpole, and a number of other bishops, and great persons who had come down as a deputation to expostulate with the king and respectfully to protest against the way in which he was robbing his subjects, and especially the clergy, whom he had been for years plundering in the most outrageous manner. The king gave the deputation no smooth words to carry away, but he sent them off with threatening frowns and insults and in hot anger. Some days after this he was at Massingham, and one of his letters has been preserved, dated from Massingham, 30th of January, 1296, so that it is almost certain the great king passed one night there at least. It is a little difficult to understand what the king was doing at Massingham, for there was no great man living there, and no great mansion. Sometimes I have thought that the king rode out from Castle Acre to see what state the Walpoles of those times were keeping up at Houghton. Had not that audacious Bishop Walpole dared to speak plainly to his Grace the week before? But the more probable explanation is that the king went to Massingham to visit a small religious house or monastery which had been recently founded there. I suspect it had already got into debt and was in difficulties, and it is possible that the king's visit was made in the interest of the foundation. At any rate, there the king stayed; but though he was in Norfolk more than once after this, he never was so near you again, and that visit was one which your forefathers were sure to talk about to the end of their lives.

And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all, these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs. Now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are. Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.



## THE EMPEROR FREDERICK THE SECOND.<sup>1</sup>

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks—as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states—was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.



mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a "History of Architecture" (1849); his next a series of lectures on the "History and Conquests of the Saracens" (1856). The chief of his many other works are the unfinished "History of Federal Government" (1863); his masterpiece, the "History of the Norman Conquest" (1867-1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; "Historical Geography of Europe," "General Sketch of European History," and several others in this line; "Comparative Politics"; the "Continuity of History"; four volumes of "Historical Essays"; "Methods of Historical Study", lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a "History of Sicily" intended to fill fourteen (1891-1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

*Stupor mundi Fredericus* - Frederick the Wonder of the World — is the name by which the English historian Matthew Paris more than once speaks of the Emperor who drew on him the eyes of all men during the greater part of the former half of the thirteenth century, and whose name has ever since lived in history as that of the most wonderful man in a most wonderful age. We do not say the greatest, still less the best, man of his time, but, as Matthew Paris calls him, the most wonderful man; the man whose character and actions shone out most distinctively, the man whose personality was most marked; the man, in short, who was in all things the most unlike to all the other men who were about him.

It is probable that there never lived a human being endowed with greater natural gifts, or whose natural gifts were, according to the means afforded him by his age, more sedulously cultivated, than the last Emperor of the house of Swabia. There seems to be no aspect of human nature which was not developed to the highest degree in his person. In versatility of gifts, in what we may call many-sidedness of character, he appears as a sort of mediæval Alcibiades, while he was undoubtedly far removed from Alcibiades' utter lack of principle or steadiness of any kind. Warrior, statesman, lawgiver, scholar, there was nothing in the compass of the political or intellectual world of his age which he failed to grasp. In an age of change, when, in every corner of Europe and civilized Asia, old kingdoms, nations, systems, were falling and new ones rising, Frederick was emphatically the man of change, the author of things new and unheard of — he was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*. A suspected heretic, a suspected Mahometan, he was the object of all kinds of absurd and self-contradictory charges;

but the charges mark real features in the character of the man. He was something unlike any other Emperor or any other man ; whatever professions of orthodoxy he might make, men felt instinctively that his belief and his practice were not the same as the belief and the practice of other Christian men. There can be no doubt that he had wholly freed his mind from the trammels of his own time, and that he had theories and designs which, to most of his contemporaries, would have seemed monstrous, unintelligible, impossible.

Frederick in short was, in some obvious respects, a man of the same stamp as those who influence their own age and the ages which come after them, the men who, if their lot is cast in one walk, found sects, and if it is cast in another, found empires. Of all men, Frederick the Second might have been expected to be the founder of something, the beginner of some new era, political or intellectual. He was a man to whom some great institution might well have looked back as its creator, to whom some large body of men, some sect or party or nation, might well have looked back as their prophet or founder or deliverer. But the most gifted of the sons of men has left behind him no such memory, while men whose gifts cannot bear a comparison with his are revered as founders by grateful nations, churches, political and philosophical parties. Frederick in fact founded nothing, and he sowed the seeds of the destruction of many things. His great charters to the spiritual and temporal princes of Germany dealt the deathblow to the Imperial power, while he, to say the least, looked coldly on the rising power of the cities and on those commercial leagues which were in his time the best element of German political life.

In fact, in whatever aspect we look at Frederick the Second, we find him, not the first, but the last, of every series to which he belongs. An English writer, two hundred years after his time, had the penetration to see that he was really the last Emperor. (Capgrave, in his Chronicle, dates by Emperors down to Frederick, and then adds: "Fro this tyme forward oure annotacion schal be aftir the regne of the Kyngis of Ynglond ; *for the Empire, in maner, sesed here.*") He was the last prince in whose style the Imperial titles do not seem a mockery ; he was the last under whose rule the three Imperial kingdoms retained any practical connection with one another and with the ancient capital of all. Frederick, who sent his trophies to Rome to be guarded by his own subjects in his own city, was

a Roman Cæsar in a sense in which no other Emperor was after him. And he was not only the last Emperor of the whole Empire: he might almost be called the last king of its several kingdoms. After his time Burgundy vanishes as a kingdom; there is hardly an event to remind us of its existence except the fancy of Charles the Fourth, of all possible Emperors, to go and take the Burgundian crown at Arles. Italy too, after Frederick, vanishes as a kingdom; any later exercise of the royal authority in Italy was something which came and went wholly by fits and starts. Later Emperors were crowned at Milan, but none after Frederick was King of Italy in the same real and effective sense that he was. Germany did not utterly vanish, or utterly split in pieces, like the sister kingdoms; but after Frederick came the Great Interregnum, and after the Great Interregnum the royal power in Germany never was what it had been before. In his hereditary kingdom of Sicily he was not absolutely the last of his dynasty, for his son Manfred ruled prosperously and gloriously for some years after his death. But it is none the less clear that from Frederick's time the Sicilian kingdom was doomed: it was marked out to be, what it has been ever since, divided, reunited, divided again, tossed to and fro between one foreign sovereign and another. Still more conspicuously than all was Frederick the last Christian King of Jerusalem, the last baptized man who really ruled the Holy Land or wore a crown in the Holy City. And yet, strangely enough, it was at Jerusalem, if anywhere, that Frederick might claim in some measure the honors of a founder. If he was the last more than nominal King of Jerusalem, he was also, after a considerable interval, the first; he recovered the kingdom by his own address, and, if he lost it, its loss was, of all the misfortunes of his reign, that which could be with the least justice attributed to him as a fault.

In the world of elegant letters Frederick has some claim to be looked on as the founder of that modern Italian language and literature which first assumed a distinctive shape at his Sicilian court. But in the wider field of political history Frederick appears nowhere as a creator, but rather everywhere as an involuntary destroyer. He is in everything the last of his own class, and he is not the last in the same sense as princes who perish along with their realms in domestic revolutions or on the field of battle. If we call him the last Emperor of the West, it is in quite another sense from that in which Constan-

tine Palaiologos was the last Emperor of the East. Under Frederick the Empire and everything connected with it seems to crumble and decay while preserving its external splendor. As soon as its brilliant possessor is gone, it at once falls asunder. It is a significant fact that one who in mere genius, in mere accomplishments, was surely the greatest prince who ever wore a crown, a prince who held the greatest place on earth, and who was concerned during a long reign in some of the greatest transactions of one of the greatest ages, seems never, even from his own flatterers, to have received that title of *Great* which has been so lavishly bestowed on far smaller men. The world instinctively felt that Frederick, by nature the more than peer of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Charles, had left behind him no such creation as they left, and had not influenced the world as they had influenced it. He was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*, but the name of *Fredericus Magnus* was kept in store for a prince of quite another age and house, who, whatever else we say of him, at least showed that he had learned the art of Themistocles, and knew how to change a small state into a great one.

Many causes combined to produce this singular result, that a man of the extraordinary genius of Frederick, a man possessed of every advantage of birth, office, and opportunity, should have had so little direct effect upon the world. It is not enough to attribute his failure to the many and great faults of his moral character. Doubtless they were one cause among others. But a man who influences future ages is not necessarily a good man. No man ever had a more direct influence on the future history of the world than Lucius Cornelius Sulla. The man who crushed Rome's last rival, who saved Rome in her last hour of peril, who made her indisputably and forever the head of Italy, did a work greater than the work of Caesar. Yet the name of Sulla is one at which we almost instinctively shudder. So the faults and crimes of Frederick, his irreligion, his private licentiousness, his barbarous cruelty, would not of themselves be enough to hinder him from leaving his stamp upon his age in the way that other ages have been marked by the influence of men certainly not worse than he. Still, to exercise any great and lasting influence on the world, a man must be, if not virtuous, at least capable of objects and efforts which have something in common with virtue. Sulla stuck at no crime which could serve his country or his party,

but it was for his country and his party, not for purely selfish ends, that he labored and that he sinned. Thorough devotion to any cause has in it something of self-sacrifice, something which, if not purely virtuous, is not without an element akin to virtue. Very bad men have achieved very great works, but they have commonly achieved them through those features in their character which made the nearest approach to goodness.

The weak side in the brilliant career of Frederick is one which seems to have been partly inherent in his character, and partly the result of the circumstances in which he found himself. Capable of every part, and in fact playing every part by turns, he had no single definite object, pursued honestly and steadfastly throughout his whole life. With all his powers, with all his brilliancy, his course throughout life seems to have been in a manner determined for him by others. He was ever drifting into wars, into schemes of policy, which seem to be hardly ever of his own choosing. He was the mightiest and most dangerous adversary that the Papacy ever had. But he does not seem to have withstood the Papacy from any personal choice, or as the voluntary champion of any opposing principle. He became the enemy of the Papacy, he planned schemes which involved the utter overthrow of the Papacy, yet he did so simply because he found that no Pope would ever let him alone. It was perhaps an unerring instinct which hindered any Pope from ever letting him alone. Frederick, left alone to act according to his own schemes and inclinations, might very likely have done the Papacy more real mischief than he did when he was stirred up to open enmity. Still, as a matter of fact, his quarrels with the Popes were not of his own seeking; a sort of inevitable destiny led him into them, whether he wished for them or not.

Again, the most really successful feature in Frederick's career, his acquisition of Jerusalem, is not only a mere episode in his life, but it is something that was absolutely forced upon him against his will. The most successful of crusaders since Godfrey is the most utterly unlike any other crusader. With other crusaders the Holy War was, in some cases, the main business of their lives; in all cases, it was something seriously undertaken as a matter either of policy or of religious duty. But the crusade of the man who actually did recover the Holy City is simply a grotesque episode in his life. Excommunicated for not going, excommunicated again for going, excommunicated again for coming back, threatened on every side, he still

went, and he succeeded. What others had failed to win by arms, he contrived to win by address, and all that came of his success was that it was made the ground of fresh accusations against him. For years the cry for the recovery of Jerusalem had been sounding through Christendom; at last Jerusalem was recovered, and its recoverer was at once cursed for accomplishing the most fervent wishes of so many thousands of the faithful.

The excommunicated king, whom no churchman would crown, whose name was hardly allowed to be uttered in his own army, kept his dominions in spite of all opposition. He was hindered from the further consolidation and extension of his Eastern kingdom only by a storm stirred up in his hereditary states by those who were most bound to show towards him something more than common international honesty. Whatever were the feelings and circumstances under which he had acted, Frederick was in fact the triumphant champion of Christendom, and his reward was fresh denunciations on the part of the spiritual chief of Christendom. The elder Frederick, Philip of France, Richard of England, Saint Lewis, Edward the First, were crusaders from piety, from policy, or from fashion; Frederick the Second was a crusader simply because he could not help being one, and yet he did what they all failed to do.

So again in his dealings with both the German and the Italian states, it is impossible to set him down either as a consistent friend or a consistent enemy of the great political movements of the age. He issues charters of privileges to this or that commonwealth, he issues charters restraining the freedom of commonwealths in general, simply as suits the policy of the time. In his dealings with the Popes, perhaps in his dealings with the cities also, Frederick was certainly more sinned against than sinning. But a man whose genius and brilliancy and vigor shine out in every single action of his life, but in the general course of his actions no one ruling principle can be discerned, who is as it were tossed to and fro by circumstances and by the actions of others, is either very unfortunate in the position in which he finds himself, or else, with all his genius, he must lack some of the qualities without which genius is comparatively useless.

In the case of Frederick probably both causes were true. For a man to influence his age, he must in some sort belong to his age. He should be above it, before it, but he should not be foreign to it. He may condemn, he may try to change, the opinions and feelings of the men around him; but he must at

least understand and enter into those opinions and feelings. But Frederick belongs to no age; intellectually he is above his own age, above every age; morally it can hardly be denied that he was below his age; but in nothing was he of his age. In many incidental details his career is a repetition of that of his grandfather. Like him he struggles against Popes, he struggles against a league of cities, he wears the Cross in warfare against the Infidel. But in character, in aim, in object, grandfather and grandson are the exact opposite to each other. Frederick Barbarossa was simply the model of the man, the German, the Emperor, of the twelfth century. All the faults and all the virtues of his age, his country, and his position received in him their fullest development. He was the ordinary man of his time, following the objects which an ordinary man of his time and in his position could not fail to follow. He exhibited the ordinary character of his time in its very noblest shape; but it was still only the ordinary character of his time. His whole career was simply typical of his age, and in no way personal to himself; every action and every event of his life could be understood by every contemporary human being, friend or enemy. But his grandson, emphatically *stupor mundi*, commanded the wonder, perhaps the admiration, of an age which could not understand him. He gathered indeed around him a small band of devoted adherents; but to the mass of his contemporaries he seemed like a being of another nature. He shared none of the feelings or prejudices of the time; alike in his intellectual greatness and in his moral abasement he had nothing in common with the ordinary man of the thirteenth century. The world probably contained no man, unless it were some solitary thinker here and there, whose mind was so completely set free, alike for good and for evil, from the ordinary trammels of the time. He appeared in the eyes of his own age as the enemy of all that it was taught to hold sacred, the friend of all that it was taught to shrink from and wage war against.

What Frederick's religious views really were is a problem hard indeed to solve; but to his own time he appeared as something far more than a merely political, or even than a doctrinal, opponent of the Papacy. Men were taught to believe that he was the enemy of the head of Christendom simply because he was the enemy of Christianity altogether. Again, the crimes and vices of Frederick were no greater than those of countless other

princes ; but there was no prince who trampled in the like sort upon all the moral notions of his own time. He contrived, by the circumstances of his vices, to outrage contemporary sentiment in a way in which his vices alone would not have outraged it. A man who thus showed no condescension to the feelings of his age, whether good or evil, could not directly influence that age. Some of his ideas and schemes may have been silently passed on to men of later times, in whose hands they were better able to bear fruit. He may have shaken old prejudices and old beliefs in a few minds of his own age ; he may even have been the fountain of a tradition which was powerfully to affect distant ages. In many things his ideas, his actions, forestalled events which were yet far remote. The events which he forestalled he may in this indirect and silent way have influenced. But direct influence on the world of his own age he had none. He may have undermined a stately edifice which was still to survive for ages ; but he simply undermined. He left no traces of himself in the character of a founder ; he left as few in the character of an open and avowed destroyer.

There was also another cause which, besides Frederick's personal character, may have tended to isolate him from his age and to hinder him from having that influence over it which we may say that his genius ought to have had. This was his utter want of nationality. The conscious idea of nationality had not indeed the same effect upon men's minds which it has in our own times. The political ideas and systems of the age ran counter to the principle of nationality in two ways. Nothing could be more opposed to any doctrine of nationality than those ideas which were the essence of the whole political creed of the time, the ideas of the Universal Empire and the Universal Church. On the other hand, the conception of the joint lordship of the world, vested in the successor of Peter and the successor of Augustus, was hardly more opposed to the doctrine of nationality than was the form which was almost everywhere taken by the rising spirit of freedom. A movement towards national freedom was something exceptional ; in most places it was the independence of a district, of a city, at most of a small union of districts or cities, for which men strove. A German or Italian commonwealth struggled for its own local independence ; so far as was consistent with the practical enjoyment of that independence, it was ready to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor, Lord of the World. Of a strictly national



patriotism for Germany or Italy men had very little thought indeed. These two seemingly opposite tendencies, the tendency to merge nations in one universal dominion, and the tendency to divide nations into small principalities and commonwealths, were in truth closely connected.

The tendency to division comes out most strongly in the kingdoms which were united to the Empire. Other countries showed a power of strictly national action, of acquiring liberties common to the whole nation, of legislating in the interest of the whole nation, almost in exact proportion to the degree in which they were placed beyond the reach of Imperial influences. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were the countries on which the Empire had least influence. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were therefore the countries in which we see the nearest approaches to true national life and consciousness. Still there is no doubt that, even within the Empire, national feelings did exercise a strong, though in a great measure an unconscious, influence. Local feelings exercised an influence still stronger. But there was no national or local feeling which could gather round Frederick the Second. There was no national or local cause of which he could be looked on as the champion. There was no nation, no province, no city, which could claim him as its own peculiar hero. Ruling over men of various races and languages, he could adapt himself to each of them in turn in a way in which few men before or after him could do. But there was none of the various races of his dominions, German, Burgundian, Italian, Norman, Greek, or Saracen, which could claim him as really bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. His parentage was half German, half Norman, his birthplace was Italian, the home of his choice was Sicilian, his tastes and habits were strongly suspected of being Saracenic. The representative of a kingly German house, he was himself, beyond all doubt, less German than anything else. He was Norman, Italian, almost anything rather than German; but he was far from being purely Norman or purely Italian.

In this position, placed as it were above all ordinary local and national ties, he was, beyond every other prince who ever wore the Imperial diadem, the embodiment of the conception of an Emperor, Lord of the World. But an Emperor, Lord of the World, is placed too high to win the affections which attach men to rulers and leaders of lower degree. A king may command the love of his own kingdom; a popular leader

may command the love of his own city. But Cæsar, whose dominion is from the one sea to the other and from the flood unto the world's end, must, in this respect as in others, pay the penalty of his greatness. Frederick was, in idea, beyond all men, the hero and champion of the Empire. But practically the championship of the Empire was found less truly effective in his hands than in the hands of men who were further from carrying out the theoretical ideal. The Imperial power was more truly vigorous in the hands of princes in whom the ideal championship of the Empire was united with the practical leadership of one of its component nations. Frederick Barbarossa, the true German king, the man whom the German instinct at once hails as the noblest development of the German character, really did more for the greatness of the Empire than his descendant, whose ideal position was far more truly Imperial. The men who influence their age, the men who leave a lasting memory behind them, are the men who are thoroughly identified with the actual or local life of some nation or city. Frederick Barbarossa was the hero of Germany; but his grandson, the hero of the Empire, was the hero of none of its component parts. The memory of the grandfather still lives in the hearts of a people, some of whom perhaps even now look for his personal return. The memory of the grandson has everywhere passed away from popular remembrance; the Wonder of the World remains to be the wonder of scholars and historians only.



## THE DIVER.

## A BALLAD OF SICILY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote



**JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER**

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"The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,  
As to dive to the howling charybdis below? —  
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,  
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;  
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,  
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,  
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge  
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,  
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,  
"And where is the diver so stout to go —  
I ask ye again — to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,  
Stood silent — and fixed on the ocean their eyes;  
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,  
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.  
And thrice spoke the monarch — "The cup to win,  
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king —  
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,  
'Mid the tremulous squires — stepped out from the ring,  
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;  
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,  
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave  
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,  
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,  
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again,  
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,  
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;  
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,  
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;  
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,  
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,  
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell  
Of the white-foaming breakers — and cleaves thro' the ocean  
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.  
Round and round whirled the waves — deeper and deeper  
still driven,  
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before  
That path through the riven abyss closed again —  
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,  
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!  
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,  
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd  
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;  
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud  
“Gallant youth, noble heart — fare thee well, fare thee  
well!”

More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear —  
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,  
And cry, “Who may find it shall win it and wear;”  
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king —  
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.  
For never shall lips of the living reveal  
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,  
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;  
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,  
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave. —  
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,  
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;  
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,  
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;  
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,  
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,  
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?  
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb! —

They battle — the Man's with the Element's might.  
It is he — it is he! in his left hand behold,  
As a sign — as a joy! — shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,  
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.  
They gaze on each other — they shout, as they throng —  
“He lives — lo the ocean has rendered its prey!  
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,  
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee,  
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,  
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee; —  
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter  
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,  
And thus spake the Diver — “Long life to the king!”

“Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,  
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!  
May the horror below nevermore find a voice —  
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!  
Nevermore — nevermore may he lift from the sight  
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

“Quick-brightening like lightning — it tore me along,  
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play  
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me — and strong  
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.  
Vain, vain was my struggle — the circle had won me,  
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer  
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath —  
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,  
And I clung to it, nimbly — and baffled the death!  
And, safe in the perils around me, behold!  
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,  
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!  
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,  
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!  
Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that dwell  
In the deep — coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawled, — glided dark the unspeakable swarms,  
 Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast; —  
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms; —  
 Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer Fish passed;  
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,  
 Went the terrible Shark — the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,  
 So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!  
 The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me —  
 Alone — in a loneliness so ghastly — ALONE!  
 Fathom deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,  
 With the death of the Man and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now  
 It saw — the dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!  
 And darted — O God! from the far flaming bough  
 Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;  
 And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,  
 It seized me to save — King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he,  
 "Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;  
 And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee, —  
 Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine, —  
 If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,  
 To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion:  
 "Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?  
 Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean —  
 He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.  
 If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,  
 Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, — he swung it on high,  
 And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:  
 "But bring back that goblet again to my eye,  
 And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;  
 And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,  
 The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy —  
 And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,  
 On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;  
 The maiden — she faints at the feet of her sire!



Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;  
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,  
Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!  
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:  
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,  
Roaring up to the cliff — roaring back, as before,  
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!



## ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN BEFORE RENAMING.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From "Maid Marian.")

[THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, English novelist and scholar, was born October 18, 1785, at Weymouth; son of a manufacturer. He was a precocious student; wrote several volumes of verse not memorable (1804-1812), and experimented in drama; was coexecutor of Shelley with Lord Byron; 1815-1817 wrote the novels "Headlong Hall," "Melincourt," and "Nightmare Abbey," and the poem "Rhododaphne." In 1819 he became examiner at the India House with James Mill, and was a valuable official of the East India Company for nearly forty years. He published "Maid Marian" in 1822, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" in 1829, "Crotchet Castle" in 1831. His last novel, "Gryll Grange," appeared in 1860. He also did some good magazine work. He died January 23, 1866.]

"THE abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel; but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaids were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover,

but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honor and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill ; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding ;" but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions ; for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

The abbot began to intone the ceremony in a style of modulation impressively exalted, his voice issuing most canonically from the roof of his mouth, through the medium of a very musical nose newly tuned for the occasion. But he had not proceeded far enough to exhibit all the variety and compass of this melodious instrument, when a noise was heard at the gate, and a party of armed men entered the chapel. The song of the choristers died away in a shake of demisemiquavers, contrary to all the rules of psalmody. The organ blower, who was working his musical air pump with one hand, and with two fingers and a thumb of the other insinuating a peeping place through the curtain of the organ gallery, was struck motionless by the double operation of curiosity and fear ; while the organist, intent only on his performance, and spreading all his fingers to strike a swell of magnificent chords, felt his harmonic spirit ready to desert his body on being answered by the ghastly rattle of empty keys, and in the consequent *agitato furioso* of the internal movements of his feelings, was preparing to restore harmony by the *segue subito* of an *appoggiatura con foco* with the corner of a book of anthems on the head of his neglectful assistant, when his hand and his attention together were arrested by the scene below. The voice of the abbot subsided into silence through a descending scale of long-drawn melody, like the sound of the ebbing sea to the explorers of a cave. In a few moments all was silence, interrupted only by the iron tread of the armed intruders, as it rang on the marble floor and echoed from the vaulted aisles.

The leader strode up to the altar ; and placing himself opposite to the abbot, and between the earl and Matilda, in

such a manner that the four together seemed to stand on the four points of a diamond, exclaimed, "In the name of King Henry, I forbid the ceremony, and attach Robert Earl of Huntingdon as a traitor !" and at the same time he held his drawn sword between the lovers, as if to emblem that royal authority which laid its temporal ban upon their contract. The earl drew his own sword instantly, and struck down the interposing weapon ; then clasped his left arm round Matilda, who sprang into his embrace, and held his sword before her with his right hand. His yeomen ranged themselves at his side, and stood with their swords drawn, still and prepared, like men determined to die in his defense. The soldiers, confident in superiority of numbers, paused.

The abbot took advantage of the pause to introduce a word of exhortation. "My children," said he, "if you are going to cut each other's throats, I entreat you, in the name of peace and charity, to do it out of the chapel."

"Sweet Matilda," said the earl, "did you give your love to the Earl of Huntingdon, whose lands touch the Ouse and the Trent, or to Robert Fitz-Ooth, the son of his mother?"

"Neither to the earl nor his earldom," answered Matilda, firmly, "but to Robert Fitz-Ooth and his love."

"That I well knew," said the earl ; "and though the ceremony be incomplete, we are not the less married in the eye of my only saint, our Lady, who will yet bring us together. Lord Fitzwater, to your care, for the present, I commit your daughter. Nay, sweet Matilda, part we must for a while ; but we will soon meet under brighter skies, and be this the seal of our faith." He kissed Matilda's lips, and consigned her to the baron, who glowered about him with an expression of countenance that showed he was mortally wroth with somebody ; but whatever he thought or felt he kept to himself.

The earl, with a sign to his followers, made a sudden charge on the soldiers, with the intention of cutting his way through. The soldiers were prepared for such an occurrence, and a desperate skirmish succeeded. Some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted ; for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn and ale at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon. Matilda seemed disposed to fly again to her lover, but the baron forced her from the chapel. The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows,

one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost, began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring "Sacrilege!" with all his monks at his heels — who were, like himself, more intent to go at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcasses, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated rotundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bow-strings, the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women, the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry — who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to crack each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms akimbo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality.

At length, through the midst of the internal confusion, the earl, by the help of his good sword, the stanch valor of his men, and the blessing of the Virgin, fought his way to the chapel gate; his bowmen closed him in; he vaulted into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, rallied his men on the first eminence, and changed his sword for a bow and arrow, with which he did old execution among the pursuers — who at last thought it most expedient to desist from offensive warfare, and to retreat into the abbey, where, in the king's name, they broached a pipe of the best wine and attached all the venison in the larder, having first carefully unpacked the tuft of friars, and set the fallen abbot on his legs.

The friars, it may be well supposed, and such of the king's men as escaped unhurt from the affray, found their spirits a cup too low, and kept the flask moving from noon till night. The peaceful brethren, unused to the tumult of war, had undergone, from fear and discomposure, an exhaustion of animal spirits that required extraordinary refection. During the re-

past they interrogated Sir Ralph Montfaucon, the leader of the soldiers, respecting the nature of the earl's offense.

"A complication of offenses," replied Sir Ralph, "superinduced on the original basis of forest treason. He began with hunting the king's deer, in despite of all remonstrance; followed it up by contempt of the king's mandates, and by armed resistance to his power, in defiance of all authority; and combined with it the resolute withholding of payment of certain moneys to the Abbot of Doncaster, in denial of all law: and has thus made himself the declared enemy of church and state, and all for being too fond of venison." And the knight helped himself to half a pasty.

"A heinous offender," said a little round oily friar, appropriating the portion of pasty which Sir Ralph had left.

"The earl is a worthy peer," said the tall friar whom we have already mentioned in the chapel scene, "and the best marksman in England."

"Why, this is flat treason, Brother Michael," said the little round friar, "to call an attainted traitor a worthy peer."

"I pledge you," said Brother Michael. The little friar smiled and filled his cup. "He will draw the longbow," pursued Brother Michael, "with any bold yeoman among them all."

"Don't talk of the longbow," said the abbot, who had the sound of the arrow still whizzing in his ear: "what have we pillars of the faith to do with the longbow?"

"Be that as it may," said Sir Ralph, "he is an outlaw from this moment."

"So much the worse for the law then," said Brother Michael. "The law will have a heavier miss of him than he will have of the law. He will strike as much venison as ever, and more of other game. I know what I say; but *basta*: Let us drink."

"What other game?" said the little friar. "I hope he won't poach among our partridges."

"Poach! not he," said Brother Michael: "if he wants your partridges, he will strike them under your nose (here's to you), and drag your trout stream for you on a Thursday evening."

"Monstrous! and starve us on fast day," said the little friar.

"But that is not the game I mean," said Brother Michael.

"Surely, son Michael," said the abbot, "you do not mean to insinuate that the noble earl will turn freebooter?"

"A man must live," said Brother Michael, "earl or no. If the law takes his rents and beeves without his consent, he must take beeves and rents where he can get them without the consent of the law. This is the *lex talionis*."

"Truly," said Sir Ralph, "I am sorry for the damsel: she seems fond of this wild runagate."

"A mad girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said Brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valor?"

"Learning!" exclaimed the little friar; "what has a woman to do with learning? And valor! who ever heard a woman commended for valor? Meekness, and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stay-at-homeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling, and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars, — these are female virtues: but valor — why, who ever heard —"

"She is the all in all," said Brother Michael: "gentle as a ringdove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest blossom of her bower: having, in all opposite proposings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain. For obedience to her husband, that is not to be tried till she has one; for faith in her confessor, she has as much as the law prescribes; for embroidery an Arachne; for music a Siren; and for pickling and preserving, did not one of her jars of sugared apricots give you your last surfeit at Arlingford Castle?"

"Call you that preserving?" said the little friar: "I call it destroying. Call you it pickling? Truly it pickled me. My life was saved by miracle."

"By canary," said Brother Michael. "Canary is the only life-preserver, the true *aurum potable*, the universal panacea for all diseases, thirst, and short life. Your life was saved by canary."

"Indeed, reverend father," said Sir Ralph, "if the young lady be half what you describe, she must be a paragon; but your commending her for valor does somewhat amaze me."

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the long-bow, and play at singlestick and quarterstaff."

"Yet, mark you," said Brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoiden, or one that would crack a serving man's head for spilling gravy on her ruff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her only, and were become for her sake feminine."

"You incite me," said Sir Ralph, "to view her more nearly. That madcap earl found me other employment than to remark her in the chapel."

"The earl is a worthy peer," said Brother Michael; "he is worth any fourteen earls on this side Trent, and any seven on the other." (The reader will please to remember that Ruby-gill Abbey was *north* of Trent.)

"His mettle will be tried," said Sir Ralph. "There is many a courtier will swear to King Henry to bring him in dead or alive."

"They must look to the brambles then," said Brother Michael.

"The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,  
Doth make a jest  
Of silken vest,  
That will through greenwood scramble:  
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble."

"Plague on your lungs, son Michael," said the abbot; "this is your old coil: always roaring in your cups."

"I know what I say," said Brother Michael; "there is often more sense in an old song than in a new homily."

"The courtly pad doth amble,  
When his gay lord would ramble:  
But both may catch  
An awkward scratch,  
If they ride among the bramble:  
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble."

"Tall friar," said Sir Ralph, "either you shoot the shafts of your merriment at random, or you know more of the earl's designs than beseems your frock."

"Let my frock," said Brother Michael, "answer for its own sins. It is worn past covering mine. It is too weak for a shield, too transparent for a screen, too thin for a shelter, too light for gravity, and too threadbare for a jest. The wearer would be naught indeed who should misbeseem such a wedding garment."

"But wherefore does the sheep wear wool?"

That he in season sheared may be,  
And the shepherd be warm though his flock be cool:  
*So I'll have a new cloak about me."*

The Earl of Huntingdon, living in the vicinity of a royal forest, and passionately attached to the chase from his infancy, had long made as free with the king's deer as Lord Percy proposed to do with those of Lord Douglas in the memorable hunting of Cheviot. It is sufficiently well known how severe were the forest laws in those days, and with what jealousy the kings of England maintained this branch of their prerogative; but menaces and remonstrances were thrown away on the earl, who declared that he would not thank Saint Peter for admission into Paradise, if he were obliged to leave his bow and hounds at the gate. King Henry (the Second) swore by Saint Botolph to make him rue his sport, and, having caused him to be duly and formally accused, summoned him to London to answer the charge. The earl, deeming himself safer among his own vassals than among King Henry's courtiers, took no notice of the mandate. King Henry sent a force to bring him, *vi et armis*, to court. The earl made a resolute resistance, and put the king's force to flight under a shower of arrows, an act which the courtiers declared to be treason. At the same time, the Abbot of Doncaster sued up the payment of certain moneys which the earl, whose revenue ran a losing race with his hospitality, had borrowed at sundry times of the said abbot;—for the abbots and the bishops were the chief usurers of those days, and, as the end sanctifies the means, were not in the least scrupulous of employing what would have been extortion in the profane, to accomplish the pious purpose of bringing a blessing on the land by rescuing it from the frail hold of carnal and temporal into the firmer grasp of ghostly and spiritual pos-



sessors. But the earl, confident in the number and attachment of his retainers, stoutly refused either to repay the money, which he could not, or to yield the forfeiture, which he would not: a refusal which in those days was an act of outlawry in a gentleman, as it is now of bankruptcy in a base mechanic; the gentleman having in our wiser times a more liberal privilege of gentility, which enables him to keep his land and laugh at his creditor.

Thus the mutual resentments and interests of the king and the abbot concurred to subject the earl to the penalties of outlawry, by which the abbot would gain his due upon the lands of Locksley, and the rest would be confiscate to the king. Still the king did not think it advisable to assail the earl in his own stronghold, but caused a diligent watch to be kept over his motions, till at length his rumored marriage with the heiress of Arlingford seemed to point out an easy method of laying violent hands on the offender. Sir Ralph Montfaucon, a young man of good lineage, and of an aspiring temper, who readily seized the first opportunity that offered of recommending himself to King Henry's favor by manifesting his zeal in his service, undertook the charge: and how he succeeded we have seen.

Sir Ralph's curiosity was strongly excited by the friar's description of the young lady of Arlingford; and he prepared in the morning to visit the castle, under the very plausible pretext of giving the baron an explanation of his intervention at the nuptials. Brother Michael and the little fat friar proposed to be his guides. The proposal was courteously accepted, and they set out together, leaving Sir Ralph's followers at the abbey. The knight was mounted on a spirited charger; Brother Michael on a large heavy-trotting horse; and the little fat friar on a plump soft-paced Galloway, so correspondent with himself in size, rotundity, and sleekness, that if they had been amalgamated into a centaur, there would have been nothing to alter in their proportions.

"Do you know," said the little friar, as they wound along the banks of the stream, "the reason why lake trout is better than river trout, and shyer withal?"

"I was not aware of the fact," said Sir Ralph.

"A most heterodox remark," said Brother Michael: "know you not, that in all nice matters you should take the implication for absolute, and, without looking into the *fact whether*, seek

only the *reason why*? But the fact is so, on the word of a friar. which what layman will venture to gainsay who prefers a down bed to a gridiron?"

"The fact being so," said the knight, "I am still at a loss for the reason: nor would I undertake to opine in a matter of that magnitude; since, in all that appertains to the good things either of this world or the next, my reverend spiritual guides are kind enough to take the trouble of thinking off my hands."

"Spoken," said Brother Michael, "with a sound Catholic conscience. My little brother here is most profound in the matter of trout. He has marked, learned, and inwardly digested the subject, twice a week, at least, for five and thirty years. I yield to him in this. My strong points are venison and canary."

"The good qualities of a trout," said the little friar, "are firmness and redness: the redness, indeed, being the visible sign of all other virtues."

"Whence," said Brother Michael, "we choose our abbot by his nose:—

"The rose on the nose doth all virtues disclose:  
For the outward grace shows  
That the inward overflows,  
When it glows in the rose of a red, red nose."

"Now," said the little friar, "as is the firmness so is the redness, and as is the redness so is the shyness."

"Marry why?" said Brother Michael. "The solution is not physical-natural, but physical-historical, or natural-superinductive. And thereby hangs a tale, which may be either said or sung:—

"The damsel stood to watch the fight  
By the banks of Kingslea Mere,  
And they brought to her feet her own true knight  
Sore wounded on a bier.

"She knelt by him his wounds to bind,  
She washed them with many a tear;  
And shouts rose fast upon the wind,  
Which told that the foe was near.

"‘Oh! let not,’ he said, ‘while yet I live,  
The cruel foe me take;  
But with thy sweet lips a last kiss give,  
And cast me in the lake.’

"Around his neck she wound her arms,  
And she kissed his lips so pale;  
And evermore the war's alarms  
Came louder up the vale.

"She drew him to the lake's steep side,  
Where the red heath fringed the shore;  
She plunged with him beneath the tide,  
And they were seen no more.

"Their true blood mingled in Kingslea Mere,  
That to mingle on earth was fain;  
And the trout that swims in that crystal clear  
Is tinged with the crimson stain.

"Thus you see how good comes of evil, and how a holy friar may fare better on fast day for the violent death of two lovers two hundred years ago. The inference is most consecutive, that wherever you catch a red-fleshed trout, love lies bleeding under the water: an occult quality, which can only act in the stationary waters of a lake, being neutralized by the rapid transition of those of a stream."

"And why is the trout shyer for that?" asked Sir Ralph.

"Do you not see?" said Brother Michael. "The virtues of both lovers diffuse themselves through the lake. The infusion of masculine valor makes the fish active and sanguineous: the infusion of maiden modesty makes him coy and hard to win: and you shall find through life, the fish which is most easily hooked is not the best worth dishing. But yonder are the towers of Arlingford."

The little friar stopped. He seemed suddenly struck with an awful thought, which caused a momentary pallescence in his rosy complexion; and after a brief hesitation he turned his Galloway, and told his companions he should give them good day.

"Why, what is in the wind now, Brother Peter?" said Friar Michael.

"The Lady Matilda," said the little friar, "can draw the longbow. She must bear no good will to Sir Ralph; and if she should espy him from her tower, she may testify her recognition with a clothyard shaft. She is not so infallible a marks-woman, but that she might shoot at a crow and kill a pigeon. She might peradventure miss the knight, and hit me, who never did her any harm."

"Tut, tut, man," said Brother Michael, "there is no such fear."

"Mass," said the little friar, "but there is such a fear, and very strong too. You who have it not may keep your way, and I who have it shall take mine. I am not just now in the vein for being picked off at a long shot." And saying these words, he spurred up his four-footed better half, and galloped off as nimbly as if he had had an arrow singing behind him.

"Is this Lady Matilda, then, so very terrible a damsel?" said Sir Ralph to Brother Michael.

"By no means," said the friar. "She has certainly a high spirit; but it is the wing of the eagle, without his beak or his claw. She is as gentle as magnanimous; but it is the gentleness of the summer wind, which, however lightly it wave the tuft of the pine, carries with it the intimation of a power that if roused to its extremity could make it bend to the dust."

"From the warmth of your panegyric, ghostly father," said the knight, "I should almost suspect you were in love with the damsel."

"So I am," said the friar, "and I care not who knows it; but all in the way of honesty, master soldier. I am, as it were, her spiritual lover; and were she a damsel errant, I would be her ghostly esquire, her friar militant. I would buckle me in armor of proof, and the devil might thresh me black with an iron flail, before I would knock under in her cause. Though they be not yet one canonically, thanks to your soldiership, the earl is her liege lord, and she is his liege lady. I am her father confessor and ghostly director: I have taken on me to show her the way to the next world; and how can I do that if I lose sight of her in this? seeing that this is but the road to the other, and has so many circumvolutions and ramifications of byways and beaten paths (all more thickly set than the true one with finger posts and milestones, not one of which tells truth), that a traveler has need of some one who knows the way, or the odds go hard against him that he will ever see the face of Saint Peter."

"But there must surely be some reason," said Sir Ralph, "for Father Peter's apprehension."

"None," said Brother Michael, "but the apprehension itself; fear being its own father, and most prolific in self-propagation. The lady did, it is true, once signalize her displeasure against our little brother, for reprimanding her in that she would go

hunting a-mornings instead of attending matins. She cut short the thread of his eloquence by sportively drawing her bowstring and loosing an arrow over his head ; he waddled off with singular speed, and was in much awe of her for many months. I thought he had forgotten it : but let that pass. In truth, she would have had little of her lover's company, if she had liked the chant of the choristers better than the cry of the hounds ; yet I know not ; for they were companions from the cradle, and reciprocally fashioned each other to the love of the fern and the foxglove. Had either been less sylvan, the other might have been more saintly ; but they will now never hear matins but those of the lark, nor reverence vaulted aisle but that of the greenwood canopy. They are twin plants of the forest, and are identified with its growth.

“For the slender beech and the sapling oak  
That grow by the shadowy rill,  
You may cut down both at a single stroke,  
You may cut down which you will.

“But this you must know, that as long as they grow,  
Whatever change may be,  
You never can teach either oak or beech  
To be aught but a greenwood tree.”

The knight and the friar arriving at Arlingford Castle, and leaving their horses in the care of Lady Matilda's groom, with whom the friar was in great favor, were ushered into a stately apartment where they found the baron alone, flourishing an enormous carving knife over a brother baron — of beef — with as much vehemence of action as if he were cutting down an enemy.

The baron was a gentleman of a fierce and choleric temperament : he was lineally descended from the redoubtable Fierabras of Normandy, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and who, in the battle of Hastings, killed with his own hand four and twenty Saxon cavaliers all on a row. The very excess of the baron's internal rage on the preceding day had smothered its external manifestation : he was so equally angry with both parties, that he knew not on which to vent his wrath. He was enraged with the earl for having brought himself into such a dilemma without his privity ; and he was no less enraged with the king's men for their very unseasonable intrusion. He could willingly have fallen upon both parties, but he must necessarily have begun with one ; and he felt that on whichever side he

should strike the first blow, his retainers would immediately join battle. He had therefore contented himself with forcing away his daughter from the scene of action. In the course of the evening he had received intelligence that the earl's castle was in possession of a party of the king's men, who had been detached by Sir Ralph Montfaucon to seize on it during the earl's absence. The baron inferred from this that the earl's case was desperate : and those who have had the opportunity of seeing a rich friend fall suddenly into poverty, may easily judge by their own feelings how quickly and completely the whole moral being of the earl was changed in the baron's estimation. The baron immediately proceeded to require in his daughter's mind the same summary revolution that had taken place in his own, and considered himself exceedingly ill-used by her non-compliance.

The lady had retired to her chamber, and the baron had passed a supperless and sleepless night, stalking about his apartments till an advanced hour of the morning, when hunger compelled him to summon into his presence the spoils of the buttery, which, being the intended array of an uneaten wedding feast, were more than usually abundant, and on which, when the knight and the friar entered, he was falling with desperate valor. He looked up at them fiercely, with his mouth full of beef and his eyes full of flame, and rising, as ceremony required, made an awful bow to the knight, inclining himself forward over the table and presenting his carving knife *en militaire*, in a manner that seemed to leave it doubtful whether he meant to show respect to his visitor, or to defend his provision : but the doubt was soon cleared up by his politely motioning the knight to be seated ; on which the friar advanced to the table, saying, "For what we are going to receive," and commenced operations without further prelude by filling and drinking a goblet of wine. The baron at the same time offered one to Sir Ralph, with the look of a man in whom habitual hospitality and courtesy were struggling with the ebullitions of natural anger.

They pledged each other in silence, and the baron, having completed a copious draught, continued working his lips and his throat, as if trying to swallow his wrath as he had done his wine. Sir Ralph, not knowing well what to make of these ambiguous signs, looked for instructions to the friar, who by significant looks and gestures seemed to advise him to follow his example and partake of the good cheer before him, without speaking till the baron should be more intelligible in his

demeanor. The knight and the friar, accordingly, proceeded to reflect themselves after their ride ; the baron looking first at the one and then at the other, scrutinizing alternately the serious looks of the knight and the merry face of the friar, till at length, having calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said, "Courteous knight and ghostly father, I presume you have some other business with me than to eat my beef and drink my canary ; and if so, I patiently await your leisure to enter on the topic."

"Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in obedience to my royal master, King Henry, I have been the unwilling instrument of frustrating the intended nuptials of your fair daughter ; yet will you, I trust, owe me no displeasure for my agency therein, seeing that the noble maiden might otherwise by this time have been the bride of an outlaw."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the baron ; "very exceedingly obliged. Your solicitude for my daughter is truly paternal, and for a young man and a stranger very singular and exemplary ; and it is very kind withal to come to the relief of my insufficiency and inexperience, and concern yourself so much in that which concerns you not."

"You misconceive the knight, noble baron," said the friar. "He urges not his reason in the shape of a preconceived intent, but in that of a subsequent extenuation. True, he has done the Lady Matilda great wrong——"

"How, great wrong?" said the baron. "What do you mean by great wrong? Would you have had her married to a wild fly-by-night, that accident made an earl and nature a deer stealer? that has not wit enough to eat venison without picking a quarrel with monarchy? that flings away his own lands into the clutches of rascally friars, for the sake of hunting in other men's grounds, and feasting vagabonds that wear Lincoln green, and would have flung away mine into the bargain if he had had my daughter? What do you mean by great wrong?"

"True," said the friar ; "great right, I meant."

"Right!" exclaimed the baron ; "what right has any man to do my daughter right but myself? What right has any man to drive my daughter's bridegroom out of the chapel in the middle of the marriage ceremony, and turn all our merry faces into green wounds and bloody coxcombs, and then come and tell me he has done us great right?"

"True," said the friar ; "he has done neither right nor wrong."

"But he has," said the baron, "he has done both, and I will maintain it with my glove."

"It shall not need," said Sir Ralph; "I will concede anything in honor."

"And I," said the baron, "will concede nothing in honor; I will concede nothing in honor to any man."

"Neither will I, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in that sense; but hear me. I was commissioned by the king to apprehend the Earl of Huntingdon. I brought with me a party of soldiers, picked and tried men, knowing that he would not lightly yield. I sent my lieutenant with a detachment to surprise the earl's castle in his absence, and laid my measures for intercepting him on the way to his intended nuptials; but he seems to have had intimation of this part of my plan, for he brought with him a large armed retinue, and took a circuitous route, which made him, I believe, somewhat later than his appointed hour. When the lapse of time showed me that he had taken another track, I pursued him to the chapel; and I would have waited the close of the ceremony, if I had thought that either yourself or your daughter would have felt desirous that she should have been the bride of an outlaw."

"Who said, sir," cried the baron, "that we were desirous of any such thing? But truly, sir, if I had a mind to the devil for a son-in-law, I would fain see the man that should venture to interfere."

"That would I," said the friar; "for I have undertaken to make her renounce the devil."

"She shall not renounce the devil," said the baron, "unless I please. You are very ready with your undertakings. Will you undertake to make her renounce the earl, who, I believe, is the devil incarnate? Will you undertake that?"

"Will I undertake," said the friar, "to make Trent run westward, or to make flame burn downward, or to make a tree grow with its head in the earth and its root in the air?"

"So then," said the baron, "a girl's mind is as hard to change as nature and the elements, and it is easier to make her renounce the devil than a lover. Are you a match for the devil, and no match for a man?"

"My warfare," said the friar, "is not of this world. I am militant, not against man, but the devil, who goes about seeking what he may devour."

"Oh! does he so?" said the baron; "then I take it that



makes you look for him so often in my buttery. Will you cast out the devil whose name is Legion, when you cannot cast out the imp whose name is Love?"

"Marriages," said the friar, "are made in heaven. Love is God's work, and therewith I meddle not."

"God's work, indeed!" said the baron, "when the ceremony was cut short in the church. Could men have put them asunder, if God had joined them together? And the earl is now no earl, but plain Robert Fitz-Ooth: therefore, I'll none of him."

"He may atone," said the friar, "and the king may mollify. The earl is a worthy peer, and the king is a courteous king."

"He cannot atone," said Sir Ralph. "He has killed the king's men; and if the baron should aid and abet, he will lose his castle and land."

"Will I?" said the baron; "not while I have a drop of blood in my veins. He that comes to take them shall first serve me as the friar serves my flasks of canary: he shall drain me dry as hay. Am I not disparaged? Am I not outraged? Is not my daughter vilified, and made a mockery? A girl half-married? There was my butler brought home with a broken head. My butler, friar: there is that may move your sympathy. Friar, the earl-no-earl shall come no more to my daughter."

"Very good," said the friar.

"It is not very good," said the baron, "for I cannot get her to say so."

"I fear," said Sir Ralph, "the young lady must be much distressed and discomposed."

"Not a whit, sir," said the baron. "She is, as usual, in a most provoking imperturbability, and contradicts me so smilingly that it would enrage you to see her."

"I had hoped," said Sir Ralph, "that I might have seen her, to make my excuse in person for the hard necessity of my duty."

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the lady made her appearance.

Matilda, not dreaming of visitors, tripped into the apartment in a dress of forest green, with a small quiver by her side and a bow and arrow in her hand. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, curled like wandering clusters of dark ripe grapes under the edge of her round bonnet; and a plume of

black feathers fell back negligently above it, with an almost horizontal inclination, that seemed the habitual effect of rapid motion against the wind. Her black eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river: a clear, deep, liquid radiance, the reflection of ethereal fire,—tempered, not subdued, in the medium of its living and gentle mirror. Her lips were half opened to speak as she entered the apartment: and with a smile of recognition to the friar and a courtesy to the stranger knight she approached the baron and said, “You are late at your breakfast, father.”

“I am not at breakfast,” said the baron: “I have been at supper—my last night’s supper, for I had none.”

“I am sorry,” said Matilda, “you should have gone to bed supperless.”

“I did not go to bed supperless,” said the baron,—“I did not go to bed at all;—and what are you doing with that green dress and that bow and arrow?”

“I am going a hunting,” said Matilda.

“A hunting,” said the baron. “What, I warrant you, to meet with the earl, and slip your neck into the same noose.”

“No,” said Matilda, “I am not going out of our own woods to-day.”

“How do I know that?” said the baron. “What surety have I of that?”

“Here is the friar,” said Matilda. “He will be surety.”

“Not he,” said the baron; “he will undertake nothing but where the devil is a party concerned.”

“Yes, I will,” said the friar: “I will undertake anything for the Lady Matilda.”

“No matter for that,” said the baron: “she shall not go hunting to-day.”

“Why, father,” said Matilda, “if you coop me up here in this odious castle, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool.”

“No,” said the baron, “the lonely swan does not die on the pool. If there be a river at hand, she flies to the river, and finds her a mate; and so shall not you.”

“But,” said Matilda “you may send with me any, or as many, of your grooms as you will.”

“My grooms,” said the baron, “are all false knaves. There is not a rascal among them but loves you better than me. Villains that I feed and clothe.”

"Surely," said Matilda, "it is not villainy to love me: if it be, I should be sorry my father were an honest man." The baron relaxed his muscles into a smile. "Or my lover either," added Matilda. The baron looked grim again.

"For your lover," said the baron, "you may give God thanks of him. He is as arrant a knave as ever poached."

"What, for hunting the king's deer?" said Matilda. "Have I not heard you rail at the forest laws by the hour?"

"Did you ever hear me," said the baron, "rail myself out of house and land? If I had done that, then were I a knave."

"My lover," said Matilda, "is a brave man, and a true man, and a generous man, and a young man, and a handsome man; ay, and an honest man too."

"How can he be an honest man," said the baron, "when he has neither house nor land, which are the better part of a man?"

"They are but the husk of a man," said Matilda, "the worthless coat of the chestnut: the man himself is the kernel."

"The man is the grapestone," said the baron, "and the pulp of the melon. The house and land are the true substantial fruit, and all that give him savor and value."

"He will never want house or lands," said Matilda, "while the meeting boughs weave a green roof in the wood, and the free range of the hart marks out the bounds of the forest."

"Vert and venison vert and venison!" exclaimed the baron. "Treason and flat rebellion. Confound your smiling face! what makes you look so good-humored? What! you think I can't look at you and be in a passion? You think so, do you? We shall see. Have you no fear in talking thus, when here is the king's liegeman come to take us all into custody, and confiscate our goods and chattels?"

"Nay, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "you wrong me in your report. My visit is one of courtesy and excuse, not of menace and authority."

"There it is," said the baron: "every one takes a pleasure in contradicting me. Here is this courteous knight, who has not opened his mouth three times since he has been in my house except to take in provision, cuts me short in my story with a flat denial."

"Oh! I cry you mercy, sir knight," said Matilda; "I did not mark you before. I am your debtor for no slight favor, and so is my liege lord."

"Her liege lord!" exclaimed the baron, taking large strides across the chamber.

"Pardon me, gentle lady," said Sir Ralph. "Had I known you before yesterday, I would have cut off my right hand ere it should have been raised to do you displeasure."

"Oh, sir," said Matilda, "a good man may be forced on an ill office: but I can distinguish the man from his duty." She presented to him her hand, which he kissed respectfully, and simultaneously with the contact thirty-two invisible arrows plunged at once into his heart, one from every point of the compass of his pericardia.

"Well, father," added Matilda, "I must go to the woods."

"Must you?" said the baron; "I say you must not."

"But I am going," said Matilda.

"But I will have up the drawbridge," said the baron.

"But I will swim the moat," said Matilda.

"But I will secure the gates," said the baron.

"But I will leap from the battlement," said Matilda.

"But I will lock you in an upper chamber," said the baron.

"But I will shred the tapestry," said Matilda, "and let myself down."

"But I will lock you in a turret," said the baron, "where you shall only see light through a loophole."

"But through that loophole," said Matilda, "will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and, father, while I go out freely, I will return willingly; but if once I slip out through a loophole——" She paused a moment, and then added, singing:—

"The love that follows fain  
Will never its faith betray;  
But the faith that is held in a chain  
Will never be found again,  
If a single link give way."

The melody acted irresistibly on the harmonious properties of the friar, who accordingly sang in his turn:—

"For hark! hark! hark!  
The dog doth bark,  
That watches the wild deer's lair,  
The hunter awakes at the peep of the dawn,  
But the lair it is empty, the deer it is gone,  
And the hunter knows not where."

Matilda and the friar then sang together : —

“Then follow, oh follow! the hounds do cry;  
The red sun flames in the eastern sky;  
The stag bounds over the hollow.  
He that lingers in spirit, or loiters in hall,  
Shall see us no more till the evening fall,  
And no voice but the echo shall answer his call;  
Then follow, oh follow, follow;  
Follow, oh follow, follow!”

During the process of this harmony, the baron's eyes wandered from his daughter to the friar, and from the friar to his daughter again, with an alternate expression of anger differently modified; when he looked on the friar, it was anger without qualification; when he looked on his daughter, it was still anger, but tempered by an expression of involuntary admiration and pleasure. These rapid fluctuations of the baron's physiognomy — the habitual, reckless, resolute merriment in the jovial face of the friar, — and the cheerful, elastic spirits that played on the lips and sparkled in the eyes of Matilda, — would have presented a very amusing combination to Sir Ralph, if one of the three images in the group had not absorbed his total attention with feelings of intense delight very nearly allied to pain. The baron's wrath was somewhat counteracted by the reflection that his daughter's good spirits seemed to show that they would naturally rise triumphant over all disappointments; and he had had sufficient experience of her humor to know that she might sometimes be led, but never could be driven. Then, too, he was always delighted to hear her sing, though he was not at all pleased in this instance with the subject of her song. Still he would have endured the subject for the sake of the melody of the treble, but his mind was not sufficiently attuned to unison to relish the harmony of the bass. The friar's accompaniment put him out of all patience, and — “So,” he exclaimed, “this is the way you teach my daughter to renounce the devil, is it? A hunting friar, truly! Who ever heard before of a hunting friar? A profane, roaring, bawling, bumper-bibbing, neck-breaking, catch-singing friar?”

“Under favor, bold baron,” said the friar; but the friar was warm with canary, and in his singing vein; and he could not go on in plain unmusical prose. He therefore sang in a new tune: —

"Though I be now a gray, gray friar,  
Yet I was once a hale young knight;  
The cry of my dogs was the only choir  
In which my spirit did take delight.

"Little I recked of matin bell,  
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn;  
And the only beads I loved to tell  
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn."

The baron was going to storm, but the friar paused, and Matilda sang in repetition : —

"Little I reck of matin bell,  
But down its toll with my clanging horn;  
And the only beads I love to tell  
Are the beads of dew on the spangled thorn."

And then she and the friar sang the four lines together, and rang the changes upon them alternately.

"Little I reck of matin bell,"  
sang the friar.

"A precious friar," said the baron.

"But down its toll with my clanging horn,"  
sang Matilda.

"More shame for you," said the baron.

"And the only beads I love to tell  
Are the beads of dew on the spangled thorn,"

sang Matilda and the friar together.

"Penitent and confessor," said the baron : "a hopeful pair truly."

The friar went on : —

"An archer keen I was withal,  
As ever did lean on greenwood tree;  
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,  
A good three hundred yards from me.  
Though changeful time, with hand severe,  
Has made me now these joys forego,  
Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear  
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!"

Matilda chimed in as before.





‘ There Minos stands ’  
*From a painting by Gustave Doré*



"Are you mad?" said the baron. "Are you insane? Are you possessed? What do you mean? What in the devil's name do you both mean?"

"Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!"

roared the friar.

The baron's pent-up wrath had accumulated like the waters above the dam of an overshot mill. The pond head of his passion being now filled to the utmost limit of its capacity, and beginning to overflow in the quivering of his lips and the flashing of his eyes, he pulled up all the flashboards at once, and gave loose to the full torrent of his indignation, by seizing, like furious Ajax, not a massy stone more than two modern men could raise, but a vast dish of beef more than fifty ancient yeomen could eat, and whirled it like a coit, *in terrorem*, over the head of the friar, to the extremity of the apartment,

Where it on oaken floor did settle,  
With mighty din of ponderous metal.

"Nay, father," said Matilda, taking the baron's hand, "do not harm the friar: he means not to offend you. My gayety never before displeased you. Least of all should it do so now, when I have need of all my spirits to outweigh the severity of my fortune."

As she spoke the last words, tears started into her eyes, which, as if ashamed of the involuntary betraying of her feelings, she turned away to conceal. The baron was subdued at once. He kissed his daughter, held out his hand to the friar, and said, "Sing on, in God's name, and crack away the flasks till your voice swims in canary." Then turning to Sir Ralph, he said, "You see how it is, sir knight. Matilda is my daughter: but she has me in leading strings, that is the truth of it."



## FROM DANTE'S "INFERNO."

TRANSLATION OF H. F. CARY.

[DANTE ALIGHIERI, the greatest of Italian poets, was born at Florence, May, 1265. He came of a family of magistrates and was a "White Guelph"; fought in the battles where the Ghibellines were defeated; filled some public offices at home and abroad; became one of the six "pious" of Florence in 1300,

and had the most turbulent leaders of all the factions banished; in 1301 was sent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and his enemies the Blacks being victorious in his absence, was sentenced to perpetual banishment and to burning alive if captured. The sentence was twice repeated, and he never saw Florence again. He died in Ravenna, September 14, 1321. His works are the "*Vita Nuova*"; the "*Divina Commedia*," consisting of the "*Inferno*," "*Purgatorio*," and "*Paradiso*," one of the few epoch-making poems of the world, and the actual creator of Italian as a literary language; the "*Convito*" (*Banquet*); "*De Monarchia*" (in Latin), and some small pieces.]

## CANTO I.

IN the midway of this our mortal life,  
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,  
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,  
It were no easy task, how savage wild  
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,  
Which to remember only, my dismay  
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.  
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,  
All else will I relate discovered there.

How first I entered it I scarce can say,  
Such sleepy dullness in that instant weighed  
My senses down, when the true path I left;  
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed  
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,  
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad  
Already vested with that planet's beam,  
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,  
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain  
All of that night, so pitifully passed:  
And as a man, with difficult short breath,  
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,  
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands  
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed,  
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits  
That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame  
After short pause recomforted, again  
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,  
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent  
Began, when lo! a panther, nimble, light,  
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;  
Nor, when it saw me, vanished; rather strove  
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,  
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way  
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,  
That with him rose when Love divine first moved  
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope  
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin  
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,  
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,  
And by new dread succeeded, when in view  
A lion came, 'gainst me as it appeared.  
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,  
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf  
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed  
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made  
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear  
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,  
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,  
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time  
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly  
Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such was I,  
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,  
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees  
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward step  
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one  
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.  
When him in that great desert I espied,  
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,  
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,  
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both  
By country, when the power of Julius yet  
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed,  
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time  
Of fabled deities and false. A bard  
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son  
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,  
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.  
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past  
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount  
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"  
"And art thou then that Virgil, that wellspring  
From which such copious floods of eloquence  
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.  
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!  
May it avail me, that I long with zeal

Have sought thy volume, and with love immense  
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!  
Thou he from whom alone I have derived  
That style, which for its beauty into fame  
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.  
(O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!  
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame  
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw  
That I was weeping, answered: "'Thou must needs  
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape  
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,  
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none  
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death  
So bad and so accursed in her kind,  
That never sated is her ravenous will,  
Still after food more craving than before.  
To many an animal in wedlock vile  
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,  
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy  
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support  
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,  
Wisdom, and virtue; and his land shall be  
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might  
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,  
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,  
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.  
He, with incessant chase, through every town  
Shall worry, until he to hell at length  
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose  
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise  
That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,  
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,  
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see  
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke  
A second death; and those next view, who dwell  
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,  
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,  
Into whose regions if thou then desire  
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I  
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,  
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,  
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law  
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed  
That, to his city, none through me should come.  
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds

His citadel and throne. O happy those,  
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:  
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,  
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse  
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,  
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those  
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."  
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

## CANTO V.

From the first circle I descended thus  
Down to the second, which, a lesser space  
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,  
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,  
(Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all  
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,  
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,  
According as he foldeth him around:  
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,  
It all confesses; and that judge severe  
Of sins, considering what place in hell  
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft  
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath  
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand  
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn  
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears  
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.

"O thou! who to this residence of woe  
Approachest!" when he saw me coming, cried  
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,  
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom  
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad  
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:  
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way  
By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed,  
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."

Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.  
Now am I come where many a plain voice  
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came  
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned  
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn  
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell  
With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.

I understood, that to this torment sad  
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom  
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops  
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;  
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.  
On this side and on that, above, below,  
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them  
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,  
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld  
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who  
Are these, by the black air so scourged?" — "The first  
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,  
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice  
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made  
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,  
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.  
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,  
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;  
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.  
The next in amorous fury slew herself,  
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:  
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long  
The time was fraught with evil; there the great  
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.  
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,  
A thousand more he showed me, and by name  
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

When I had heard my sage instructor name  
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered  
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind  
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly  
I would address those two together coming,  
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:  
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.  
Then by that love which carries them along,  
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind  
Swayed them towards us, I thus framed my speech:  
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse

With us, if by none else restrained." As doves  
By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;  
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,  
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force  
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st  
Visiting, through this element obscure,  
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbued;  
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,  
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,  
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.  
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse  
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that  
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,  
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,  
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends  
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned,  
Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:  
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
Love brought us to one death: Camà waits  
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;  
At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,  
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:  
"What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:  
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!"

Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,  
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate  
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew  
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:  
"No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens  
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly  
If thou art bent to know the primal root,  
From whence our love gat being, I will do  
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,  
For our delight we read of Lancelot,

How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no  
 Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading  
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
 Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point  
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
 The wished smile, so rapturously kissed  
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
 From me shall separate, at once my lips  
 All trembling kissed. The book and writer both  
 Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
 We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,  
 The other wailed so sorely, that heart-struck  
 I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far  
 From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

(Byron's Translation.)

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,  
 Upon that shore to which the Po descends,  
 With all his followers, in search of peace.  
 Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,  
 Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en  
 From me, and me even yet the mode offends.  
 Love, who to none beloved to love again  
 Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong  
 That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.  
 Love to one death conducted us along,  
 But Cainà waits for him our life who ended: "  
 These were the accents uttered by her tongue. —  
 Since I first listened to these souls offended,  
 I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —  
 "What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,  
 And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill  
 How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies  
 Led these their evil fortune to fulfill!"  
 And then I turned unto their side my eyes,  
 And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies  
 Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.  
 But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,  
 By what and how thy love to passion rose,  
 So as his dim desires to recognize?"  
 Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes  
 Is to remind us of our happy days



In misery, and that thy teacher knows.  
 But if to learn our passion's first root preys  
 Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,  
 I will do even as he who weeps and says.  
 We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,  
 Of Lancelot, how love enchained him too.  
 We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.  
 But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue  
 All o'er discolored by that reading were;  
 But one point only wholly us o'ertrew;  
 When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,  
 To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,  
 He who from me can be divided ne'er  
 Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.  
 Accursed was the book and he who wrote!  
 That day no further leaf we did uncover." —  
 While thus one spirit told us of their lot,  
 The other wept, so that with pity's thralls  
 I swooned as if by death I had been smote,  
 And fell down even as a dead body falls.

## CANTOS XXXII-XXXIII.

We now had left him, passing on our way,  
 When I beheld two spirits by the ice  
 Pent in one hollow, that the head of one  
 Was cowl unto the other; and, as bread  
 Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost  
 Did so apply his fangs, to the other's brain,  
 Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
 On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,  
 Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate  
 'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,  
 "The cause, on such condition, that if right  
 Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,  
 And what the color of his sinning was,  
 I may repay thee in the world above,  
 If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,  
 That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,  
 Which he behind had mangled, then began:

"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh  
 Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings  
 My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words,

That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear  
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,  
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once  
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou may'st be  
I know not, nor how here below art come:  
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,  
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth  
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he  
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,  
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts  
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en  
And after murdered, need is not I tell.  
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,  
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,  
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate  
Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
Already through its opening several moons  
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep  
That from the future tore the curtain off.  
This one, methought, as master of the sport,  
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,  
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight  
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs  
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged  
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.  
After short course the father and the sons  
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw  
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,  
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang  
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;  
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?  
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near  
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind  
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
Heard, at its outlet underneath locked up  
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,  
I looked upon the visage of my sons.  
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.  
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,  
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet  
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day  
Nor the next night, until another sun

Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
And in four countenances I descried  
The image of my own, on either hand  
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought  
I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve  
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest  
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear:  
And do thou strip them off from us again.'  
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!  
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came  
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet  
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help  
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en  
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three  
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:  
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope  
Over them all, and for three days aloud  
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got  
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,  
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth  
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,  
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame  
Of all the people, who their dwelling make  
In that fair region, where the Italian voice  
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack  
To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up  
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee  
May perish in the waters. What if fame  
Reported that thy castles were betrayed  
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou  
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair  
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,  
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make  
Uncapable of guilt.

## POEMS BY DANTE.

## DANTE BESEEKETH DEATH FOR BEATRICE'S LIFE.

(Rossetti's Translation)

DEATH! since I find not one with whom to grieve,  
 Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,  
 Whereso I be or whitherso I turn, —  
 Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave  
 No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears  
 And makest it in fruitless hopes to burn, —  
 Since thou, Death! and thou only, canst discern  
 Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice, —  
 It is to thee that I lift up my voice,  
 Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.  
 I come to thee, as to One pitying,  
 In grief for that sweet rest that naught can bring  
 Again, if thou but once be entered  
 Into her life whom my heart cherishes  
 Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death! how most sweet the peace is that thy grace  
 Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,  
 Thou easily may'st know by a sure sign,  
 If in mine eyes thou look a little space  
 And read in them the hidden dread they store, —  
 If upon all thou look which proves me thine.  
 Since the fear only maketh me to pine  
 After this sort, what will mine anguish be  
 When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,  
 In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?  
 But now I know that thou wouldst have my life  
 As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.  
 Yet I do think this which I feel implies  
 That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,  
 I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death! if indeed thou smite this Gentle One,  
 Whose outward worth but tells the intellect  
 How wondrous is the miracle within,  
 Thou biddest Virtue rise up and be gone,  
 Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect.  
 Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning:  
 Yea! unto naught her beauty thou dost bring  
 Which is above all other beauties, even



DANTE'S HOME IN FLORENCE



In so much as befitted One whom Heaven  
 Sent upon earth in token of its own.  
 Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath  
 Been always her companion in Love's path :  
 The light once darkened which was hers alone,  
 Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er —  
 "I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Death! have some pity then for all the ill  
 Which cannot choose but happen if she die,  
 And which will be the sorest ever known!  
 Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,  
 That the sharp arrow leave it not! thereby  
 Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.  
 O Death! for God's sake be some pity shown!  
 Restrain within thyself, even at its height,  
 The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite  
 Her in whom God hath set so much of grace!  
 Show now some ruth, if 'tis a thing thou hast!  
 I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,  
 Open, and angels filling all the space  
 About me: come to fetch her soul whose laud  
 Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song! thou must surely see how fine a thread  
 This is that my last hope is holden by,  
 And what I should be brought to without her.  
 Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihead  
 Make thou no pause! but go immediately  
 (Knowing thyself for my heart's minister)  
 And, with that very meek and piteous air  
 Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,  
 To wrench away the bar that prisoneth  
 And win unto the place of the good fruit!  
 And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice  
 Death's mortal purpose, — haste thee and rejoice  
 Our Lady with the issue of thy suit!  
 So yet awhile our earthly nights and days  
 Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

## OF BEAUTY AND DUTY.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Two ladies to the summit of my mind  
 Have clomb, to hold an argument of love:  
 The one has wisdom with her from above,

For every noblest virtue well designed ;  
The other beauty's tempting power refined  
And the high charm of perfect grace approve :  
And I, as my sweet Master's will doth move,  
At feet of both their favors am reclined.  
Beauty and Duty in my soul keep strife,  
At question if the heart such course can take  
And 'twixt two ladies hold its love complete.  
The fount of gentle speech yields answer meet :  
That Beauty may be loved for gladness' sake,  
And Duty in the lofty ends of life.

## HIS PITIFUL SONG.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart  
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,  
And they have no more tears to weep withal :  
And now, if I would ease me of a part  
Of what, little by little, leads to death,  
It must be done by speech, or not at all.  
And because often, thinking, I recall  
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,  
To talk of her with you, kind damozels !  
I talk with no one else,  
But only with such hearts as women's are.  
And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails, —  
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,  
And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up into high Heaven,  
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,  
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.  
Not by the frost of winter was she driven  
Away, like others ; nor by summer heats ;  
But through a perfect gentleness instead.  
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead  
Such an exceeding glory went up hence  
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,  
Until a sweet desire  
Entered him for that lovely excellence, —  
So that He bade her to Himself aspire :  
Counting this evil and most weary place  
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.



Wonderfully out of the beautiful form  
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;  
And is in its first home, there where it is.  
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm  
Upon his face, must have become so vile  
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.  
Out upon him! an abject wretch like this  
May not imagine anything of her, —  
He needs no bitter tears for his relief.  
But sighing comes, and grief,  
And the desire to find no comforter  
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief),  
To him who for a while turns in his thought  
How she hath been amongst us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth  
In thinking, as I do continually,  
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;  
And very often, when I think of death,  
Such a great inward longing comes to me  
That it will change the color of my face;  
And, if the idea settles in its place,  
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;  
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,  
I do become so shent  
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.  
Afterward, calling with a sore lament  
On Beatrice, I ask, — “Canst thou be dead?”  
And calling on her I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,  
Come to me now whene'er I am alone;  
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.  
And what my life hath been, that living dies,  
Since for my Lady the New Birth's begun,  
I have not any language to explain.  
And so, dear ladies! though my heart were fain,  
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.  
All joy is with my bitter life at war;  
Yea! I am fallen so far  
That all men seem to say — “Go out from us!”  
Eying my cold white lips, how dead they are.  
But She, though I be bowed unto the dust,  
Watches me, and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine! upon thy way,  
 To the dames going and the damozels  
 For whom, and for none else,  
 Thy sisters have made music many a day.  
 Thou! that art very sad and not as they,  
 Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells!



## ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CAN this be thou, who, lean and pale,  
 With such immitigable eye  
 Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,  
 And note each vengeance, and pass by  
 Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance  
 Cast backward one forbidden glance,  
 And saw Francesca, with child's glee,  
 Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee  
 And with proud hands control its fiery prance?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round brow,  
 And eye remote, that inly sees  
 Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now  
 In some sea-lulled Hesperides,  
 Thou movest through the jarring street,  
 Secluded from the noise of feet  
 By her gift blossom in thy hand,  
 Thy branch of palm from Holy Land; —  
 No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips  
 That prophesies the coming doom,  
 The soft, gray herald shadow ere the eclipse  
 Notches the perfect disk with gloom;  
 A something that would banish thee,  
 And thine untamed pursuer be,  
 From men and their unworthy fates,  
 Though Florence had not shut her gates,  
 And grief had loosed her clutch and let thee free.

Ah! he who follows fearlessly  
 The beckonings of a poet heart

Shall wander, and without the world's decree,  
A banished man in field and mart;  
Harder than Florence' walls the bar  
Which with deaf sternness holds him far  
From home and friends, till death's release,  
And makes his only prayer for peace,  
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war!

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## STORIES FROM THE "DECAMERON."

BY GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, Italian novelist, poet, and scholar, was born probably at Certaldo, Italy, in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant. At first he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but, finding a business life uncongenial, studied the classics, especially Greek, and became one of the most learned men of his time. He served the Florentine state on several occasions as ambassador, and from 1375 to 1374 filled the chair instituted at Florence for the exposition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His death, which occurred December 21, 1375, at Certaldo, was hastened by that of his friend Petrarch. Boccaccio's name is chiefly associated with the "Decameron," probably written 1344-1350, but not published until 1853. It is a collection of one hundred stories, supposed to be narrated by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who have fled to a country villa to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. Other works are: "Il Filocopo," "Il Filostrato," "Fiammetta," and four Latin works on mythological and historical subjects.]

## ITALIAN PRACTICAL JOKING.

THERE dwelt not long since, in our city of Florence, a place which has indeed always possessed a variety of character and manners, a painter named Calandrino, a man of simple mind, and much addicted to novelties. The most part of his time he spent in the company of two brother painters, the one called Bruno, and the other Buffalmacco, both men of humor and mirth, and somewhat satirical. These men often visited Calandrino, and found much entertainment in his original and unaffected simplicity of mind. There lived in Florence at the same time a young man of very engaging manners, witty, and agreeable, called Maso del Saggio, who, hearing of the extreme simplicity of Calandrino, resolved to derive some amusement from his love of the marvelous, and to excite his curiosity by some novel and wonderful tales. Happening, therefore, to meet him one day in the church of St. John, and observing him

attentively engaged in admiring the painting and sculpture of the tabernacle, which had been lately placed over the altar in that church, he thought he had found a fit opportunity of putting his scheme in execution, and acquainting one of his friends with his intentions, they walked together to the spot where Calandrino was seated by himself, and seeming not to be aware of his presence, began to converse between themselves of the qualities of various kinds of precious stones, of which Maso spoke with all the confidence of an experienced and skillful lapidary. Calandrino lent a ready ear to their conference, and rising from his seat, and perceiving from their loud speaking that their conversation was not of a private nature, he accosted them.

Maso was not a little delighted at this, and pursuing his discourse, Calandrino at length asked him where these stones were to be found. Maso replied: "They mostly abound in Berlinzone, near a city of the Baschi, in a country called Bengodi, in which the vines are tied with sausages, a goose is sold for a penny, and the goslings given into the bargain; where there is also a high mountain made of Parmesan grated cheese, whereon dwell people whose sole employ is to make macaroni and other dainties, boiling them with capon broth, and afterwards throwing them out to all who choose to catch them; and near to the mountain runs a river of white wine, the best that was ever drunk, and without one drop of water in it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Calandrino, "what a delightful country to live in! but pray, sir, tell me, what do they with the capons after they have boiled them?"

"The Baschi," said Maso, "eat them all!"

"Have you," said Calandrino, "ever been in that country?"

"How," answered Maso, "do you ask me, if I were ever there? a thousand times at the least!"

"And how far, I pray you, is this happy land from our city?" quoth Calandrino.

"In truth," replied Maso, "the miles are scarcely to be numbered; but for the most part we travel when we are in our beds at night, and if a man dream aright, he may be there in a few minutes."

"Surely, sir," said Calandrino, "it is further hence than to Abruzzo?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Maso, "but to a willing mind no travel is tedious."

Calandrino, observing that Maso delivered all these speeches with a steadfast and grave countenance, and without any gesture that he could construe into distrust, gave as much credit to them as to any matter of manifest truth, and said with much simplicity: "Believe me, sir, the journey is too far for me to undertake; but if it were somewhat nearer I should like to accompany you thither to see them make this macaroni, and take my fill of it. But now we are conversing, allow me, sir, to ask you whether or not any of the precious stones you just now spoke of are to be found in that country?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Maso, "there are two kinds of them to be found in those territories, and both possessing eminent virtues. The one kind are the sandstones of Settignano, and of Montisci, which are of such excellent quality that when millstones or grindstones are to be made, they knead the sand as they do meal, and make them in what form they please, in which respect they have a saying there, That grace is from God, and millstones from Montisci! Such plenty are there of these millstones, so lightly here esteemed among us as emeralds are with them, that there are whole mountains of them far greater than our Montemorello, which shine with a prodigious brightness at midnight, if you will believe me. They moreover cut and polish these millstones, and enchase them in rings, which are sent to the great Soldan, who gives whatever price they ask for them. The other is a stone which most of our lapidaries call heliotropium, and is of admirable virtue, for whoever carries it about his person is thereby rendered invisible as long as he pleases."

Calandrino then said, "This is wonderful indeed; but where else are these latter kind to be found?"

To which Maso replied, "They are not unfrequently to be found on our Mugnone."

"Of what size and color is this stone?" said Calandrino.

"It is of various sizes," replied Maso, "some larger than others, but uniformly black."

Calandrino, treasuring up all these things in his mind, and pretending to have some urgent business on hand, took leave of Maso, secretly proposing to himself to go in quest of these stones; but resolved to do nothing until he had first seen his friends Bruno and Buffalmacco, to whom he was much attached. He went therefore immediately in pursuit of them, in order that they three might have the honor of first discovering these

stones, and consumed the whole morning in looking for them. At last recollecting that they were painting in the convent of the sisters of Faenza, neglecting all other affairs, and though the cold was extreme, he ran to them in all haste, and thus addressed them : —

“My good friends, if you will follow my advice, we three may shortly become the richest men in Florence, for I have just now learnt from a man of undeniable veracity, that in Mugnone there is to be found a stone which renders any person that carries it about him invisible at his pleasure ; and if you will be persuaded by me, we will all three go there before any one else to look for it, and we shall find it to a certainty, because I know its description ; and when we have found it, we have nothing to do but to put it in our pockets, and go to the tables of the bankers and money changers, which we see daily loaded with gold and silver, and help ourselves to as much as we please. Nobody can detect us, for we shall be invisible, and we shall thus speedily become rich without toiling all day on these church walls like slimy snails, as we poor artists are forced to do.”

Bruno and Buffalmacco, hearing this, began to smile, and, looking archly at each other, seemed to express their surprise, and greatly commended the advice of Calandrino. Buffalmacco then asked Calandrino what the stone was called. Calandrino, who had but a stupid memory, had utterly forgotten the name of the stone, and therefore said, “What need have we of the name, since we are so well assured of its virtues ? Let us not delay any longer, but go off in search of it.”

“But of what shape is it ?” said Bruno.

Calandrino replied : “They are to be found of all shapes, but uniformly black : therefore it seems to me that we had better collect all the stones that we find black, and we shall then be certain to find it among them : but let us depart without further loss of time.”

Bruno signified his assent ; but turning to Buffalmacco said : “I fully agree with Calandrino, but I do not think that this is the proper time for our search, as the sun is now high, and is so hot that we shall find all the stones on Mugnone dried and parched, and the very blackest will now seem whitest. But in the morning when the dew is on the ground, and before the sun has dried the earth, every stone will have its true color. Besides, there are many laborers now working in the plain, who, seeing us occupied in so serious a search, may guess what we

are seeking for, and may chance to find the stones before us, and we may then have our labor for our pains. Therefore, in my opinion, this is an enterprise that should be taken in hand early in the morning, when the black stones will be easily distinguished from the white, and the festival day were the best of all others, as there will be nobody abroad to discover us."

Buffalmacco applauded the advice of Bruno, and Calandrino assenting to it, they agreed that Sunday morning next ensuing should be the time when they would all go in pursuit of the stone, but Calandrino entreated them above all things not to reveal it to any person living, as it was confided to him in strict secrecy. Falling therefore on other subjects, Calandrino told them the wonders he had heard of the land of Bengodi, maintaining with solemn oaths and protestations that they were all true. Calandrino then took his departure, and the other two agreed upon the course they should pursue with him for their own amusement.

Calandrino waited impatiently for the Sunday morning, when he called upon his companions before break of day. They all three went out of the city at the gate of San Gallo, and did not halt until they came to the plain of Mugnone, where they immediately commenced their search for the marvelous stone. Calandrino went stealing on before the other two, persuading himself that he was born to find the heliotropium; and looking on every side of him, he rejected all other stones but the black, with which he first filled his breast, and afterwards both his pockets. He then took off his large painting apron, which he fastened with his girdle in the manner of a sack, and filled it also; and still not satisfied, he spread abroad his cloak, which being also loaded with stones, he bound up carefully for fear of losing the very least of them. Buffalmacco and Bruno during this time attentively eyed Calandrino, and observing that he had now completely loaded himself, and that their dinner hour was drawing nigh, Bruno, according to their scheme of merriment, said to Buffalmacco, pretending not to see Calandrino, although he was not far from them, "Buffalmacco, what is become of Calandrino?"

Buffalmacco, who saw him close at hand, gazing all around as if desirous to find him, replied, "I saw him even now before us hard by."

"Undoubtedly," said Bruno, "he has given us the slip, and gone secretly home to dinner, and making fools of us,

has left us to pick up black stones on these scorching plains of Mugnone."

"Indeed he has served us right," said Buffalmacco, "for allowing ourselves to be gulled by such stories, nor could any but we two have been so credulous as to believe in the virtues of this heliotropium."

Calandrino, hearing them make use of these words while he stood so near to them, imagined that he had possessed himself of the genuine stone, and that by virtue of its qualities he was become invisible to his companions. His joy was now unbounded, and without saying a word he resolved to return home with all speed, leaving his friends to provide for themselves.

Buffalmacco, perceiving his intent, said to Bruno, "Why should we remain here any longer? let us return to the city."

To which Bruno replied: "Yes! let us go; but I vow to God, Calandrino shall no more make a fool of me, and were I now as near him as I was not long since, I would give him such a remembrance on the heel with this flint stone, as should stick by him for a month, and teach him a lasting lesson for abusing his friends;" and ere he had well finished his words, he struck Calandrino a violent blow on the heel with the stone. Though the blow was evidently very painful, Calandrino still preserved his silence, and only mended his pace. Buffalmacco, then selecting another large flint stone, said to Bruno, "Thou sceest this pebble! If Calandrino were but here, he should have a brave knock on the loins;" and taking aim, he threw it, and struck Calandrino a violent blow on the back; and then all the way along the plain of Mugnone they did nothing but pelt him with stones, jesting and laughing until they came to the gates of San Gallo. They then threw down the remainder of the stones they had gathered, and stepping before Calandrino into the gateway, acquainted the guards with the whole matter; who, in order to support the jest, would not seem to see Calandrino as he passed by them, and were exceedingly amused to observe him sweat and groan under his burthensome load.

Without resting himself in any place, he proceeded straight to his own house, which was situated near to the mills: fortune favoring him so far in the course of his adventures that as he passed along the river side, and afterwards through part of the city, he was neither met nor seen by any one, as every-



body was then at dinner. Calandrino, ready to sink under his burthen, at length entered his own house. His wife, a handsome and discreet woman of the name of Monna Tessa, happened to be standing at the head of the stairs on his arrival, and being disconcerted and impatient at his long absence, somewhat angrily exclaimed, "I thought that the devil would never let thee come home! All the city have dined, and yet we must remain without our dinner."

When Calandrino heard these words, and found that he was not invisible to his wife, he fell into a fit of rage, and exclaimed, "Wretch as thou art, thou hast utterly undone me; but I will reward thee for it:" and ascending into a small room, and there ridding himself of his burthen of stones, he ran down again to his wife, and seizing her by the hair of the head, and throwing her on the ground, beat and kicked her in the most unmerciful manner, giving her so many blows, in spite of all her tears and submission, that she was not able to move.

Buffalmacco and Bruno, after they had spent some time in laughter with the guards at the gate, followed Calandrino at their leisure, and arriving at the door of his house, and hearing the disturbance upstairs between Calandrino and his wife, they called out to him. Calandrino, still in a furious rage, came to the window, and entreated they would come up to him. They, counterfeiting great surprise, ascended the stairs, and found the chamber floor covered with stones, and Calandrino's wife seated in a corner, her limbs severely bruised, her hair disheveled, and her face bleeding, and on the other side Calandrino himself wearied and exhausted, flung on a chair. After regarding him for some time, they said:—

"How now, Calandrino, art thou about building a house, that thou hast provided thyself with so many loads of stones?" and then added, "And, Monna Tessa! what has happened to her? You surely have been beating her. What is the meaning of this?"

Calandrino, exhausted with carrying the stones, and with his furious gust of passion, and moreover with the misfortune which he considered had befallen him, could not collect sufficient spirits to speak a single word in reply. Whereupon Buffalmacco said further, "Calandrino, if you have cause for anger in any other quarter, yet you should not have made such mockery of your friends as you have done to-day, carrying us out to the plains of Mugnone, like a couple of fools, and leaving us there

without taking leave of us, or so much as bidding us good day. But be assured this is the last time thou wilt ever serve us in this manner."

Calandrino, somewhat recovered, replied, "Alas! my friends, be not offended; the case is very different to what you imagine. Unfortunate man that I am! the rare and precious stone that you speak of I found, and will relate the whole truth to you. You must know then, that when you asked each other the first time, what was become of me, I was hard by you, not more than two yards' distance; and perceiving that you saw me not, I went before you, smiling to myself to hear you vent your rage upon me;" and proceeding in his discourse, he recounted all that had happened on his way home; and to convince them showed them where he was struck on the back and on the heel; and further added: "As I passed through the gates, I saw you standing with the guards, but by virtue of the stone I carried in my bosom, was undiscovered of you all, and in going through the streets I met many friends and acquaintances, who are in the daily habit of stopping and conversing with me, and yet none of them addressed me, as I passed invisible to them all. But at length arriving at my own house, this fiend of a woman waiting on the stairs' head, by ill luck happened to see me, as you well know that women cause all things to lose their virtue; so that I, who might have called myself the only happy man in Florence, am now the most miserable of all. Therefore did I justly beat her as long as my strength would allow me, and I know no reason why I should not yet tear her in a thousand pieces, for I may well curse the day of our marriage, and the hour she entered my house."

Buffalmacco and Bruno, when they heard this, feigned the greatest astonishment, though they were ready to burst with laughter, hearing Calandrino so confidently assert that he had found the wonderful stone, and lost it again by his wife's speaking to him. But when they saw him rise in a rage, with intent to beat her again, they stepped between them, protesting that his wife was in no wise to blame, but rather he himself, who knowing beforehand that women cause all things to lose their virtue, had not expressly commanded her not to be seen in his presence all that day, until he had satisfied himself of the real qualities of the stone; and that doubtless Providence had deprived him of this good fortune, because though his friends had accompanied him and assisted him in the search, he had

deceived them, and had not allowed them to participate in the benefit of the discovery. After much more conversation they with difficulty reconciled him to his wife, and, leaving him overwhelmed with grief for the loss of the heliotropium, took their departure.

#### CONVERSION BY THE LAW OF CONTRARIES.

Some parts of Pamfilo's story made them laugh heartily, and the whole was much commended by the ladies, who had been very attentive; and, as it was now ended, the queen ordered Neiphile, in the next seat to her, to go on in the manner prescribed. That lady, being as affable in behavior as her person was beautiful, very cheerfully complied, and began in this manner:—

Pamfilo has showed us in his novel the great goodness of God in not regarding any errors of ours, which proceed from the blindness and imperfection of our nature. I intend to set forth in mine how the same goodness of God displays itself in the most plain and evident manner, by bearing with the vices of those persons, who, though bound to give testimony concerning it, both in their words and actions, yet do the reverse— a truth by which we may be taught more steadily to persevere in what we believe.

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant, and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and, as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred: and though the Jew was well

read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments ; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said : “ Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God’s vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian ; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am.”

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself : “ I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man ; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew.” Then addressing Abraham, he said : “ Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey ? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you ? Or if you have any doubts and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them ? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company.”

“ I believe it is as you say,” replied the Jew ; “ but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither ; else I will in no wise comply.”

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said, “ God be with you ! ” and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and

made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews ; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court ; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse ; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring farther, he found them all such lovers of money that they would not only buy and sell men's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians, and sacred things, of what kind soever, whether benefices or pertaining to the altar ; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities in Paris ; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body ; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These, and other things which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person ; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure ; and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court. The Jew immediately answered : "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve ; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you that I have neither seen devotion, sanctity, or anything good in the clergy of Rome ; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine ; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to

overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at ; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious ; I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be ; and taking his friend to our Lady's church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot, being his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

### THE THREE RINGS.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befell a certain Jew ; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily. What I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many

extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedek, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him; but then he was so covetous that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him: "Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz.: the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian?" The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and much to gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer:—

"The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue forever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whatsoever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer; and, as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end

approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him: he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

#### THE POT OF BASIL.

Eliza having concluded her novel, which was commended by the king, Filomena was then ordered to begin. Full of pity for the two unhappy lovers last mentioned, she heaved a deep sigh, and said: My novel will not be concerning people of such high rank as those of whom Eliza has spoken, but perhaps it may be equally moving; and I am led to it from her mentioning Messina, where the thing happened.

There lived at Messina three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father: they had an only sister, named Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty, who, whatever was the reason, was yet unmarried. Now they had in their employ a young man of Pisa, called Lorenzo, who managed all their affairs. He was a young man of very agreeable person and manners, and being often in Isabella's company, she loved him, and he forsook all others for her sake; nor was it long before their mutual desires were consummated. This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time, without the least suspicion; till one night it happened, as Isabella was going to Lorenzo's chamber, that the eldest brother saw her,



without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly ; yet, being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning what course was best to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretense of going out of the city, upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonesome place, fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared as he was to make any defense, and buried him on the spot. Then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so.

After some time Isabella, thinking that Lorenzo made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means like." This grieved her exceedingly, and, fearing she knew not what, she remained without asking any more questions ; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay ; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return ; till one night it happened that, having wept herself to sleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent in pieces, and she thought that he spoke to her thus : "My dearest Isabel, thou grieveest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me ; but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me thy brothers put me to death." And, describing the place where they had buried him, he bade her call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared.

Isabella woke up, implicitly believing the vision, and wept bitterly. In the morning, not daring to say anything to her brothers, she resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality. Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country, along with a companion of hers, who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went

thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there. She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted; this informed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account; but, as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to give it a more decent interment; but finding herself unable to do that, she cut off the head, which she put into a handkerchief, and covering the trunk again with mold, she gave the head to her maid to carry, and returned home without being perceived. She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over her lover's head till she had washed it with her tears, and then she put it into a flowerpot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo.

The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing, and the moisture arising from the putrefied head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odor. Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbors, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly, they both reprimanded her for it, and, finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to restore it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained: turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of flowers, till she died: and thus terminated her unfortunate love. But, in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song:—

Most cruel and unkind was he,  
That of my flowers deprived me, — etc.

## THE FALCON.

The queen, now observing that only she and Dioneo were left to speak, said pleasantly to this effect: As it is now come to my turn, I shall give you, ladies, a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favors of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly, and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand then, that Coppo di Borghese (who was a person of great respect and authority among us, and whose amiable qualities, joined to his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbors and acquaintances, by relating things that had happened in his day, and this he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person: he, I say, amongst other pleasant stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as pure in conduct as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened, after he was thus brought low, the lady's husband fell sick, and, being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, who was almost

grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of ; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna now being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo ; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks ; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him ; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said : " Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part ; therefore she said to herself, " How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him ? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life ?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply ; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved, at all events, to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, " Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery ; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy ; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him ; and after the usual compliments, she said : " Good morning to you, sir ; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account ; what

I mean is that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you : and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again ; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said : "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table."

Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance ; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left ; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden, to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner : "Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for : but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or

diversion left you in your small circumstances ; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you."

Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to fulfill it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial ; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said : "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely I have felt them ; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come : you also entreat a small present from me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live : " and saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son ; who, either out of grief for the disappointment or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time ; but being left rich and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This

went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers. to be as you say, but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man*" They, hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before.



## THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

BY PETRARCH

(Translated by Charles Bagot Cayley)

[PETRARCH (Francesco Petrarca), the famous Italian lyric poet and scholar, was the son of a Florentine notary named Petracco, who was exiled at the same time with Dante and settled in Arezzo. Here Petrarch was born, July 20, 1304, and when eight years old removed to the papal city of Avignon, where he began his education. Later he spent seven years in the study of law at Montpellier and Bologna, but his own inclinations led him to devote attention to the Latin classics. It was at Avignon that he first met Laura, who exercised such a great influence on his life. She is now generally identified with Laure de Noves, who married Hugo de Sade in 1325, two years before her meeting with the poet. In 1353 Petrarch left Avignon; resided in various cities in northern Italy, being chiefly employed on various diplomatic missions; and died at the village of Arquà, near Padua, July 18, 1374. Petrarch himself based his hopes of immortality upon his Latin works, particularly upon "Africa," an epic poem, for which he received a laurel crown at Rome. But he is now remembered solely for the "Rime" or "Canzoniere," comprising sonnets and odes in honor of Laura. They are among the earliest Italian lyrics.]

YOUNG was the damsel under the green laurel,  
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow  
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.  
I found her speech and lovely face and hair

So pleasing that I still before my eyes  
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore  
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel ;  
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,  
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.  
So many single hairs make not my hair  
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,  
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,  
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,  
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel  
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow  
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,  
Either in our age or in eldest years ;  
And they consume me as the sun does snow :  
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,  
Under the foot of that obdurate laurel,  
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

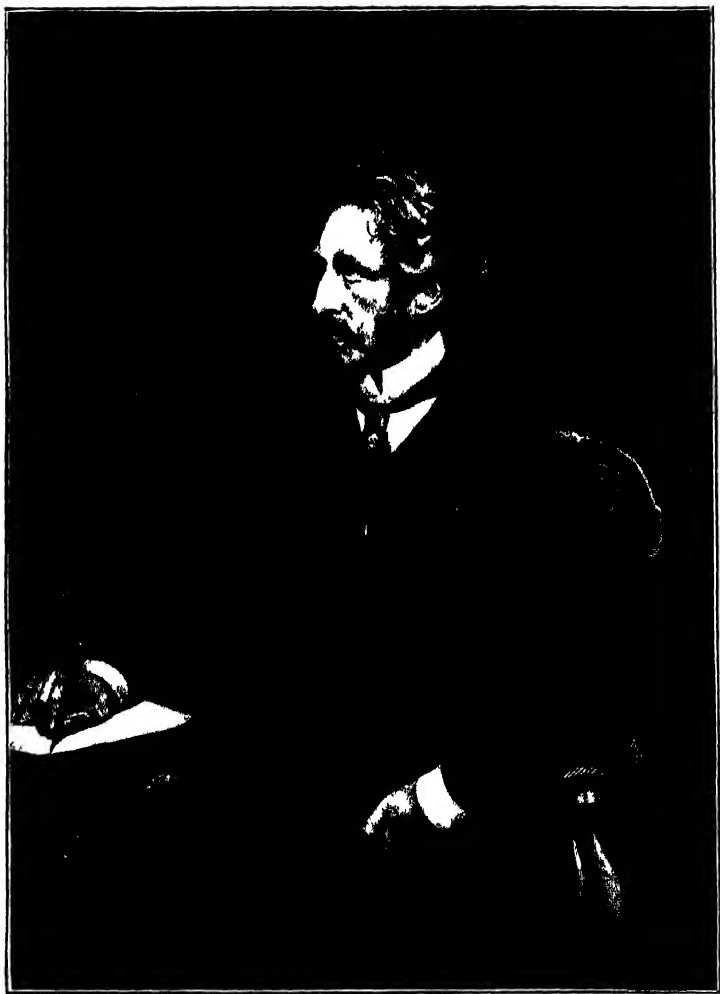
Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair  
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes  
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel :  
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years  
A sighing have I gone from shore to shore,  
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,  
Alone with these my thoughts, with altered hair,  
I shall go weeping over every shore,—  
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,  
Not to be born for the next thousand years,  
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow  
Are passed by her pale hair, above those eyes  
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.







EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON

## THE DEATH OF RIENZI.

BY BULWER-LYTTON

(From "The Last of the Tribunes")

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTON-BULWER, better known as LORD LYTTON, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858-1859, was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831-1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856, died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others) "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly in his bed. "It is yet early," he said to Nina, whose soft arm was round his neck; "none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, *my* day begins before *theirs*."

"Rest yet, my Cola; you want sleep."

"No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in the side torments me. I have letters to write."

"Let me be your secretary, dearest," said Nina.

Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose; he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sat by the writing table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister — yes! she loves, — if any, Cola, can so love, — as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step — the stairs creak — some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword ! the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armor appeared within the chamber.

"How ! what means this ?" said Rienzi, standing before Nina, with his drawn sword.

The intruder lifted his visor ; it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi ! hasten, Signora ! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet ! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men — not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumors that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward ; I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open !"

"How !"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learned that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march, the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted I came hither ; thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste—fly—save thyself ! Where is Irene ?"

"The Capitol deserted !—impossible !" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the anteroom, where his night guard usually waited—it was empty ! He passed hastily to Villani's room—it was untenanted ! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below,—and *that* had been left open to admit his murderers !

He returned to his room. Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own.

"Quick, Senator !" said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us."

"Hark !" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I hear a distant shout—a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo !' Why, so say I ! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself ; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

"Hist," said Rienzi in a whisper ; "save Nina—save Irene, I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad ?"

"No ! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred with me. Without me ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna ! Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone !"

By this time Nina had returned, Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp — steady — slow — gathering — of the fatal multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, *now*, Nina !" said Rienzi ; "at length we part ! If this is my last hour — *in* my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee ! for verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace — provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the — the — —"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting, unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What !" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes, as she sought his averted face. "Part ! never ! This is my place ; all Rome shall not tear me from it !"

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag her thence.

"Touch me not, sir !" said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die !"

"Take her hence : quick ! quick ! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi ; she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come ! Why lose these precious moments ? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is bound up."

"Right, Irene ; Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together ! — no more !"

"You destroy us all !" said Adrian, with generous and impatient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash man ! it is not to fall by an infuriate mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet! Never shall mine enemies—never shall posterity say that a *second* time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo?' still the cry of 'THE PEOPLE.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive!"

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly. Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee, — Go!"

"Never!"

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes.

"We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you only, Adrian, *you* leave us!"

"Be it so," said the knight, sadly; "we will *all* remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fearfully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought; then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed—I join ye; I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian, save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his strong grasp; with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load; he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs. Nina remained passive—she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her—she but turned once to thank him with her eyes. A tall Northman clad in armor stood at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying, he bounded down the descent with his burden. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one moment, turned back, and was in his room, ere Adrian was aware that he had vanished.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said he, "in a trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall, at least, see and hear me."

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola!" she cried, "where is he? he has gone!"

"Take heart, lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

"Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd? on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled in his grasp -- Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back -- the door was closed, but unbarred; her trembling hands lingered a moment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs, -- she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers -- all was desolate. She found the doors opening on the various passages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement; she perceived the method by which he had descended below; her brave heart told her of his brave design; she saw they were separated. "But the same roof holds us," she cried joyously, "and our fate shall be the same!" With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late; the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd marched on; he heard their cry change on a sudden; it was no longer "LIVE THE PEOPLE!" but, "DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!" His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people; it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals, and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armory, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter

tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighborhood !

The windows of the hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony ; the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there—the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armory, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered ; and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoner and the faithful Nina, whose presence he knew not of, the Senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath ; “Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people !”—“*Mora l' traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora !*” Such was the cry of the people ; such the crime of the Senator ! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol ; they filled with one sudden rush the vast space—a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood !

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi ; his head was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair, grown gray before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood, neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve—upon his features ! A momentary shame, a momentary awe, seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began :—

“I too am a Roman and a citizen ; hear me !”

“Hear him not ! hear him not ! his false tongue can charm away our senses !” cried a voice louder than his own : and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio.

“Hear him not ! down with the tyrant !” cried a more





THE HOME OF LORD LYNCHBURGH IN HERFORDSHIRE



shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not! death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighboring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from Earth to Heaven rose the roar: "Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and doubtless,*" says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred.*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng; more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude; darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" And red in the sunlight the torches tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter, were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough!" he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled

enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice! I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country! she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise — of escape; he left the hall, passed through the humbler rooms devoted to the servitors and menials, found in one of them a coarse working garb; induced himself with it, placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*," "When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke — the wood crackled, the lead melted — with a crash fell the severed gates — the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude — the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! He passed the flaming door — the smoldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed — he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the bystanders, in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load: "Down, down with the traitor." The mob rushed past him — he went on — he gained the last stair descending into the open streets — he was at the last gate — liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not — whither goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind — it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head — Rienzi stood revealed!

"I *am* the Senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the Representative of the People?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting

flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed — (that grim and solemn monument!) — as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole Capitol, wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna — the Orsini — the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

“Die, tyrant!” cried Cecco del Vecchio; and he plunged his dagger in the Senator’s breast.

“Die, executioner of Montreal!” muttered Villani; “thus the trust is fulfilled!” and his was the second stroke. Then, as he drew back and saw the artisan, in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion, the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd:—

“Fool, miserable fool! *thou and these* at least had no *blood of kindred to avenge!*”

They heeded not his words — they saw him not depart: for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth — as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him — a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamor. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood! — through the flames that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol — a blackened and smoldering mass!

At that hour a solitary boat was gliding swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance; but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape — soft be-

yond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden river!

Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not—they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head! If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall forever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) traveled to his ear, and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, —making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of *THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES!*



## ON A WET DAY.<sup>1</sup>

By FRANCO SACCHETTI.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

[FRANCO SACCHETTI, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Florence about 1330, and died about 1400. He wrote two hundred and fifty-eight "Novelle" or stories, and some "Rime" (verses).]

As I walked thinking through a little grove,  
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,  
Saying—"Look here! look there!" delightedly.  
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily? love!"  
"And there are violets!"  
"Farther for roses! O the lovely pets!  
The darling beauties! O the nasty thorn!  
Look here, my hand's all torn!"  
"What's that that jumps?" "O don't! it's a grasshopper!"  
"Come, run! come, run!  
Here's bluebells!" "O what fun!"

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Ellis & Elvey.

"Not that way! stop her!"  
 "Yes! this way!" "Pluck them then!"  
 "O, I've found mushrooms! O look here!" "O, I'm  
 Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."  
 "O, we shall stay too long; it's going to rain;  
 There's lightning; O! there's thunder!"  
 "O shan't we hear the vesper bell? I wonder."  
 "Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing!"  
 And don't you hear the nightingales that sing —  
 Fly away, O die away?"  
 "O, I hear something, hush!"  
 "Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush."  
 So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it:  
 'Till with the stir they make  
 Out scurries a great snake.  
 "O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! Alack!"  
 They scream, and then all run and scream again,  
 And then in heavy drops comes down the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,  
 Each trying to get before the other, and crying,  
 And flying, and stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right; —  
 One sets her knee  
 There where her foot should be;  
 One has her hands and dress  
 All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;  
 And one gets trampled on by two or three.  
 What's gathered is let fall  
 About the wood, and not picked up at all.  
 The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,  
 And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,  
 They run this way and that and round and round,  
 She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,  
 And never noticed till I got wet through.



## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From Froissart's "Chronicle.")

**[JEAN FROISSART, French historian, was born at Valenciennes about 1333; became a cleric; began while a youth to write the history of the wars of his own time, and in 1360 started on a tour for material. He was for many years the**

guest of the highest potentates in England, Scotland, France, the Netherlands, etc., and about 1390 settled in Flanders and resumed his "Chronicle." In 1395 he revisited England. He died at Chimay in 1419. His great work covers the years from 1326 to 1400, and deals chiefly with England and Scotland, France and Flanders, though not confined to them. He wrote some verses also.]

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defense of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percys and the Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favorable opportunity, now that the English were quarreling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly — they amounted to 1200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to





FROISSART



the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Bergick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad ; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere ; but ours, on the contrary, contains well-fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled ; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him ; and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bowshots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any ; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us ; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed ; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of North-

umberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And at what do they estimate our numbers?" said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said, "that to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and 2000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honor; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the

Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division, that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burned that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through byroads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the mean time the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich,

and there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle ; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland ; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas ; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the nighttime ; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord : here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighborhood of Carlisle. This, however, the

Earl of Douglas overruled by saying, "In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servant at the entrance of the marsh, on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenseless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percys, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this,

and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance ; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters ; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy !" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly ; for, while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the mean time the night advanced ; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which, indeed, was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants ; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the mean time, marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side.



The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honor to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defense they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honor to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, traveled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's

play between them, nor do they shrink from combat ; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigor, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland ; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well ; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men at arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory ; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-ax with both his hands ; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all ; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas ; for, had they known it, they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over ; and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the earl fell his head was cleaved with a battle-ax, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and

Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percys. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight, or squire who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely time to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had exchanged

his profession for that of a valiant man at arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-ax in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigor than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary,

had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomerie. They had fought hand to hand with much valor, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been

in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped death or captivity ; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honorably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare : they amounted in all to 7000 ; that is, 2000 on horseback and 5000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied, "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks ; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued ? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do ? These knights either could not or would not advise him ; so at length the bishop said, "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honor in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had

mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who, with his battle-ax hung at his neck and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out, "Sir knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly ; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defense. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance ; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-ax, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-ax and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and, desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not ?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me ?" "That I will," replied Sir James ; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest ?" "What is it you wish me to do ?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away, — Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road, and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay ;" upon which the

bishop, who was within hearing, pushed forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time. Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done—for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present-state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They therefore held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot, they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew, on his return to Newcastle, told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by invit-



ing Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bowshots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the 19th day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were inclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose,

they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms ; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory. When the news of it was brought to Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, though at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council, and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither. We will now leave the English and Scots, and speak of other matters.

We left the King of France on his march to Gueldres ; his army was very numerous, and well appointed, and Duke Juliers and his subjects much dreaded their approach, for they knew they should be first attacked ; the duke, therefore, sent ambassadors to the king, and at last came himself to him, endeavoring to make excuses for his son's conduct. The King of France on his coming received him graciously, and the duke had restored to him the territory of Vierson, for which he paid homage to the king, who quartered his army on a friendly footing in the duchy of Juliers, while the duke went in company with the Archbishop of Cologne to his son, and, by remonstrances and negotiations, concluded a peace with him.

We must now return to the Duke of Lancaster, and speak of his negotiations with the King of Castille and the Duke of Berry respecting the marriage of his daughter. The King of Castille was desirous of having her for his son, as the means of peace with England ; and the Duke of Berry wished her for himself, being very impatient to marry her. The Duke of Lancaster was wise and prudent ; he saw that the most advantageous alliance for himself and his countess was Castille, for by it he should recover the inheritance of that country for his daughter ; if he gave her to the Duke of Berry, and he should die before her, she would be poor in comparison with other ladies, for the duke had children by his first marriage, who would be entitled to all his landed property. The duchess likewise was more inclined to the connection with Castille, and so the marriage was agreed upon. Proper contracts were drawn

up, and sealed with covenants to prevent any danger of breaking off the match ; and the duchess consented, when the whole should be concluded, to conduct her daughter to Castille.

The King of France, being now twenty-one years of age, had taken upon himself the government of his kingdom, and on hearing of the intended marriage he sent to the King of Castille, remonstrating with him not to enter into any alliance which might be prejudicial to him or to his kingdom. The Duke of Berry, having been disappointed of marrying the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, was told that the Count de Boulogne had a beautiful daughter named Jane, who was not residing with her father and mother, but in the country of Béarn with his good friend and cousin the Count de Foix, at whose castle she had been for the space of nine years, and who had the wardship of all her property. The duke, therefore, sent to the count demanding this lady in marriage ; however, though the count gave a handsome reception to the duke's messengers, he did not at once settle the business, for he was not a person to act hastily, and prudently thought that many questions would arise before the business could be concluded.

About this time the fleet under command of the Earl of Arundel, which had been cruising on the coasts of Normandy, returned to England, and shortly after the Duchess of Lancaster made preparations for her journey into Castille, whither she was to carry her daughter to solemnize her marriage with the son of the king of that country. It was her intention when in Castille to visit the field of the battle of Monteil, where her father, Don Pedro, had lost his life, and make strict inquiries where his body had been buried, which when found was to be taken up, conveyed to the city of Seville, and magnificently interred there, in a manner becoming a king.

The party having set out from Bordeaux, and traversed the kingdom of Navarre, met King John of Castille at Burgos. And when the marriage had been duly solemnized, and all contracts signed, the duchess left her daughter with the king and her young husband, who was then but eight years old, and went to Monteil ; on arriving at which place such search was made that she discovered where her father had been buried, and had his bones taken up, washed and embalmed, and carried in a coffin to Seville. The bones were then reverently buried in the cathedral with very solemn obsequies, which were attended by

King John, his son, the young Prince of Galicia, and the greater part of the prelates and barons of the realm.

The marriage of the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster with the Infant of Castille was no sooner concluded, than the Duke of Berry became more urgent in his negotiations with the Count de Foix, who at length acceded to his proposals, and sent to him his cousin of Boulogne, whom the duke married with the least possible delay. The marriage was very magnificent; the feastings and tournaments lasted for four days, and I, the writer of this book, was a partaker of them all.

After this a truce for three years was negotiated between the French and English and all their allies; and notwithstanding it was objected to on the part of the Scots, in consequence of their recent success against the English at the battle of Otterbourne, it was finally settled, through the means of commissioners of high rank on both sides, who held their conference at a place called Leulinghem, between Boulogne and Calais.

#### THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From the old ballad.)

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu' fain!  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,  
And said, "Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,  
"What recks the death of ane?  
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three  
And hide me by the braken bush,  
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,  
Beneath the blooming brier;  
Let never living mortal ken,  
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;  
He hid him in the braken bush,  
That his merrie men wight not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew;  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steeped their hose and shoon;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain;  
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,  
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,  
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"  
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,  
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the braken bush,  
That grows upon yonder lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to the brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were hire."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde:  
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
 About the breaking of the day;  
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,  
 And the Percy led captive away.

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.<sup>1</sup>

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

(GRANDPAPA LOQUITUR.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.

This age, I think, prefers recitals  
 Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,  
 And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few  
 Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"  
 (Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,  
 Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,  
 I can recall how Some One present  
 (Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read,  
 And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.  
 Long since, in an old house in Surrey,  
 Where men knew more of "morning ale"  
 Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,  
 'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"  
 It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,  
 With fond elation,

<sup>1</sup> From "Collected Poems." By permission of Kegan Paul, Tranch, Trübner & Co. 8vo., price 6s.